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Beverages, Past and Present

An Historical Sketch of their Production,
together with a Study of the
Customs Connected with
their Use

By

Edward R. Emerson

Author of "The Story of the Vine," "A Lay Thesis on Bible Wine," etc.

In Two Volumes

Volume I.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

1908

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The Knickerbocker Press. New York

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PREFACE

IN preparing this work, it has been the aim of the author to trace the origin of beverages, both intoxicating and non-intoxicating, from the earliest times to the present day.

It had at first been planned to confine the book strictly to the subject of beverages, but, as the work progressed, so much interesting material was discovered that it was decided to enlarge its scope, and not only to include a history of the origin of the various beverages, but also to give an account of some of the curious customs connected with their use.

The author has striven to make the work as comprehensive and as accurate as possible, and, if there are any omissions or errors, these are not due to a lack of careful study and research.

E. R. E.

NEW YORK, December, 1908.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WINE IN MYTHOLOGY	I
II. CHINA	33
III. COREA, TONQUIN, COCHIN-CHINA, TIBET, AND SIAM	52
IV. SIBERIA	62
V. JAPAN	78
VI. CEYLON AND BORNEO	96
VII. THE PHILIPPINES	123
VIII. AUSTRALIA, JAVA, SUMATRA, AND TIMOR	146
IX. MADAGASCAR, MAURITIUS, SOLOMON IS- LANDS, AND ERROMANGA	179
X. PERSIA	191
XI. ARABIA, TURKEY, AND ABYSSINIA	215
XII. ETHIOPIA, SOUDAN, AND ZANZIBAR	247
XIII. AFRICA	261
XIV. MOROCCO, MADEIRA, AND THE CANARY IS- LANDS	316
XV. PALESTINE	324
XVI. EGYPT AND NUBIA	339

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. TURKEY IN EUROPE AND SERVIA . . .	367
XVIII. CAUCASIA, CRETE, THE CYCLADES, AND CYPRUS	395
XIX. GREECE AND SARDINIA	438
XX. DALMATIA, ROUMANIA, AND ARMENIA .	468
XXI. THE ANCIENT ROMANS	482
XXII. ITALY, SICILY, AND CORSICA	542

BEVERAGES, PAST AND PRESENT

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CHAPTER I

WINE IN MYTHOLOGY

STRANGE as it may seem, in all the vast fields of history, criticism, biography, travels, essays, fiction, and poetry there is to be found only here and there mention of what man uses for food and drink. Thousands of tomes have been written upon anthropology and ethnology, and to hazard a guess as to what has been done in reference to sociology would be presumptuous; yet, withal, very little, comparatively speaking, has been written upon the subject of gastronomy. For some unexplained reason this science, although as old as man, has been greatly neglected. Surely man's wants are more varied than mankind, and to tell of them would be giving the student a closer insight into the condition of the people than he could acquire by the most careful study of their literature.

It was Gustavus Savrin who said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." The cannibal, too, in his savagery illustrates the same idea, risking his life in order to obtain the heart of a brave man, that he might eat it and absorb the courage

and spirit of its previous owner. It is, indeed, regrettable that our information upon these subjects should be so meagre and insufficient. Man must perforce eat and drink, and his dietary requires variety just as much as his literature or his clothing.

Bulwer speaks of "those incomparable men, who, retiring from a sinful world, gave themselves with undivided zeal to the profound science of gastronomy," and, of a truth, the art of eating and drinking is a profound science. Through it we have life and by it we maintain our existence. The science may be simple or it may be complex owing to the conditions and environments. Bread and water may, for a time, sustain life, but not for any protracted period; therefore something else must enter into the category of man's necessities. As it is, however, the object of this work to treat of what man drinks rather than what he eats, we will first devote our attention to water.

Perhaps there may be some who will take exception to the remark that man is not, and never was, what could be termed a water-drinker. That is, one who drinks water preferably, for the drinking of water is oftentimes fraught with danger, as any mother will relate when she gave her baby the first taste of water. Note the child's wonder at its new beverage, whereas had a little milk or sugar been added, the drink would have been attractive. Can there be any stronger argument advanced than this, that an unthinking yet feeling child does not naturally like water, and that its parents must teach it how to use it? Not so, however, if the water be treated with something to disguise it. Then the child is ready and anxious to drink it. If this be so in infancy why should it not be true in maturity?

It is true, for go where you may, from north to south, from east to west, among the barbarous or the civilised, among the ignorant or the learned, there you will find some beverage used more commonly for drinking than plain water. It may be intoxicating or it may be only soothing, as in China and Japan where, as we all know, tea is universal. It is lamentable that our ancient authors did not pay more attention, in their writings, to what was drunk by the people of their times, and prior. Upon consideration, however, bearing in mind the cost of an education and then adding the cost of material, it is only natural to suppose that they were more anxious to write of the unusual rather than the commonplace. They would write of something that others did not know as much about as they did and, although to-day such information would be highly valued, it must be admitted that had our ancient scholars written upon these subjects their readers would not have manifested any great interest in their efforts, and therefore it devolves upon us to roam well into the realms of speculation when we attempt to say what was man's first beverage.

In an inductive sense, considering primitive man, realising his narrow surroundings and his crude wants, his limited knowledge, his lack of utensils, and his avocation, it is easy to formulate the theory that milk from the goat, the ass, the mare, or the cow and the camel, put within the skin of some animal he had slain, was man's primal beverage. If we are to believe the authorities aboriginal man lived with his animals. The first record that we have of any industry is of Abel offering to the Lord the firstlings of his flocks and of the fat thereof. (Genesis, iv., 4.) Shuckford in

The Creation explains this passage as follows: "It is thought the offering of Abel, who sacrificed of his flocks, was only wool, the fruits of his shearing; and milk, or rather cream, a part of his lactage."

That the use of milk, soured or fermented, was of prehistoric origin, is known to every student of history. Unlike the juice of different fruits which had to ripen before they could give forth their liquid, milk was at man's disposal at any and all times and undoubtedly it was often both food and drink to him. The ancients, too, did not hesitate to use the milk of other animals than those we term domesticated. For example the story of Romulus and Remus is fairly legendarily illustrative of this point if not as a historical fact. Romulus and Remus were the twin sons of Mars and the Vestal Silvia or Ilia and were greatly hated by their grand-uncle, who, when opportunity presented, placed them in a trough and threw it into the Tiber. Fortunately for the children the trough grounded in the marshes where Rome afterwards stood. An old she wolf found the babes and suckled them. Later on in life Romulus killed Remus during a quarrel caused by a dispute as to where they should found the city of Rome, of which Romulus (from whom Rome takes its name) was the first king.

Milk, too, is readily made intoxicating in warm climates simply by agitation repeated at intervals, so as to start fermentation, and by assumption we can readily surmise that this feature was quickly discovered. The milk being placed in a skin and slung from the shoulder or over the back was agitated by the motion of the hunter, and fermentation was well under way. The skin undoubtedly was none too

clean, some milk of the previous day being left in it which would act as a leaven, and active fermentation would begin in a very short time. It is, however, futile to speculate further. From records that are in existence, it is easily proven that milk as a beverage, prepared or natural, was known to and used by mankind many thousands of years ago. In Judges, iv., 19, we read where Jael the wife of Heber opened a bottle (skin) of milk and gave Sisera a drink. By theologians this event is placed in the eighth century B. C., but antedating that period by four thousand years we find the Egyptians had already begun the worship of Apis, a sacred bull, born of a virgin cow made pregnant by a moonbeam or a flash of lightning.

Mythology is replete with stories of the cow and in some cases, as in the Rig Veda of the Aryans of India, their greatest gods were born of cows. With these facts in mind it can be easily seen that early man was acquainted with milk and accustomed to its use. When the European first visited India he found that the aborigines had for a beverage a drink which they called *dhy*, and on investigation it was ascertained to be dried milk. The method of drying it was primitive indeed. The milk of an ass, a mare, or a goat was put into a leather bag or skin and, tightly closed, this was then suspended beneath the belly of a horse. It soon became hard, greatly resembling chalk. When it was wanted for use a piece was broken off and dissolved in water, making a pleasant and invigorating drink. Its taste was slightly acid, but its odour was that of very sour milk. When and by whom this practice was inaugurated is not known; it

is only one of the thousands of things that are lost in antiquity.

Among the Tartars another method of treating milk was found, which is still in practice; in fact it may be said that the making of *koumiss* has spread to every land, but aside from its birthplace with its neighbouring countries it has never attained the popularity that it has at home. With the Tartars it is their national drink and many and varied are the stories told of its wonderful powers. Its advocates say that very little if any of other sustenance is necessary, and they can perform the most laborious tasks upon a diet of *koumiss* alone. They claim for it all the virtues without the evils of other beverages. It is strengthening and also fattening, and it is also intoxicating according to the quantity used. In fact *koumiss* is the only known method by which alcohol is generated from animal substance.

The *modus operandi* of making *koumiss* is very simple. Take of mare's milk, not cow's, six parts and of warm water one part; put this into a bag made from the skin of some animal in which there is a little sour cow's milk or a piece of rennet from the stomach of a calf, colt, or lamb. This will induce fermentation and soon a thick scum will rise to the top. When this has ceased gathering, the bag is shaken for some minutes, and is then allowed to remain quiescent for several hours, when it is again stirred by a sort of churning motion. It is only necessary to do this three or four times in order to have the beverage complete and perfect. Much, however, depends upon the weather. If the day is exceedingly warm the process is complete in from twelve to eighteen hours, but as

a general rule it takes twenty-four hours to accomplish the task. Not a long time in which to obtain such an excellent, healthy drink. One great drawback in respect to *koumiss* is the fact that it is only procurable in any considerable quantities during the summer months, as it is at this period that mares are giving milk, and its keeping qualities are very limited. If credence can be given to the tales and stories of early travellers vast quantities were made and consumed by the Tartars and their neighbours.

Marco Polo the Venetian says of the Great Khan Kublai, who reigned in Tartary during the later part of the thirteenth century, and who had a herd of pure white horses and mares numbering more than ten thousand, the milk of which none but the royal family were allowed to use, that the attendants at court were so artful that they could draw *koumiss* from a secret reservoir apparently without the aid of any agency.

In the drinking of *koumiss* it is the practice when the bag is first opened to saturate with it a brush, made of camel's hair, and to sprinkle this upon the ground as an offering to the gods. William of Rubruk, a Franciscan friar, another traveller who penetrated Asia in the thirteenth century, says that *koumiss* was also a sacred offering and was much used at deaths. An image of the deceased was made and placed over the tomb; it was so fashioned that it held in its hands, before its stomach, a large drinking cup which was kept filled with *koumiss* for several weeks. It was also the custom, if the deceased was of an important family, to fill sixteen bags made of the whole skin of a horse and place them at the four cardinal points of the compass. This was done in order that the

deceased might have enough to drink and to refresh himself during his journey to the other world.

Rubruk also tells of a wonderful artificial tree that was in the palace of Mangu Khan. The tree was emblazoned with many curious and strange devices, and intertwined with the branches and leaves were hundreds of golden serpents with rare and precious stones for eyes. In the trunk of the tree were four pipes from which four different kinds of liquor were drawn, *koumiss* of course being the principal one. At the base of this tree four beautiful lions made of solid silver stood and held the cups. Surmounting the tree was the figure of an angel holding a trumpet, which was blown by a person concealed below, and as soon as this sound was heard an attendant near a large reservoir concealed by trees in the palace gardens poured the liquor into the pipes and it was handed to the assembled guests.

On festive occasions it is the practice of the people to gather at some predetermined spot where *koumiss*, by the hundreds of skins, is brought and placed in the open air. The men and women sit around in a circle and one of their number is selected as a cup-bearer. The young women sing their national hymns and songs; no one rises, and the cup passes from hand to hand until all the beverage is consumed. These gatherings are always orderly and the best of feeling prevails.

The art of distillation is also known to these people, and was practised long before Europeans had any idea of it. Distilled *koumiss* is exceedingly intoxicating, the above authorities all agreeing that it is a great deal stronger than brandy. The process is very simple.

Two earthen jugs connected by a hollow bamboo rod are all that they use. These are closely stopped and the upper one, under which a fire is placed, is kept in condition by wet clay. On the first running, the *koumiss* is rather weak, but when the operation is repeated it becomes very strong. To distinguish this from the simple *koumiss* the natives have named it *rak*, probably from *arrack*, which in a sense can be said to be a generic term for all intoxicating liquors in that part of the world.

Another beverage that these people have, and which is made from sheep's milk, is called *arjan*. This drink, however, is not in as great favour as *koumiss*, as it lacks the alkaline flavour of the mare's milk. The Tartars, owing to a shortage of mare's milk, often resort to the milk of the camel, the cow, and also the sheep, and mix these milks together, but unlike their neighbours they do not call it *koumiss*. They speak of it as *airen*. They also make, from clear cow's milk, a drink which they term *caracosmus*, which resembles our whey but is much clearer, and of more nutritive value, as it is made from all the milk.

In China, they distil fresh milk into a drink which they call *samtchoo*. It is very intoxicating, and must be comparatively costly, for none but the better class use it. The Turks, too, seem to have imitated the Tartars, for in their *yourt* is a liquor greatly resembling *koumiss*; in fact it is a *koumiss* flavoured slightly with certain spices. In Iceland, where summer is short and winter is long, the people have for centuries used milk as a beverage. But, unlike the preparations of the people of Asia, their beverages are not at all inebriating, neither are they as nutritious. *Struig*

is their most common drink, and is made from whey which is slowly brought to the boiling point and carefully watched until it assumes the consistency of sour milk. It is then allowed to cool, after which it is ready for use. The drink, however, that is esteemed the most is *syra*; but as it calls for casks and storage, only those who are fortunate enough to possess these necessary articles can make it, and it, therefore, ranks as champagne does to *vin ordinaire*, in France.

Syra like *struig* is made from whey, but in the case of *syra* the whey is allowed to become sour, when it is fermented, by putting yeast into it. It is then placed in casks or barrels and stored away for a year, when it is said to be fit for consumption. The natives are very fond of this beverage and it is also thought to be of considerable value in sickness. It has an agreeable acid taste, but to the nostrils of the neophyte it is, to say the least, rather uninviting.

Among the Laplanders where the *hrenas*—reindeer—is domesticated, *pima* is almost the only beverage. As far back as 1723 laws were passed prohibiting the sale and importation of intoxicating liquors into Lapland, yet the natives seemed to be well supplied with an inebriating substance. For a while it was a mystery, but like all puzzling questions it lost its perplexing qualities when once the answer was known. It was *pima*—a modification of *koumiss*—made from the milk of the reindeer. It differs from *koumiss* in the fact that the reindeer's milk contains more sugar than does the milk of the mare, and accordingly it can, more easily, develop a greater percentage of alcohol.

Its manufacture, too, being entirely dependent upon artificial heat, has a tendency to more thorough concentration. When it is realised that in all Lapland there are less than thirty thousand people, owning more than three hundred and fifty thousand reindeer, it can be easily seen how common and universal *pima* must be, as a beverage. The milk of the camel is also utilised by the Arab to make *koumiss*; in fact aside from this purpose camel's milk is of very little use to the Arab, as he neither makes butter nor cheese from it.

As with milk, so it is with wine: all attempts at placing its origin result in surmise, but of its great antiquity there can be no doubt. If the birthplace of man could be established beyond question, then the task of fixing a period would be comparatively simple. Of all the plants of which we have record, the grape is the only one that seems to be indigenous to every place wherever it is thought that man first had his being. Geologists have found unmistakable evidence of the existence of the grape during the cenozoic era, long before, as they claim, it was possible for man to have been in existence. The habitat of the vine, therefore, is only a matter of conjecture and as such it must be treated. On the other hand it can be safely asserted that the vine grows everywhere between, but not in, the extremes of heat and cold, as we understand it in a climatic sense. Ancient literature, especially that of the Greeks and Romans, is replete with stories of wine and wine-drinking. Hebraic writers, too, were fond of telling about wine, as is seen in the Scriptures and the *Talmud*. In fact it is held by many of the Rabbins that the tree of

knowledge was the grape-vine. Noah, as is well known, was the first to plant a vineyard after the flood, and what he proceeded to do with the products of the grape is also known, for it is told almost in one sentence.

The earliest record that we have, aside from the above, is that which was found a few years ago by M. de Morgan at Susa in the Acropolis mound. The find was a monument of black diorite in the shape of a pillar. This monolith is one mass of inscription. To give the reader an idea of how much work was carved upon it, is only necessary to state that it had about three thousand lines. It was carefully photographed and published with a translation by Father V. Schiel, O. P., the Assyriologist of the expedition. In many ways this monolith is the most valuable ever discovered, the inscriptions proving to be the laws as promulgated by King Khammurabi, who reigned B.C. 2285-43 antedating the Mosaic laws by several centuries. The laws were many and complete; for example we quote the following: "If riotous persons assemble in the house of a wine merchant, and those riotous persons she seizes not and drives to the palace, that wine merchant shall be put to death."

There are several other inscriptions of a like nature regarding wine, on this tablet, but the above tells as well as any the story of the times. From it we can read that even at that remote period wine was an article of commerce and traffic; also that none but women were supposed to sell it, and that they were required to maintain an orderly place in which to carry on their business. The customers, too, were,

as they are to-day, apt to become merry if they indulged too much, and, to restrain the avidity and natural inclination to sell as much as possible, a penalty was placed upon disobedience. In truth, for concentrated directness of language, the above quotation is a beautiful specimen, worthy of emulation by our Solons of to-day; its scope is extensive but its wording is short, and there cannot be any quibble as to its meaning.

In Grecian and Roman mythology wine plays an important part, but the student with a penetrative instinct can trace all their stories to a Hebraic source. Take, for instance, and follow the origin of Bacchus. Ultimately it leads to Noah. It is otherwise with the legends of the Indo-Aryans. In them we can trace a period beyond, but to what extent no one can tell. Perchance it may be thousands of years, but it is impossible to say. To-day little credence is given to a tale that unfolds something we do not comprehend, or in other words if it emanates from a source beyond our early teachings. In the Sanskrit mythology, if so it can be termed, there is no story of the origin of wine, but there are many that depict its misuse. Probably the first mention that is made of wine is the following:

The Asuras had for their high-priest Sukra Acharya; he was a child of the gods who had been sent to govern the world and to teach the people the difference between right and wrong. He was above criticism, and what he said or did at once became a law unto the Asuras. Now Sukra Acharya had, among his other endowments, a human appetite, and also a human weakness, and as the story goes he indulged too freely in wine, with

the consequent day-after feeling. But unlike the mortals of to-day he did not blame the wine, for, coming from the gods as he did, he knew that wine was also of godly origin, therefore he looked to himself and accordingly found the culprit. Now among the many things that Sukra Acharya did, the most important was the teaching of the sons of the nobility, and among his pupils was one called Kacha, son of Vrihaspati. Kacha it seems had learned all the secrets of Sukra Acharya except one, which was the charm of reviving dead men. This was the greatest of all great things that Sukra Acharya could do, and we can easily understand what precautions he took to safeguard his secret. Perhaps it would have been better to state at the beginning of this narrative that at this time there were two races of people, the Asuras and the Devas, and although they were not in an active state of warfare they were constantly upon the verge, and accordingly distrust and jealousy were rampant. In some way the desire of Kacha became known to his friends, and they, not having much of an idea as to his fidelity and integrity, decided to frustrate it in order that there could be no possible chance of the Devas obtaining this knowledge. Accordingly Kacha was assassinated, and then his body was cremated. It was at this stage the Asuras made their mistake, for they had to dispose of the ashes of the body, and this was more of a problem than it appears. Were the ashes but to touch the earth dire and dreadful would be the consequence; and if they should come in contact with a living being, that being would suffer misfortune as long as he lived. What to do with the ashes was a most puzzling question;

at last it was decided to put them into the wine that Sukra Acharya was in the habit of drinking. The deed was accomplished, and it was of this wine that the great high-priest partook, and which made him have that feeling of repentance the next morning. Sukra had also a daughter who was enamoured of Kacha, and his death had made her very sorrowful. The young lady knew of her father's power, and woman-like she insisted upon his asserting it, and in order to please her the old man repeated the charm. It can be better imagined than described when it is told that he heard the voice of Kacha coming from his own heart. Here surely Sukra Acharya was in a dilemma, and the question was difficult of solution. His predicament, to say the least, was embarrassing, and the problem of the boy's growth was great. At present his heart could hold him, but for how long, and what would be the consequences to Sukra? However, there was a way out of the difficulty, and that was to teach Kacha the great secret and then to trust him to repeat it in order to bring Sukra again to life. Sukra Acharya accordingly submitted to the operation, and had his heart cut open and Kacha was released. Kacha immediately performed the mystic rite, and restored Sukra Acharya to life, whereupon Sukra Acharya promulgated the following, "Wine is unfit to be drunk, unfit to be given, and unfit to be accepted." He, however, claimed that it should be used in religious rites, and it is so done even unto this day.

Later on the Smrites incorporated the sin of wine-bibbing among their five capital crimes or *mahapatakas*, and ordained the severest punishments against the offenders. Among the modes of punishment adopted

was the branding of the forehead with a red hot iron, and in other cases the culprit had to submit to having scalding glue forced down his throat. With the Sakta Tantras the use of wine is not only obligatory, but it is held that the proper worship of the Devi can not be performed without it. In fact—to digress a little—the procedure of worship is composed of what is termed the five M., an acrostical allusion to the names (in Sanskrit) of the essentials of these rites, namely flesh, fish, wine, fried grains and female society. It is not the purpose of this work to tell of the orgies; sufficeth it to say that they drink until they are helpless, and as soon as they recover the least consciousness they drink again in the hope of being born again after death.

Mr. G. A. Wilson in his essays and lectures on these people has rendered the following translation of the original Sanskrit:

Let him pledge the wine-cup again and again,
Till he measures his length on the ground.
Let him rise and once more the goblet drain,
And with freedom for aye, from a life of pain,
Shall the glorious feat be crowned.

According to the Tantras, Kaulas of all castes were admitted into these (*Bhairavi-Chakra*) meetings and, while actually within these mystic circles, these votaries or worshippers of the female energy are superior to Brahmans, but they revert to their respective ranks after leaving the *Vamachara*. The most absolute secrecy is inculcated both as to time and place. Disclosure is condemned in the strongest language, for it is calculated to frustrate all the good that such meetings accomplish, and the revealer or

informer is at once placed among the disreputable class and shunned even by those who do not believe in these rites. The Tantras say plainly that in all ordinary daily worship wine should be used, and in the more particular services it is a *sine qua non*. So strong and well founded were these teachings that even after the lapse of thousands of years they are as rigidly adhered to in certain parts of India to-day as they were when first promulgated.

Dr. Mitra in speaking of this practice has this to say:

I knew a highly respectable widow lady, connected with one of the most distinguished and influential families in Calcutta, who belonged to the Kaula sect, and had survived the seventy-fifth anniversary of her birthday, who never said her prayers (and she did so regularly every morning and evening) without touching the point of her tongue with a toothpick dipped into a vial of wine, and sprinkling a few drops of the liquor on the flowers she offered to her god. I doubt very much if she had ever drunk a wineglassful of wine, at one time, in all her life, and certain it is she never had any idea of the pleasure of drinking; but as a faithful Kaula she felt herself in duty bound to observe the mandates of her religion with the greatest scrupulousness. That tens of thousands of others do so I have every reason to believe. In some parts of Bengal, where wine is not easily accessible, such female votaries prepare a substitute by dropping the milk of a cocoanut in a bell-metal pot, or animal milk in a copper vessel, and drink a few drops of the same. Men are, however, not so abstemious, and the Tantras ordain a daily allowance of five cupfuls, the cups being so made as to contain five *tolas*, or two ounces; that is, they are permitted to take ten ounces or about a pint of wine daily. The most appropriate way of drinking wine is in the mystic

circle, but as this cannot be got up every day the devotee takes the bulk of his potation alone after the evening prayer. He is also at liberty to drink whenever he likes and in whatever company chance may throw in his way, provided he faithfully observes one condition, and that is, never to drink without neutralising the curse of Sukra Acharya, and purifying the drink. This is done by drawing a triangular figure on the ground with the right index finger dipped in wine, placing the flagon thereon, and repeating over it three *mantras* which say: (1) "Om! the great Brahma is one alone; verily he is material and immaterial. Through him I destroy the sin of Brahmicide which has originated in [the murder of] Kacha" [son of Vrihaspatsi]. (2) "Om! O goddess, dweller in the orb of the sun, born in the abode of waters and consisting of the sacred *mantra* of Ama, remove the curse of Sukra Acharya." (3) "Om! if the Pranava be the source of the Vedas and essentially and solely the felicity of Brahma, by its truth, O goddess, cast away the sin of killing Brahmans." After repeating the *mantras* the Vausa is to be muttered several times and then, repeating his own special vizamantra, the votary should meditate upon the form of his favourite divinity, which is generally a manifestation of Kali, and then on that of Siva, who is described as follows: Blood-red in complexion, four-headed, three-eyed, benign, beneficent, bearing a mass of matted hair on his head, a necklace of snakes around his neck, a diminutive tom-tom, a skull, a club, and a noose in his hands, and arrayed in a tiger skin. Ten repetitions of the *gayatri* after this, and of the words *hum* and *phat*, effect the complete purification of the wine and the neutralising of the curse. At the formal mystic circle several *mantras* are repeated, and some formula gone through, but they are not absolutely necessary for ordinary, everyday ritual or for the purification of the drink.

In practice the ritual above set forth, or a modification of it, does not take much time, and I have seen it com-

pleted in two or three minutes. But whether an epitome is adopted or the whole ritual is gone through, some ceremony is imperatively necessary; for the Kaula who drinks wine without purifying becomes a criminal of the worst class. According to the Ulpatti Tantra "The Brahma who drinks unpurified wine is guilty of killing a Brahman, but by drinking purified wine he becomes as pure as flaming fire. At the Santramani rite and in the Kaula circle a Brahman should always drink wine, but by drinking elsewhere for the mere gratification of his senses he loses Brahmanhood."

In this respect it might not be amiss to remark that "the life of a Hindu, from birth to burning-ground, is one eternal bondage to the rites and ordinances of the Tantras." In another of the Tantras—Kamakhya—the following is found:

Whoever, after being initiated in the salvation-giving *mantra* of the Kalika, fails to drink wine, is a fallen man in this iron age. He has no rights to the performance of Vedic and Tantric ceremonies; he is called *unbrahman*, ignorant as an elephant; and whatever oblation he offers his manes, he becomes as impure as the water in a cesspool. Having obtained the *mantra* of Kali or Tara he who conducts not himself as a Vira (or hero, that is a drinker of wines) unmistakably acquires in his person the degradation of a Sudra.

As a specimen of rhapsody on wine this, taken from the *Matrika bheda Tantra*, is an unique example. It is thus that Siva pays tribute to his consort:

O sweet speaking goddess the salvation of the Brahman depends on drinking wine. I impart to you a truth, a great truth, O mountain-born (when I say), that the

Brahman who attends to drinking and its accomplishments forthwith becomes a Siva. Even as water mixes with water, and metal amalgamates with metal; even as the confined space in a pot merges into the great body of surrounding space on the destruction of the confining vessel and air commingles with air, so does, dear one, a Brahman melt into Brahma, the great soul. There is not the least doubt about this, O mountain-born. Similitude with the divinity and other forms of liberation are designed for Kshatriyas and others; but true knowledge can never be acquired, goddess, without drinking wine; therefore should Brahman always drink. No one becomes a Brahman by repeating the *gayatri*, the mother of the Vedas; he is called a Brahman only when he has knowledge of Brahma. The spirit of the gods is their Brahma and on earth it is wine, and because one attains the character of a god (*Suratva*), therefore is wine called *sura*. The work nevertheless will admit of no drinking without the purification. The three *mantras* for the neutralisation of the curse of the Brahman (Sukra Acharya) should always be repeated. Then only does wine become full of Brahma. Even as a fire flames up when clarified butter is poured on it, so does wine become the giver of salvation on the neutralisation of the curse. Then should Brahmas always drink (after purifying his wine). Such a drinker is a true Brahman, he is proficient in the Vedas, he is truly an *agnihotri*. He is thoroughly initiated; what more can I say, O noblest of goddesses, when I add that he rises above the three qualities (inherent in matter)? This is the true path to salvation, but it should be kept a secret from bestial people (*pasu*, men who do not drink wine), for disclosure leads to want of success and is highly disreputable.

It would not be proper to call these people hypocrites, for they had no idea of concealing their belief,

yet they were always more or less reluctant about people knowing that they indulged in wine. Perchance the same thing exists to-day—who can tell? Even the most casual glances through a Sanskrit work on medicine will reveal dozens of prescriptions for scenting of the breath, and the expensiveness of the most of them indicates that it was the wealthy and better classes who made use of them. Incidentally, it might be apropos, that the practice is still in existence. It was King Solomon who said that “there is nothing new under the sun,” and what more forcibly illustrates this remark is the fact that these ancient people were fond of having a hot cooked bird or fowl served with their wine. Perchance early man did the same thing, and it is most probable that he did it as soon as he found that cooking would improve the taste of his food; at any rate it is conclusive evidence of the practice in such an age that it was commonplace even with these Indo-Aryans. A study of the language reveals the fact that it had many words to describe the effects of over-indulgence in wine; for example *madatanka* is interpreted as “wine horror,” while *madatyaya* means wine disease, and *madavyadha* is a wine complaint. These are only a few of the many but they are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the exactness and niceness with which each malady was named.

The drinking of wine by the ladies of the land was approved of by the fathers and brothers. In the last book of the Ramayana it tells of Sita, the model of virtue and beauty, and her husband Kakutstha (Rama). “Embracing Sita with both hands he then gave her pure wine to drink, even as Indra makes

Sachi partake of nectar. Servants quickly served flesh-meat variously prepared and fruits of different kinds for their (Sita and Kakutstha's) use. Hosts of Apsarases, proficient in singing and dancing, and accomplished and handsome damsels, exhilarated with wine, danced and sang for the entertainment of Rama and Sita."

Again we read that "Sudeshara the queen of Maharaja Virata, in the Virata Parva, feeling thirsty sends her maid Draupadi to her brother Kichaka, to obtain for her a flagon of good wine for her personal use." Aja in the Raghuvana sorrows over the death of his wife Indumati: he says, "How will you, dear one, of wine-reddened eyes, who have quaffed delightful liquors from my mouth, drink the mist-befouled water which I offer with my tears?" Further on in the same work is the following: "Wines which excite delightful recreation, overcome by their boquet the aroma of the Vakula flowers, never break the current of enjoyment, and are friendly to Cupid, the ladies drink with their husbands." Sambhava Rati mourns the loss of her lord Cupid in this fashion: "Rice liquor, which causes the reddened eyes to roll and the spirit to get disjointed at every step, has in thy absence become a torture to loving women."

The description of Siva's arrival at the palace of Himalaya found in the same book—*Kumara*—is in the same strain. He tells how "the faces of the ladies who rushed to the windows in great haste and partly finished toilets to behold the procession evolved the odour of wine they had drunk, and their eyes appeared like black bees on charming lotuses." Whatever were the faults of these people it cannot be said

that they denied their women folks the pleasures of life; in fact it may be said that woman in this respect had more privileges than man, for with her it was not necessary to disguise her breath, and if her "spirit became disjointed at every step" it was taken as a matter of course. Wine also played a part in the magic of these people, as a passage in the Kumara Sambhava relates that by gargling wine on the Vakula tree it can be made to bloom. The lines read, "Sprinkled over with wine from charming faces the blossoms partook of the character of the liquor."

The question of abstinence was also a great issue at this time, and the Shastras and Smritii contain many an injunction against the use of wine, and among their methods of punishment for continued drunkenness was the branding of the forehead with a picture of a *suraahvaja*—bottle. Wine, however, was not the only intoxicating beverage these people had; it could hardly be expected that a nation so resourceful in entertainments and hospitality should be content with one kind of drink. Climate and also the natural fruits of the land would sooner or later reveal their possibilities, and it is not to be thought they would be long neglected. In the works of Pulastya, according to Dr. Mitra, there are to be found twelve, and how many more there were it is impossible to say. Howbeit, even with these there is a chance of pleasing the fastidious. The most important beverage of these people was *soma* beer, the nectar of the gods. Its origin even with the Brahmans is mythological and its importance as a sacrificial offering cannot be over-estimated. In the Rig Veda the hymns of a whole book are dedicated to it, while hundreds of *richs* or verses are devoted to it

throughout the body of the work. The *soma*-sacrifices, especially in the Vaidik rites, are extremely solemn, wonderful, and complicated. To attempt to describe them in their full magnificence would require more space than this work permits; suffice it to say that sixteen priests of the highest rank are necessary to officiate, and their presence is demanded according to the actual making of the nectar. Sometimes it may be only one day, then it may be more than twelve, but the average is nine days. The greatest efficacy is ascribed to these rites in remitting sin, conferring offspring, and the bestowing of immortality.

The manufacture of *soma* nectar is comparatively simple. From the *soma* creeper or vine (*Asclepias acida*, a kind of milkweed and sometimes called the moon plant) express the juice, then add about one third water mixed with barley meal, clarified butter (*ghee*), and the meal of wild paddy (wild rice), and let it ferment for several days according to the temperature. *Sura* wine is the next of importance in their estimation, and how great this is has been shown already in the passage where Siva says, “. . . and because one attains the character of a god (*suratva*) therefore is wine called *sura*.” It is in the making of this beverage that we find what is possibly the earliest mention of distillation, for the word “*sura*” is in Sanskrit the generic term for spirituous and especially distilled liquor. With our limited knowledge of the language and the dearth of chronological statistics it is impossible to hazard an idea as to even the century when it was first made.

The discovery of the Acropolis monolith, of which mention is made elsewhere, has thrown some light on

the question, but it is very little, for it cannot be said that King Khammurabi evolved those laws without a cause for them, and the query is when did the cause arise? It had to exist and whether of recent or ancient origin it behooves us not to say. Elimination points towards the ancient rather than the immediate, and makes the question still more difficult of solution. Of one thing, however, we can be certain, that the art of distillation was known at least twenty-three hundred years before the Christian era. The practice, too, must have been common, else why these laws? Although *sura* is a distilled beverage it brings the brewer's art into the manufacture, which is as follows:

Paddy (wild rice) sprouts are the basic principle and are produced by steeping the paddy in water. To this is added slightly parched barley which has been steeped in due proportion of curds and distilled buttermilk, and also a coarse powder of the same which had been previously steeped. After thoroughly blending these ingredients by a process of agitation they are allowed to ferment, when they are distilled in the *mayura yantra*. *Sura* unlike *soma* is improved by age, and could be transported, whereas *soma* had to be used immediately and also at the place of making. Perhaps this may be the reason that *sura* bears the name it does, and accounts for its prestige. Simplicity is not always the idea of the Indian in making his beverage, for at times it is very elaborate and complicated, as in *koli* which is to promote the secretion of the constituents of the body and is also very invigorating; it is further advised that it should be drunk daily.

Experts are required in its manufacture, and it is

quite costly to make. Take of fresh molasses one hundred *palas* and a little less than one third of this quantity of water, mix well, and put into an earthen vessel. Now take of *vavari* bark and *jujube* bark five *prasthas* each, a few *betel*-nuts, and thirty-two *tolas* of powdered *lodhra* and two *palas* of ginger. Add more water to the molasses mixture and then in their respective order as follows: add the ginger, the *vavari* bark, and the *jujube* bark, stir vigorously for twenty or thirty minutes, and let stand in covered vessels for three days. Then add the *betel*-nuts and powdered *lodhra*, re-cover the vessel, fasten the cover and carefully lute it and let it stand for twenty days. Take the apparatus called *mayura yantra*, a strong earthen vessel of the shape of a peacock, place it on a hearth over a very slow fire, and pour into it the fermented mixture and add thereto a *pala* each of powdered *betel*-nuts, *sailabolaka*, *deodar* wood, cloves, *padmaka* (a drug), leaves of the *Andropogon muricatum* (a fragrant grass), sandal-wood, *anithum sowa*, *liqusticum ajwana*, black pepper, the white and black cummin seed, caraway, *jatamansi*, nutmegs, *grinhipasn* (a drug), dried ginger, *methi*, and small *cardamums*. Now cover the *mayura yantra* with two upturned *chatties* and attach to them two pipes and carefully distil the liquor.

From the above description it can be seen that the *mayura yantra* with its two inverted *chatties* is nothing more or less than a primitive still, and furthermore, that its working principle is identical with that which is used at the present time. Improvements have of course been made to the machinery, but the basic principle remains intact. It will be a matter of surprise

to many of our readers to learn that toddy is of purely Sanskrit origin, yet such is the case. It is also called by other names, viz., *arrack*, *varuni*, *paishti*, and it is at times applied to *sura*. The original toddy was made of half-boiled rice, barley, black pepper, ginger, lemon-juice, and hot water. The rice and barley were digested in boiling water for two days, then reboiled, when the spices were added and allowed to ferment, when it was distilled. *Soma* nectar, coca wine, palm and date wine, are often called toddy. *De facto*, it may be said that it is a generic word used then as it is now to designate a drink more individual than general. *Draksha*, in as far as it is made from wine, fermented grape juice, resembles our present-day brandy, but a plain simple product did not seem to have much value with these people, so during the fermentation of the grape-juice, curds, honey, and *ghi* were added to give it strength and *manjit* and *chiretta* were used to impart a flavour.

Wherever milk or its products are used the alcoholic strength is greatly increased, obviating a second distillation, and undoubtedly this accounts in a great measure for its general use. For as we understand distillation the results that are obtained from one run, especially in such primitive stills, could not be very great in alcohol. But to reiterate, the incorporating of milk which, as already shown, contains of itself a certain percentage of alcohol, with the various other substances made the first run fully powerful enough. From the fruit of the *jaca* tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*) an intoxicating beverage called *panasa* is made. This fruit greatly resembles the breadfruit, but is much larger and coarser. It averages in weight between

thirty and forty pounds, and is much used by the Hindus as an article of food. In making *panasa* it is used in the green state as per the following directions: Place an unripe *jaca* mango with an equal weight of plums in a large earthen jar, and pour on them sour milk every day; also put into the jars some pieces of flesh meat, uncooked; on alternate days add leaves of hemp, and when fermentation is at its height distil. The practice of placing raw meat in wine was only followed in Spain and the Cape of Good Hope, but like the making of wine its use is very ancient. It is said to impart a very peculiar flavour to the beverage, and undoubtedly it does.

Can it be possible that we are not only indebted to the Sanskrit for our language—according to the claims of philologists—but that we are also under obligations to the Indo-Aryans for much of our knowledge of beverages, and more particularly their manufacture? Perhaps it is so, and as investigations proceed into the habits and customs of these ancient people we may in time be able to fix for a certainty many dates that are now only a matter of futile speculation. A variation of *panasa* is *kharjjuna*, but instead of using plums and milk, dates, ginger, and the juice of the *soma* vine are used, and the time of fermentation is longer. Where the sugar-cane grows there you can find rum, and, as it flourishes in India, it would simply be preposterous to ascribe to them an ignorance of its multiple virtues and in concrete its adaptibility towards the dispersement of dark and gloomy hours. Their name for it is of somewhat more difficult pronunciation, yet it means rum. *Aikhshava* is what the Hindus call it, but its effect is the same, although in its make-up they

use, besides crushed sugar-cane, the juice of which is allowed to ferment, black pepper, plums, curds, and salt.

In intimate relationship to *aikhshava* is *aristha*; according to the Mitakshara it is made from the soap-berry plant and molasses and curds. The Tantra on the other hand says that it is made from the juice of the root of the *aegle marmelos*, plums, and sugar. Its ability to intoxicate, irrespective of the method of manufacture, however, was never called in question, and accordingly it retains its advocates. Another liquor belonging to the same description is *maireya* or *gaudi*. (It depends in what part of the country.) This is also made from molasses, but the variation is produced by hemp leaves, curds, and a drug called *karikana*. Owing to this drug (*karikana*) *maireya* or *gaudi* was not only intoxicating but it was also very sopient. It was therefore not a festive, or, as termed nowadays, a banquet wine. With the luxurious and idle classes its use, just before the mid-day siesta, was in great favour. Of like nature was *saira* which had for its base the fruit of the long pepper, and to which were added the roots of the asparagus, *racemosus*, and the wild apple-tree, together with lotus flowers and honey, and finally a drug called *laksman*.

In the same category is *narikelaja*—or cocoanut liquor—which is made as its name implies from the milk of the cocoa-nut, and to which are added plantains, ripe *emblic*, *myrobolares*, and the drug *indrajihva*. A tree that is extensively cultivated throughout India at the present time also is a medium of liquor-making, and from its blossoms *madhirika* or *mahwa* is produced. The blossoms are immersed in water along with ripe

bel fruit (*aegle marmelos*) and sugar. Although this beverage is of very ancient origin it still retains its popularity with all classes. It is a pleasant-tasting drink and, while it is intoxicating, its effect is not as dire as many of the other beverages enumerated above. It is also very cheap, owing possibly to the abundance of its necessary ingredients.

The great panacea of the Hindu, however, is *madhuka*. Therein is a remedy for all ills, especially for lassitude, emaciation, and nervousness. It is made of honey, *vidanga* (a bitter drug), *salep*, another drug, but of a demulcent character, long peppers and salt. It is a valuable tonic and fattening, due undoubtedly to the *salep*, which, by the way, is often used in this country in various medicines.

Although the grape does not grow in tropical climates and therefore wine, as we understand it, cannot be made in these regions, nature has seen to it that there should be a compensating vegetation from which an exhilarating drink could be made, through a process of simple fermentation. It seems peculiar that this should be so, yet such is the case. In the temperate climates, as said before, the grape is to be found everywhere, while in the colder regions, although milk cannot be termed as belonging to vegetation, it is readily and easily transformed into an intoxicant. But in the tropics, where it is always warm, there is found the palm, ready at all times to give its juice in order that man may be cheered and benefited, if he but use it aright. Appropriate to this remark it may be admissible to append the words of an old Scotch divine. Speaking of wine, he said, "Wine of itself has never injured any man; it's the man that abuses the wine,

and wine like any other sensible creature fights back when it finds that it is being mistreated."

The palm-tree has always been venerated wherever it grows; in some places it is worshipped. "Honour the palm-tree," says a Mahometan writer, "for she is your father's aunt, for this tree was formed of the remainder of the clay from which Adam was created." With the Hindu the palm liquor is called *tala* and is made from the ripe fruit spiced with *dareti*, and the leaves of the *kakerbha* plant. It is to be found everywhere and its use is almost as common as beer is in our own country. It affects the natives but little, though to the newly arrived foreigner its use often results disastrously. This, however, is a peculiar characteristic of palm wine, no matter what it is called or where it is made. There is a certain quality about it to which people from colder regions must gradually become accustomed before they can indulge with impunity. But when fully acclimated and accustomed to the fare of the land, *tala*, speaking particularly of India, is said to be a pleasant and wholesome drink.

It is told of the early British soldiers who were first sent to this country that they soon found that *tala* was too mild for them, and in order to make it more to their liking they would add *pippala* (a long pepper) to it, but the natives never fancied the addition, and therefore, except with the soldier, the practice never became popular. It would be useless in a work of this nature to attempt to describe any of the gorgeous Indian banquets of which travellers have written. Nothing like them exists to-day; even the cups that were used were, of themselves, more costly than many a fine residence. Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent to

India in 1609 by Prince Henry, had a cup presented to him at one of these festivals, which had inserted in it nearly two thousand precious stones such as diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., and the virgin gold of which it was made weighed nearly a pound and a half. The placing of pearls and other precious jewels in the wine was a common custom, and many favoured travellers have become suddenly wealthy through the lavishments of these princes. So if the base or minor details of these affairs are so costly it is not a very difficult matter to arrive at the total, which must have meant hundreds of thousands of dollars.

CHAPTER II

CHINA

IF the people of Europe can and do make a variety of wines from grapes which, except in a few minor details, all resemble the other, the Chinese in a like manner can manipulate rice. For various reasons the grape-vine is not extensively cultivated in China, although in some parts where it is grown, for the table, it is exceedingly productive. The Mongolians, however, do not believe in growing plants for drinking purposes alone, and this presumably is sufficient cause for not raising grapes for wine-making. On the other hand rice is a staple article, and the crops are oftentimes so abundant that they tax the ingenuity, even of these people, to dispose of them with just a vestige of profit. Various and many are the methods used by the Chinese in their fabrication of rice into wine. In truth, as with us with the grape, there are so many that it would take pages to enumerate them.

The pride of the individual vineyardist or distiller in his products is also prevalent among the celestials, while the prices that the more particular makers receive is far beyond what would be paid in this country even for our most superior article. As with us, the practice of bestowing some distinguishing name to our products is common in the celestial kingdom, and the

result becomes the same, numerous brands of the same article. The indifference that China has always manifested towards the rest of the world and also the jealousy that she maintains in reference to her products and inventions add materially to the labour of the historian and chronologist, and to attempt the task of telling when the art of making rice liquor was made, or introduced, in China would be ridiculous. Records said to antedate Christianity by two thousand and even three thousand years show that it was not only a matter of commerce, but was also subject to tribute or taxation. Early travellers, too, tell of the rice liquor they found in every part of the empire. The best quality of rice wine is known as *mandarin*, and it is so costly that only the most wealthy can afford to use it, and then only on special occasions.

The rice from which it is made is of a particular species; in fact it is not edible, and herein is a contradiction to their oft-made claim of not raising anything for drinking purposes alone. How this discrepancy is explained the celestial telleth not, but we can rest assured that the reason is subtle, even if not logical. *Mandarin* according to all the rules of œnology is a wine, as it is the result of fermentation only. But the making of it is more arduous and exacting than that of grape wine. After the harvesting of the grain, which also differs in many ways from the ordinary rice, it is treated to a very careful selection, similar in many respects to that we bestow upon the choice of grapes. It is then put into water slightly heated, and allowed to remain there for nearly a month, perhaps longer; it all depends upon the quality of the grain, but when it is in proper condition, it is put over a very

slow fire and gently heated for two or three days, allowing it at times just to come to a boil. Simmering is the best way of describing this part of the operation. Then, when it reaches the proper consistency of pulpi-ness, it is put into large glazed earthenware jars and allowed to ferment. To make assurance doubly sure, and perhaps also to add to the alcoholic qualities, yeast made of wheat is added. During the process of fermentation, which, by the way, may consume two or three weeks, there are put into the must certain fruits and buds of different flowers, all of which is a most carefully guarded secret. These are added at regular intervals and in their proper time so as to impart the exact flavour which is desired. If there is one thing that the Chinese understand it is the full chemical knowledge of when and how to blend different substances so as to accomplish a perfect ingredient, and then to add these parts so as to make a complete whole.

If a little digression will be allowed, this knowledge of manufacture is best illustrated by Indian ink. The Caucasian has never been able to make anything approaching this ink in quality, yet every ingredient is known and easily procurable, but the difficulty lies in when and how to blend. This from certain standpoints is only a minor detail, yet, not knowing it, a very inferior article is the result. But to return to *mandarin*: after the blending of the fruits and buds the fermentation is checked by racking it into other vessels, which are stood aside and it is then allowed to come to a second fermentation, which in the natural order of things clears the wine. After this is completed it is put into small jars, which are stoppered with tightly

drawn skin, and securely fastened by twine. These jars are then marked with the maker's name and dated. The wine is now ready for sale, but not for use, as like our own wine it improves by age; similarly the older it is the more costly it becomes, and owing to its great per centum of alcohol it will keep for a hundred years as easily as it will one year. Pleasant in taste, it is also very intoxicating, and in consequence of its cost and its inebriating powers it is served in rather small glasses.

Apropos to this custom a story is told of an old gentleman who although wealthy was at times inclined to be a little bit close. A friend called to see him and during his stay he was offered a glass of wine. Now in China the practice is to fill the glass to the brim, but the host only put in enough to a little more than half fill it. The guest looked at it for a brief moment and then remarked:

"This glass is too large. It should be cut down."

"Why so?" asked the host.

"Well, if it cannot hold wine what good is it?" answered the visitor.

Whether we have unconsciously or not followed in the footsteps of China, the least that can be said upon the subject is that whatever "parting of the ways" there may be, it is very minute on either side. With us when we have finished making wine we take the lees and by a process of distillation brandy is made; in like manner the Chinese treat the lees of their rice wine and make a spirit of it that is closely allied to our own grape brandy, only it contains more alcohol.

As water enters greatly into the making of *choo*, *show*, *sam-tchoo*, or *sau-choo*, the various names of this

brandy, it is only at those places in which pure soft water can be procured that it can be made for the outside trade. Jean Baptiste Duhalde, among many other writers on China, gave to Vu-si-hyen, in Kyang-nan, the credit for making the best *sam-tchoo* in all China and ascribed its fine qualities to the excellence of the water with which the place was blessed. One of the peculiar customs of the Chinese is the serving of all wines and spirits hot. Cold drinks or even moderately warm drinks are never indulged in by the natives. All beverages must be hot in order to be palatable to them, but on the other hand, if the guest be a foreigner the beverage is served to his—the guest's—liking.

The naming of wine after the place of its origin has been in practice in China from time immemorial, and it is most likely that it was from them that the custom was borrowed. Many years before the Christian era, there arose in China a desire for perpetual life, and it was thought by them that it could only be obtained through the agency of a liquid. Accordingly many and varied were the concoctions compounded, and it is told of the Emperor Vu-ti, that when he was about to kill one of his ministers, whom he had caught purloining some of this wonderful mixture, upon asking the officer why he should not be executed, he received this reply: "If this drink, Sire, has made me immortal, how can you put me to death? But if you can, how does such a frivolous theft deserve it?" The Emperor relented.

Hundreds of different kinds of rice wine are made by these people, for the process of manufacture is not under governmental supervision. It is only when it is sold by a vender or a saloon that a revenue is

collected. Many of these wines are so powerfully and wonderfully impregnated with some peculiar plant or plants that the opening of a bottle, even in the street, can be detected by a person several yards away, simply by the pleasant bouquet that is liberated. A remarkable fact about this perfume, if so it may be called, is that the bottle will retain the odour for months after the contents have been extracted. Were the Chinese less secretive and more willing to impart their knowledge to outsiders we would be able, undoubtedly, to learn many things that would ultimately prove of great economic value.

In respect to the manufacture of plain rice wine the details are known, but when it comes to the more costly scented wines our ignorance is profound. In this category can be placed *Kiannan*, *Chao-tsing-tsieu*, *Tse-Kiang* and *Kiang* wine, all of which are in universal use throughout the kingdom, yet very little is known as to their manufacture. *Tse-Kiang*, of the above list, is the most popular and also the most intoxicating. It resembles our clarets in taste but not in colour or bouquet, and its inebriating qualities are greater than our brandy. Extensive as is the use of rice wine, there are several other beverages that are more in popular favour, of which it may be said that *sew-heng-tsow* is in the greatest demand. It is made from a species of millet and, although it is a distilled liquor, an enormous quantity has to be drunk in order to produce intoxication. In fact it is exhilarating rather than inebriating, and it is this quality that makes it such a favourite among all classes, rich and poor. With the poor it is oftentimes the only wine, but with the wealthy it is the wine that is or-

dained by the powers (for be it remembered that all society, and particularly banquets and festivals, are governed by the rulers) to be drunk with every new dish at any and every function private or public.

Palm-tree wine, known as *cha*, is another beverage that is extensively used by the Chinese. It is their cheapest wine, though in truth it cannot be said that it is the poorest, for when properly made and consumed while fresh and sweet it is a pleasant and wholesome drink. Rice is also used to make a beer known as *sam-shee*. It is consumed in vast quantities throughout the entire kingdom and, as labour is cheap, and material likewise, the cost of *sam-shee* to the consumer is trivial indeed. Another beer that rivals *sam-shee* is *tar-asun*, made from either wheat or barley, according to the abundance of the crop. After the grain has been properly malted it is very coarsely ground and put into a *keeve* and slightly moistened with warm water and then closely covered. After several days, boiling water is poured upon it until every particle is thoroughly saturated. It is then subjected to a vigorous stirring and agitation. When this operation is completed, it is again carefully covered and allowed to settle; this may take two or three days. The third stage of the operation is a repetition of the second, only at this time it is continued until the light material rises to the top and the whole assumes the flavour of the grain and becomes of a glutinous consistency. It is then slightly cooled and quickly drawn off into smaller vessels; hops are then added and it is put away into holes dug in the earth and allowed to ferment. When fermentation has ceased large coarse bags are filled with it. These sacks are then put into

a powerful press and as fast as the beer is extracted it is put into barrels, which are carefully bunged and immediately placed in deep cellars, for like our own beer unless it is kept cool it quickly sours.

The Chinese are indebted to the Tartars for their *kau-yang-tsyew* or lamb wine. According to the tales of ancient travellers, the method of making this beverage, which is described as being pleasant to the taste and remarkably wholesome, was to dress a young lamb as for cooking, then by gently pounding the flesh gradually make it into a pulp. It is then placed in milk and allowed to ferment, after which it is carefully distilled. It is a very intoxicating beverage and its use is greatly restricted. At one time it was the favourite drink of the Emperors, but, on the whole, it cannot be said to have had the general indorsement of the people. *Sau-tchoo* is a beverage prepared from either wheat, rye, or millet to which is added a mixture called *pi-ka*; it is made of licorice-root, rice-flour, garlic, and anise-seed. First it is fermented and then distilled. This is the one liquor that a Chinaman will take with him on his travels, and naturally considerable quantities of it is exported.

Owing to the vast territorial area of China, almost every kind of fruit and vegetable can be raised and, with a people so noted for their ingenuity and so loath as to the use of water (which, when it is used for drinking, is generally distilled), it can be easily surmised that everything possible is done in the way of distillation and brewing. It is doubtful, indeed, if there exists in all of China any fruit that is not turned into either wine or brandy. They are also great users of European wines and liquors, and their

trade is no small item. As regards their sobriety there seems to be a difference of opinion and it is a question upon which writers disagree, but it seems to be the general consensus of opinion that very few intoxicated men or women are seen upon the streets. What drinking is done—and from all accounts there must be considerable—is carried on within doors. Habitual drunkenness is punished by banishment and servitude, but occasional intoxication is only a matter of comment, and the result is the notifying a person on the street in which he lives that so and so is drunk, and if the subject is not boisterous the affair is let drop. But on the other hand, if he is noisy and shows a disposition to quarrel and fight he is at once taken to his rooms and compelled to remain there until the effect of the liquor he has drunk has worn away.

Although it is a matter of dispute between the Chinese and the Corean as to which of these two countries is the birthplace of the tea-plant (*Thea sinensis*, natural order *Ternstromiaceæ*), botanists and scientific people as a rule accept China, and in line with these learned decisions is the popular belief of the masses that tea was found first in China. But the point of origin does not matter very much, as it was from China that the western part of the world received its first knowledge of this wonderful plant and the use to which it is put. Truly it is a wonderful plant and its fame is far-reaching and everlasting—in less than four hundred years it has become the *most universal beverage known to mankind*. Speculatively speaking, it can be said that, in all probability, tea is used daily by more than one half of the world's population. A conservative estimate of the tea consumption is

placed at over three thousand five hundred millions of pounds per annum. In order to bring this amount to a semblance of understanding and what it means it can be compared to a train of cars, each car holding ten tons of tea, and every car forty feet in length,—the train would be more than thirteen hundred miles long. The amount of capital that is invested in this beverage can never be ascertained or computed, but by putting the cost at twenty cents the pound, it represents an annual outlay of more than seven hundred millions of dollars just for a beverage, the value of which as a sustenance is very small, if any. However, be that as it may, tea is the most popular beverage in the world to-day and, what is more to the point, its use is on the increase. It has not yet reached its zenith and it is impossible to foretell when it will. After all the land that is suitable to its cultivation is in crop, then there may be a diminution in its use owing to the inevitable increase in price; but, as new areas are being discovered every few years, this feature is in the distant future.

There are two stories that the Chinese tell of the discovery of tea. The first relates how the great emperor Chinnung, who reigned about 2737 B.C. plucked some leaves from a small shrub and put them into his mouth. He rather liked the taste of them, and as he was an expert on botany and agriculture—for to him all that is known about farming and medicine is traced by the Chinese—he began a series of experiments and, in time, taught his subjects how to grow, prepare, and use the leaves of this plant, upon which he had bestowed the name of *cha*.

The other story is of a high-priest named Darma,

the third son of Kojuwō, king of India, and the twenty-eighth papa from Siaka. Darma travelled into China preaching his religion and giving the people the benefit of his knowledge, which was great and wonderful, as he was very studious and withal a great thinker. It happened that, during his stay in China, he had set himself a certain task which necessitated keeping awake, and in order that he should be able to do so he cut his eyelids off and threw them on the ground. A short time after this operation he saw two shrubs growing where he had thrown his eyelids. He also noticed that the leaves differed from those of the other plants that were growing beside them and, feeling that these shrubs came from his god, he tasted of them and at once felt wonderfully elevated. His mind was at rest and his body was full of vigour. In every way he was improved. When the time was ripe he imparted his discovery to his disciples and they, in turn, told the people about it and instructed them in the art of making tea. Thus was tea introduced into China.

The Japanese too have a legend very similar and also ascribed to an Indian:

Daruma was the Buddhist priest who brought Buddhism into Japan. He was a great thinker and he sat immobile for nine years; during this time his legs fell off and that is why he is always represented as only body and head. Once, in spite of himself, he fell asleep, and in anger he cut off his eyelids and cast them upon the ground, where they at once took root and two beautiful small trees began to grow; and therefore tea is from the gods.

There are several references to *cha* in the poems

that Confucius edited, but they are so vague that in many minds it is a matter of doubt whether it is the plant of to-day or not. Authentically it may be said that our first record of tea in China is to be found in the historical narratives of Lo Yu. He was a chronicler of the Tang dynasty and his writings are of such a character that there can be no doubt as to their truthfulness. He records that tea was in universal use in the sixth century and that it had grown so popular in 793 A.D. that the Emperor Tih-Tsung put a tax upon its consumption. Referring to the benefit to be derived from the use of tea Lo Yu says: "It tempers the spirit and harmonises the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens or refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculties."

Legend and fact it seems agree in one particular regarding the effect of this beverage—that while soothing in its powers it is also a strong ally of wakefulness. The Chinese writers of this period were all enthused over *cha*, and many of the poets devoted much time and effort in praise of its wonderful and varied virtues. One poet in particular wrote a poem of a hundred and thirty lines which he entitled "A Ballad to the Tea-Picker." We submit the first stanza, and should the reader desire the balance can be found in Williams's *Middle Kingdom*.

Where thousand hills the vale enclose, our little hut is there,
And on the sloping sides around the tea grows everywhere;
And I must rise at early dawn, as busy as can be,
To get my daily labour done, and pluck the leafy tea.

Among the Chinese, the art of tea-drinking is a

practice that other people can hardly realise. The quantity consumed by the individual is something enormous, and to provide against any ill effect the peasantry, especially, add ginger and salt to it in order to counteract the cooling influence that is imparted, even by warm tea when drunk in large quantities. Owing to China's peculiar isolation from the outside world for so many years tea was utterly unknown in Europe until the sixteenth century, when it was brought there in small quantities by the Portuguese. These people, however, did little if anything to introduce it and it was not until the Dutch, who managed to get a foothold in Bantam about 1608 or 1610, called attention to it and sent a number of pounds to Holland, that any interest was manifested. What is probably the first mention of tea by an Englishman is to be found in the records of the East India Company. This is a letter written by one of its agents, a Mr. Wickham, in which he asks Mr. Eaton, a brother officer in the same company and who was residing at Macao at the time, for "a pot of the best sort of *chaw*." The letter bears the date of June 27, 1615, and is the first authentic record that can be produced. The beverage, however, did not make much advance in England until about 1660, at which time it was beginning to have a steady sale, and the East India Company was fast recognising its possibilities. Prior to 1660 England's supply of tea came mainly from Holland, but Holland soon lost its control when England began importing direct.

In the British Museum Library there is a broad sheet or advertisement that was written by Thomas Garway in 1659 or 1660. Its quaintness of language

and its graphic depiction of the powers of this newly discovered beverage are worthy of repetition. It reads as follows:

Tea is a genercall brought from China, and groweth there upon little shrubs and bushes. The branches whereof are well garnished with white flowers that are yellow within, of the lightness and fashion of sweet brier, but in smell unlike, bearing their green leaves about the bigness of scordium, myrtle, or sumac; and is judged to be a kind of sumac. This plant hath been reported to grow wild only, but doth not, for they plant it in the gardens about 4 foot distance and it groweth about four foot high; and of the seeds they maintain and increase their stock. Of this leaf there are divers sorts (though all one shape) some much better than others, the upper leaves excelling the others in fineness, a property almost in all plants; which leaves they gather every day and drying them in the shade or iron pans over a gentle fire, till the humidity be exhausted, then put close up in leaden pots, preserve them for their drink, tea, which is used at meals and upon all visits and entertainments in private families and in the palaces of the grandees, and it is averred by a padre of Macao, native of Japan, that the best tea ought to be gathered by virgins who are destined for this work. The quality is moderately hot, proper for winter or summer. The drink is declared to be the most wholesome, preserving in perfect health until extreme old age. The particular virtues are these: It maketh the body active and lusty. It helpeth the headache, giddiness and heaviness thereof. It removeth the obstruction of the spleen. It is very good against the stone and gravel. It taketh away the difficulty of breathing, opening obstructions. It is good against lippitude distillations, and cleareth the sight. It removeth lassitude and cleanseth and purifieth adult humours and a hot liver. It is good against crudities,

strengthening the weakness of the stomach, causing good appetite and digestion, and particularly for men of a corpulent body and such as are great eaters of flesh. It vanquisheth heavy dreams, easeth the brain and strengtheneth the memory. It overcometh superfluous sleep, and prevents sleepiness in general, a draught of the infusion being taken; so that without trouble whole nights may be spent in study without hurt to the body.

It prevents and cures ague, surfeits, and fevers by infusing a fit quantity of the leaf, thereby provoking a most gentle vomit and breathing of the pores, and hath been given with wonderful success. It (being prepared and drunk with milk and water) strengtheneth the inward parts and prevents consumption. . . . It is good for colds, dropsies, and scurvies, and expelleth infection, and that the virtue and excellence of the leaf and drink are many and great is evident and manifest by the physicians and knowing men in France, Italy, Holland and other parts of Christendom, and in England, in the leaf, for six pounds and sometimes ten pounds the pound weight; and in respect to its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase in quantity thereof and first sold the tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley, to drink the drink thereof. And to that end all persons of eminency and quality, gentlemen and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice that the said Thomas

Garway hath teas to sell from sixteen shillings to fifty shillings the pound.

The prices and use of tea that Mr. Garway mentions are no exaggeration, for tea previous to 1657 did command as much as fifty dollars a pound and in some cases more. It was also in high repute as a present to royalty, and the East India Company made considerable use of it in this respect. The fashion of tea drinking grew apace and reached all classes and conditions of society. Apparently every one in England was addicted to its use. For a while tea was not taxed, but during the reign of William and Mary a duty of five shillings per pound and five per cent. on the value was imposed, and from that period tea has always been a source of revenue to the Crown. It could not be expected that tea-drinkers should be left to enjoy their privilege unmolested, and many were the attacks made upon the habit. Doctor John Coakley Lettsom, who was the first medical writer in England to treat of the tea plant in a scientific way, had this to say:

The first rise of this pernicious custom [that of drinking spirits to excess] is often owing to the weakness and debility of the system brought on by the daily habit of drinking tea; the trembling hand seeks a temporary relief in some cordial in order to refresh and excite again the enfeebled system, whereby such persons almost necessarily fall into the habit of intemperance.

With the royal family tea did not at first receive much favour, although Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., did her utmost to make it a function of the court in order to counteract the great use of wines and ales; but as is well known the unhappy lady

did not stand very high in the estimation of her profligate husband, and to oppose any act or wish of hers was a pastime that he relished. However, Catherine's efforts were not fruitless, for the more respectable element of her husband's fashionable court bowed to her wishes and in private were often to be found drinking tea instead of wine.

In the *Literary Magazine* of 1757, volume ii., number 13, is to be found Doctor Samuel Johnson's word picture of himself: "A hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." Thus he described himself, and the picture was true of thousands of others in his time and it may be said that he was responsible, in a great degree, for the habit of the excessive use of the beverage. For, being the most sought-after man of his day, it can be readily seen that he could and did have many imitators, both as to his habits and his mode of conversation.

In *The Book of Tea* written by Okakura-Kakuzo is the following description of the Japanese tea-ceremony:

Again [says the author] the *roji*, the garden path which leads from the *machiai* to the tea-room, signified the first stage of meditation,—the passage into self-illumination. The *roji* was intended to break connection with the outside world and to produce a fresh sensation conducive to the full enjoyment of æstheticism in the tea-room itself. One who has trodden this garden path cannot fail to remember how his spirit, as he walked in the twilight of

evergreens over the regular irregularities of the stepping-stones, beneath which lay dry pine needles, and passes beside the moss-covered granite lanterns, became uplifted above ordinary thoughts. One may be in the midst of a city, and yet feel as if he were in the forest far away from the dust and din of civilisation. Great was the ingenuity displayed by the tea-masters in producing these effects of serenity and purity. . . . Thus prepared the guest will silently approach the sanctuary, and, if a samurai, will leave his sword on the rack beneath the eaves, the tea-room being pre-eminently the house of peace. Then he will bend low and creep into the room through a small door not more than three feet in height. This proceeding was incumbent on all guests—high and low alike,—and was intended to inculcate humility. The order of precedence having been mutually agreed upon while resting in the *machiai*, the guests one by one will enter noiselessly and take their seats, first making obeisance to the picture or flower arrangement on the *tokonoma*. The host will not enter the room until all the guests have seated themselves and quiet reigns, with nothing to break the silence save the note of the boiling water in the iron kettle. The kettle sings well, for pieces of iron are so arranged in the bottom as to produce a peculiar melody in which one may hear the echoes of a cataract muffled by clouds, of a distant sea breaking among the rocks, a rain-storm sweeping through a bamboo forest, or of the sighing of pines on some far-away hill. Even in the daytime the light in the room is subdued, for the low eaves of the slanting roof admit but few of the sun's rays.

The natural high price of tea and the added duties could have but two results, those of adulteration and smuggling, and both were followed to their extent. In fact it is said that at one time not one-half of the tea that was drunk in England was pure. If it had

not been adulterated at its source it was carefully and maliciously done in England, and to-day it is the habit, in the more wealthy families of England, to let the servants dispose of the leaves, after an infusion, to some cheap grocer, who redries them and then sells them. It was owing to the tax on tea, among others, that lost to England her most valuable possessions, and brought about the American Revolution. The Boston Tea Party is something that no reader of American history will ever forget, and the awful struggle that followed its actions was the incentive for the formation of one of the greatest nations in the world.

CHAPTER III

COREA, TONQUIN, COCHIN-CHINA, TIBET, AND SIAM

OWING to the proximity of Corea to China everything that is done in China is more or less closely imitated by the Corean. Unlike the Chinese, however, the Corean has no distinctive name for his beverage: everything there that is used as a drink except water is known as, *cha*, be it intoxicating or not. They are just as adept at distillation as the Chinese and in fact make almost as many kinds of wine. From a plant which they call the *paniz* they make a *cha* which is pronounced by many as being superior to any wine made in China. They are also great users of ginger, both dried and green, and orange-peel; the *cha* made from them is pleasant to the taste and is also very healthy, as well as stimulating. Perhaps there is no nation where eating and drinking is as much esteemed as it is in Corea. Among these people it is an object of pride to have a large distended abdomen, and the larger it is the more worthy is the individual, not only in his own estimation but in the minds of his relations and friends. Long before a male infant can talk, his mother or nurse begins to enlarge his stomach by feeding him rice, so cooked that it will swell and distend this organ of digestion, and to further add to this practice the stomach is rubbed with

a downward stroke so as to pack it full. He is also kept surfeited with milk and mild infusions until he is able and capable of attending to his own wants, and as a rule he is never loath to continue the teachings of his infancy. It can be readily surmised that, on the whole, the Corean appreciates quantity rather than quality, and he will repeat his gorging as often as his means and opportunity afford.

In all of Cochin-China it is said that they have no fermented beverages; all liquors are distilled, and therefore intoxicating. Distillation is a fine art with them and their *arrack*, made of a peculiar kind of rice, is much sought for by all the bordering countries. There being no restrictions on the manufacture of it, every one who can afford a still is at liberty to make as much of it as he pleases, and the rice being plentiful and almost costless the natural result follows that arrack is found everywhere and is used almost universally by the rich and poor alike; though with the more wealthy it is the custom to add a water that is distilled from the *Aquilaria agallocha*, a tree that is noted for its fragrant odour. The addition of this water, it is said, imparts to the arrack a most delicious aroma and an exquisite flavour. Like their neighbours, the Chinese, these people distill almost every fruit that grows there except one, and that is the grape. According to several well-known authorities, the grapevine is indigenous to this part of the peninsula, and grows spontaneously in almost every part of the kingdom, yet neither wine nor brandy is made from its fruit.

Tonquin, right between Cochin-China and China, follows more closely the arts and methods of the

Chinese rather than those of her southern neighbour, and her liquors mainly bear the Chinese names. The palm wine or toddy which these people make is, however, the most deleterious that is made in the Orient. They have a peculiar method of fermenting it, with the result that the most excruciating pains in the head follow an over-indulgence, and some people, it is said, who can drink other liquors with impunity can never become accustomed to its use. On the other hand the Tonquin arrack is considered by some to be a very fine article, and great quantities of it are exported. According to the tales of some of the early travellers there grows in Tonquin a species of rice that has only to be chewed in order to produce intoxication. It may be true; but aside from these tales no mention can be found to substantiate the assertions, and it could easily have been a trick to deceive them, as it is a simple matter to make any grain intoxicating by soaking it in strong brandy or alcohol, and in all probability this is what some of the early explorers had given to them, just as a joke and for the pleasure of seeing them become intoxicated.

The Tibetans have a beverage which they call *chong* and which by its peculiar method of manufacture is absolutely confined to that part of Asia known as Tibet. *Chong* is unique in the fact that, while it is exhilarating, it can be said in truth that it is not intoxicating to the average person. By this remark we mean one who is satisfied with a little more than a reasonable quantity, not a person who can consume a gallon or two at a sitting, which is the only way any one can become inebriated with *chong*. *Chong* is an infusion rather than a ferment, although made of

grain. As a rule the components are wheat, barley, and rice, but millet or rye can be used. There is no set formula as to the quantity of each cereal. They are used in what could be termed a hap-hazard way, mixed indiscriminately, and the quantity that is to be used is judged by the vessel or pot into which it is placed. After being put into the vessel enough water is poured upon the mixture to a little more than cover the mass, and then it is placed over a gentle fire until, after simmering for a time, it is brought to a boil. The boiling process only lasts for a few minutes, when it is taken from the fire and the water is carefully drained off and cast aside. The pulp, however, is spread on coarse cloths very evenly, about an inch thick, and allowed to dry. When the mass is dry and thoroughly cold, handfuls of the blossoms of the Indian plantain, rubbed between the hands, and therefore broken, are scattered or sifted over the top. In this respect, it must be admitted that the Tibetans are particular, for they say that more than an ounce in thirty-two is detrimental and less means the ruination of the whole substance. When this process is completed the mass is then cut into squares the size of a basket, which is lined with green leaves, and each layer is placed one on the other till the basket is filled. When all the baskets are filled an attendant presses the grain with his hands in order to drive out any moisture there may be remaining; after this operation the baskets are covered with coarse cloths or leaves so as to exclude the air, and are then placed in a warm room, where they are allowed to remain for three or four days. At the expiration of this, the first storage period, it is taken out

of the baskets and put into large earthen jars and one-twentieth part of cold water is added. A piece of fine cloth is then spread over the contents and the jars are luted with slightly moistened clay. They are then stored in some cool place, a cellar or a cave, whichever is convenient, and allowed to remain quiescent for several days—the longer the better, although it is ready for use in three days if necessity demands. While the mass is ready for use at this time it is not ready for drinking. Another operation is necessary, and one that calls forth either admiration or anathema, one that either spoils or makes the beverage, and it comes at the supreme moment of serving. To serve *chong*, a jar is opened and its contents emptied into a much larger vessel; boiling water is poured upon it and then it is strained through a wicker basket and served to the assembled company. If the proper amount of water has been added the drink is delicious, but if too little or too much has been poured on the drink it is insipid and flat, and is laid aside and another jar opened. The spoiling of *chong* is, however, only a matter of momentary chagrin on the part of the server, and a disappointment to the guest, as it is not lost; in fact in a few days it will become more valuable. The water—or perhaps it would be better to say the beverage—is at once put back on to the mass and it is then allowed to come to a strong fermentation, after which it is distilled and *arra*, a very strong alcoholic drink, is made. *Arra* may be said to be the national drink of the Tibetans, being given at all times and in all places. The natives carry it in long buffalo horns on their trips from place to place, and the shepherds deem their existence miserable if they have not their

daily allowance. *Chong* has also extended into Bhutan and it is told that the Bhutian excels his neighbour, the Tibetan, in its manufacture, and if possible in its consumption. *Arra* is also used by them, but the great drink of these people is *marwa*. This is a kind of beer made from millet. The grain is subjected to a very primitive method of fermentation without malt-ing, and is stored in earthenware jugs; it has to be used quickly, as it soon sours; it is very light in alcohol, but is extremely nourishing.

Nipa wine made from the *nipa* palm is a common beverage in Burmah. It resembles in taste and flavour the palm wine or toddy of India, though by some it is thought to be more powerful in its inebriating qualities. But the favourite beverage of the Burmese is *shou-chou*, which greatly resembles *sam-tchoo*, only it is a little more fiery in taste and its effect is somewhat quicker and decidedly more lasting. They also use the milk of the cocoanut, which they ferment in vast quantities and preserve in glazed earthenware jars, which hold from one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons apiece. Like their neighbours the Hindoos and Chinese, they are also prolific in the distillation of their many fruits, and many excellent drinks are made therefrom. They also import large quantities of European liquors, especially gin, and as a rule they prefer strong spirits instead of money in payment for what we term odd jobs.

To the south of Burmah is a small tract of land called Pegu, and of the Peguese it is told that their common beverage is water. This state of affairs is brought about by their religion, which has for its central object the worshipping of the crocodile, and

it is the water in which these monsters live that the Peguese use for a beverage. It is told that they—the people—often lose their lives while trying to get this water, for their god is very fond of human flesh and will avail himself of it whenever the opportunity offers. Owing to the liking of the crocodile for muddy and shallow places, along the ditches and swamps or jungles, the water is very disagreeable to the taste; in fact it is nauseating and only religion could induce any one to partake of it.

Another instance, almost parallel, is the holy well in Mecca, called Zemzem, the water of which is considered to be the best cordial that a host can offer to his guest, and, like the crocodile water of Pegu, it is thoroughly repugnant and only the faithful can drink it without vomiting. There is an alleviating feature about the water of Zemzem, which appeals to the unbeliever in particular, and that is, owing to its sacredness it is very costly and only a few drops are given at a time. The laws against intoxication in Burmah were first installed by Alompra Aloung Phoura, the founder of the reigning dynasty. He found intoxication so common that in order to put a stop to it at once he made the penalty death, and this penalty was only relaxed at times when cholera became epidemic.

In Siam the making of alcoholic beverages is practised on a large scale, yet the product is subjected to all kinds of taxation and restrictions. Owing to the presence of the Chinese, their nomenclatures of wines and brandies are very similar and their modes and methods are identical, except perhaps the Siamese are more primitive. The people are fond of holding

festivals and they avail themselves of every chance, and royalty humours them a great deal in this respect. Some of these affairs are gorgeous in the extreme, and in many, the reigning family and the whole court play an important part. One feature of these festivals is decidedly unique, that of the rulers and the ladies pledging themselves to the people, and drinking their health in water. Being believers in Buddha they are of course restricted from drinking any kind of intoxicating liquors, and if they do use them at all it is always in the seclusion of their own rooms where prying eyes cannot see. As a matter of fact, it is said that all the liquor distilled in Siam is made by the Chinese or their descendants, and in a degree it accounts for the many methods of taxation that is inflicted upon all liquors.

Years ago, when the Tartars were in power and greatly feared, they made use of every liquor that could be obtained, and they also manufactured several kinds themselves. They had a kind of beer which they called *baksoum* and, although they ascribe many good features to it, the outsider has but little respect or liking for *baksoum*. It is flat and insipid in taste and according to one authority "tastes like water in which rice has been boiled." Barley and millet are the grains used in its making and they are only steeped in warm water and allowed to ferment, when it is ready for use.

Another beverage which they make is *bursa*. It is made from a species of plum, indigenous to the country, and is extremely intoxicating. It is prepared by boiling the plums, removing the kernels, and then slowly filtering the residue. Fermentation is the

next step, and so rapid is this that it is completed over night. Two small cupfuls are sufficient to cause intoxication, yet so pleasant and insidious is the beverage that the more one drinks the more he wants; for although inebriation is always the consequence there does not seem to be any bad after-effect to the consumer.

They also prepare a beverage from the juice of the watermelon, a fruit in which this part of the world excels, specimens often weighing more than a hundred pounds, and the juice, when fermented, makes a very pleasant drink. A story is told of one of the sultans who caused a soldier to be put to death because the poor fellow had had the temerity to appropriate two of these melons to his own use.

Tea is to be found in every tent and dwelling. There is always a kettle on the fire filled with tea and prepared for drinking, which is done by adding milk, butter, and salt. This is their way of fixing this beverage, and is said to be pleasant after one becomes accustomed to it. A peculiar mode of hospitality is shown by these people in reference to their tea. It is always at the disposal of every stranger and traveller. He need not ask for it. Neither is it expected that he should, but he must have his own cup. This is imperative and, accordingly, every one carries a cup with him at all times. Some of these utensils are marvels of workmanship and are highly valued. They are generally made of some fine-grained wood and oftentimes are lined with silver and gold.

Rice wine, called *caracina*, is plentiful and very cheap and the Tartars seem to be quite fond of it. Being above the average in alcoholic strength, only

a small quantity is required to produce intoxication. They have another inebriating beverage which they call *teracina*; this is similar to *caracina*, but millet is used in its manufacture instead of rice. In effect the two wines are identical, as well as in appearance, and they are often confounded in consequence of this great resemblance. The uninitiated have a very hard time of it to distinguish the difference.

CHAPTER IV

SIBERIA

THE Abrakan or Minusinsk Tartar has for his friend a mouse upon which he relies considerably for his food. This little animal is known to naturalists as *mus socialis* and it has a great habit of gathering bulbs of *lilium martagon*, *pæonia*, and *erythronium den canis*, and storing them away for future use; but his Tartar friend knows and appreciates the value of these bulbs for food, and instead of devoting his time to agricultural pursuits he simply hunts for the stores so carefully gathered by these animals, and thoughtfully relieves them of any further care and trouble in regard to the supply.

Braga is another common drink among the Tartars. It is only a partly fermented drink and is therefore not intoxicating to any great extent. Professor Heinrich Julius von Klaproth says that in his travels in Tartary he came across a spring of water that was decidedly intoxicating. The water, he adds, had an acid taste, that at first was quite disagreeable, but this soon wore away and was succeeded by a strong liking. It could bear transportation without losing much of its inebriating qualities and people for many miles around were in the habit of going to this spring and filling barrels, skins, and other vessels with the

water and taking it home. It was used as any other liquor and the people had great faith in it as a curative agency.

The Yakuts, another branch of the Tartars, have for their national beverage a drink which they call *arui*, which is a preparation of melted butter and is prepared in a globular state instead of a mass. It is allowed to sour and ferment, when it becomes intoxicating. At feasts and festivals it is no strange sight or experience to see men drink from twenty to thirty pounds of *arui* at a sitting. There is considerable rivalry among the people as to who shall be the champion *arui*-drinker of the neighbourhood and contests are common, especially at weddings, when, according to Peter Dobel, the master of the house considers it a great honour to have a number of these people gather and drink his *arui*.

Along the southern border of Siberia there grows a tree called by pomologists *Prunus siberica*. It belongs to the apricot family, and from its fruit the people make a very pleasant beverage which they call *uruk*. Another species of *uruk* is made from the *Prunus padus*—bird cherry. As soon as the fruit is ripe, it is placed in a long leather bag and pressed; it is then mixed with milk and drunk. It can also be used without milk, but it is much preferred mixed.

Among the Voguls they have a wine which is named *knyazhenika* that is held in high veneration even by foreigners who visit the country and are fortunate enough to be treated to a drink of it. It is made from a berry that was first found in this part of the country and bears the same name as the wine. They who have eaten the berries are most emphatic in

their praise. They declare their flavour is superior to that of the strawberry and bears a strong resemblance to the pineapple. These people make wine from the cranberry, the bilberry, and cloudberry. The birch-tree, in this part of Siberia, is of great importance and benefit, both to travellers and the people, for its sap, which is obtained by a simple incision in the bark, makes a pleasant and wholesome drink, and it is no uncommon sight to see the crews of the boats going up and down the river Ural, who encamp upon its banks at night, singing and drinking birch sap around their camp-fires.

Quas, however, is the common beverage of all of Siberia. No matter what part of the country the traveller is in, and what kind of people he may be with at the time, he is more or less certain of being requested to partake of *quas*. There are no restrictions as to its manufacture, and any person who has the necessary ingredients to spare can brew as often and as much as he may choose. The methods employed in making this beverage differ considerably in many parts of the country. In the western part of Siberia, adjacent to Russia, it is made as follows, according to Granville:

It is composed of twenty pounds of rye, ten pounds of rye malt, and three pounds of barley malt, the two species of malt being mixed together with tepid water in an earthen vessel till it forms a sort of liquid paste. It is then covered for an hour, after which some water is poured over it, and the rye meal is gradually added, stirring it all of the time so as to form a paste-like dough. The vessel is then covered and made air-tight with bread-paste, when it is put in an oven of a temperature equal to that when bread

may be considered half baked, where it remains till the following day. The oven is then heated again, and the vessel replaced in it, and on the third day is removed, and the paste diluted with river water, during which operation it is stirred continually with a large wooden spoon. The whole fluid is next put into a barrel, with a sufficient quantity of leaven, when it is stirred well for some minutes and set aside in a place of moderate temperature. As soon as froth appears on its surface, the barrel is carefully closed and carried to an ice-house or cool cellar, and at the end of three days it is fit for use.

To the ingredients mentioned above some add half a pound of mint and two pounds of wheaten and buckwheat flour, which are said to improve its taste and heighten its effervescence. The Russians also have several methods of making *quas*, but this will be spoken of later on.

Further toward the east in Siberia, the art of manufacturing *quas* becomes more simple and this perchance may account for its popularity. Some make it of stale bread steeped in a vessel of warm water until it gets into an acetous fermentation, which is suddenly checked and it is ready for use. Still further east, black biscuit covered by snow-water and placed before the fire to sour, when yeast is added, makes *quas*, of which the natives are emphatic as to its value and healthfulness. Their faith in the efficacy of this beverage is so strong that they refuse absolutely to travel without a goodly supply of yeast and biscuits. They also carry with them their *burnya*, which is the vessel that they use to make *quas* in. It is made of birch bark, with a double bottom, the lower half of which contains the sour sediment.

In a country so large and diversified as Siberia there must of necessity be many kinds of beliefs and religions among its inhabitants. Some of these beliefs are strange and weird, while others are of a more rational character. But of all the queer religions that of the Susliniki is the oddest. They derive their appellation from the fact that they are drinkers of *suslo*, which is the name given to the foam or froth of *pivo* beer (for which see Russia). They hardly allow it to settle before they consume it, and the consequence is that they are soon intoxicated. The practice of beginning every undertaking (*promysl*) by drinking is almost universal, be the task one of necessity or of pleasure. If, perchance, it should prove to be a duty, the men folks after performing their religious rites, such as killing a tame animal and smearing their faces with its blood, go to the place appointed and there begin their labour by getting drunk. The women, on the other hand, resort to the *kabak* and drink their brandy. Adolph Erman describes an instance in his *Travels in Siberia*:

The huts in Repolovo [he says] were remarkably empty; and we were told that most of the Ostyak men had gone this day on a fishing expedition, and that their wives were keeping a great feast in the *kabak*, or the public house of the place. We found in the dark room, hardly ten paces wide, of the public house and place of revelry here, an European Russian, probably banished in former years, busy behind the counter; and besides him only the Ostyak women. Ten or twelve of them were assembled and the brandy had taken effect upon them all—in a way, however, not at all offensive to an even-tempered spectator. A number of short and corpulent figures, with black eyes, rather oblique, could be just seen, moving and mingling

together, in the narrow space. They all talked with animation, and with remarkably delicate voices, which now gave expression only to soft and joyous emotions. They embraced one after the other, the Yamshchiki who entered with us; and their soft voices, now almost whining, seemed attuned not so much to words of old acquaintance as to the endearment of young and growing love. They all wore frocks, or shirt-like garments of nettle-cloth, which were ornamented exactly like the dress of the Mordvi women, with embroidery in red and black, round the neck and breast. None of them were without the head-dress, shaped as a cross, which serves as a veil; but they had raised up the front part of it and thrown it back completely over the head. We could perceive that, under the circumstances here described, and in other cases subsequently witnessed, this departure from the prevailing custom was not considered in any degree irregular or improper. The very trifling means of the women were soon exhausted, while the pleasure of drinking had just risen to its highest pitch. My promise, therefore, to pay the score for the rest of their indulgence was received with the greatest thankfulness. But they now took especial pains to show themselves deserving of the European treat, by good Christian observance; for at every glass they took, they came up to us, and, before they tasted the dram, crossed themselves with a most singular and laughable gravity. Devout Russians are in the habit of neutralising the Satanic operation of spirituous liquors by a rapid movement of the right hand, intended to describe the cross, or by a softly ejaculated prayer, or by merely blowing the breath on the glass. But the good-humoured Ostyaks, who were novices in both arts, of Christian prayer as well as of drinking, were desirous of providing against the infirmities of the flesh by some ample ceremony; and so they made the sign of the cross to such an extent, so slowly and with such deep bowing of the body, as would be required by the church on the most solemn occasions.

In this place not a soul understood a word of Russian; and so, not to remain quite mute in the midst of the northern Bacchantes, I recited the first of the verses I had learned, in the Ostyak language. This was immediately caught up, with the greatest glee, and passed from mouth to mouth; the whole ballad was afterwards sung.

Among the drinks the Siberians are especially fond of is one called *naliivka*. There are four kinds of this beverage, according to the berries used, viz., either raspberry, cowberry, cloudberry, or the dwarf crimson bramble. The mode of making is as follows: To twelve pounds of water add four pounds of berries, two pounds of sugar, and one pound of brandy. Soak the berries twelve days in the water and brandy, then put in the sugar and let stand to ferment, first three days in an open vessel, and then for two weeks in a closed one. It is then ready for consumption. Although the berries are only a small part of the whole, when the *naliivka* is matured it is redolent with their flavour and bouquet.

Shimpovka is another popular beverage among these people, and, in fact, it may be said in all truth that it appeals to every one who is at all fond of wine. It is made from the leaves of the wild-rose and is of a bright red colour and wonderfully transparent. It is also of a sparkling nature, like champagne, and altogether proves a most delicious drink, although it is somewhat heady. On the southern border of Siberia, near to the boundary line of China, the people make an infusion of cabbage leaves which seems to be very popular with the more wealthy, as it is always used at their banquets and formal dinners, when the pipes, instead of cigars or cigarettes, are brought on.

There is one custom in certain parts of Siberia that I fear will not find many advocates, especially among the young ladies of America. At their *risgovorki*, or social gatherings, the young ladies that attend are, of course, expected to come attired in their finest clothes and dresses, but instead of participating in any of the conversations it is expected of them that they sit along the side of the room for the purpose of ornament and show. There is, however, one palliating feature for the young ladies about these gatherings, and that is that they are given plenty of *kedrouvie* nuts, in order to keep their mouths busy. These nuts have a very fine flavour and are considered a great luxury, but they have one drawback, which consists of an innumerable number of small figlike seeds, which are thought to be unhealthy and consequently are not swallowed. Therefore, in order to eat the *kedrouvie* nut, strict attention must, of necessity, be paid to the business of the moment.

In the towns where the imaginary line between China and Siberia is said to exist, and where society partakes greatly of the manners and customs of the Flowery Kingdom, a great deal of *chow-sen* is consumed. This liquor is only a rice wine distilled, and perhaps it would be more accurate to say that *chow-sen* is only drunk when no other spirit of strength can be obtained, which unfortunately is quite often, for *chow-sen* has a very disagreeable taste and its effect is extreme upon those who are not accustomed to its use. But as foreign wines and also native decoctions often become scarce and difficult to procure, *chow-sen* is resorted to by all classes, Russian and otherwise, and eventually a sort of a taste for the fiery liquor

is acquired and this, in a manner, accounts for the large amount that is drunk.

Although the Siberian is very fond of strong, intoxicating liquors there is one beverage that he is much fonder of, and one that is to be met with in every part of the country, be it in hamlet or town, mountain or valley. The poor and the wealthy use it alike and all are sincere in their praise of *kirpichnui chai*, or brick tea. It is the beverage *par excellence* of the Siberian. As its name implies it comes in bricks, which are especially prepared in China, for this kind of trade. The bricks are about eleven inches long, six inches wide, and one and a half inches thick and weigh three pounds. They are prepared from the last gatherings and the refuse of the tea crop. Instead of the leaves and stalks being dried they are made wet and mixed with fresh bullock's blood and firmly pressed into a mould, when the mass becomes more solid than a brick. In this shape and condition it will stand every kind of usage in transportation and is not at all susceptible to the changes of climate. Its other virtue (?) remains intact under the most trying circumstances. When it is wanted for use a man takes a heavy axe and chops off a few pieces. These are then bruised between two stones and then vigorously rubbed between the hands, after which they are put into an open iron pot or caldron. A bowl of *smitanka*, sour clotted cream, in which salt has been put, is added and also a handful of millet meal. These ingredients are then boiled for at least half an hour and the result is then served hot. Before handing it to the guests a small portion is taken out and thrown to the four winds as an offering to the

gods of the soil. Aside from its use as a beverage, *kirpichnui chai* is the standard for weight, and is also used for money. In fact, until recently its usage as coin was general, especially in the eastern and northern parts of the country, and all bills of exchange and barter were based upon the value of a brick of *kirpichnui chai*, instead of rubles.

If it were required, of the assertion that mankind tends more to alcoholic drinks than to water, for the purpose of refreshment, no better proof could be found than to cite the Kamchadale. Here, on the easternmost coast of Asia, far north of Japan and away beyond the realms of civilisation, on a peninsula, which is called Kamchatka, were found a race of people who, to quote Peter Dobell, "are more than dull"; yet with all their dulness and their utter lack of education, judged by our standards, they knew how and did extract an intoxicating beverage from the most common plant that grows. Their name for the plant is *sloka-trava* but our name is grass. Botanically it belongs to the *poaceal* branch of the order *gramineæ*. It grows to a height of about six feet and, when mature, is covered with a down that closely resembles hoar frost. In a way it is very much like wheat, for it has a stalk which is hollow like the wheat straw, but it also has leaves, of which the mid-rib is hollow. It is very sappy and is often eaten in its natural stage. However, much care must be taken not to let the juice touch the lips, for it means a blister if it does, so strong is its pungency. The plant formerly was one of the chief ingredients in cooking of the Kamchadales, but when the Russians learned of its power to produce alcohol, they offered such a

price that the natives willingly ceased to use it as a viand and sold it to their conquerors. In preparing it for the still the usual method pursued is as follows:

The stalks being cut, and the downy substance scraped from the surface, they are placed in small heaps until they begin to heat and swell. When dry, they are put into sacks of matting, where they remain for a few days, and become gradually covered with a sacchrine powder, which exudes from the hollow of the stalks. Only one quarter of a pound of the powder is obtained from thirty pounds of the plant in this state. The women who conduct the business find it necessary to protect their hands with gloves, the rinds being of a quality so acrid as to lacerate any part it might touch. The spirit is drawn from the plant in this state by the following process: Bundles of it are steeped in hot water, and the fermentation is promoted in a small vessel with berries of the *gimolost* or of the *globusitsa*; care being taken to close the mouth of the vessel and to keep it in a warm place while the fermentation continues, which is often so violent as to agitate the vessel that contains the fluid, and occasions a considerable noise. When the first liquor is drawn off, more hot water is poured on and second fermentation ensues in the same manner. Both liquors and herbs are then put into a copper still, and the spirit is drawn off in the usual way."

The Kamchadales call this beverage *raka* and, although they have sold the right to make it, they still retain their inordinate liking for it, which is best illustrated by a story from Lesseps's Travels:

A Kamchadala had given a sable skin for a glass of *raka*; inflamed with the desire of drinking another, he invited the seller into his house. The merchant thanked him, but said he was in a hurry. The Kamchadala re-

newed his solicitations and proposed a second bargain. He prevailed.

"Come! another glass for this sable—it is a finer one than the first."

"No; I must keep the rest of my brandy. I have promised to sell it at a certain place and I must be gone."

"Stay a moment—here are two sables."

"'T is all in vain."

"Well, come, I will add another."

"Agreed! drink."

Meanwhile the three sables were seized and the hypocrite made a fresh pretence to get away! His host redoubled his importunities to retain him, and demanded a third glass. Further refusals were given and further offers were made. The higher the chapman raised his price, the more prodigal was the Kamchadala of his furs. Who would have supposed that it should have ended in the sacrifice of seven most beautiful sables for the last glass! They were all he had.

According to the prices that prevailed a few years ago the Kamchatka sable was worth about one hundred dollars per pelt, and the above transaction must have been in the neighbourhood of seven hundred dollars for one glass of brandy, which at the utmost would not have been more than three ounces. There are quite a number of high-price sales of liquors recorded and the above is without doubt entitled to be classed among the highest. While the Kamchadale is excessively fond of liquor, and will give almost everything he possesses for it, he is nevertheless honest and trustworthy. William Sauer who resided for some years in this country, tells of an instance in which he tried to tempt his guide, one who had been with him several seasons, and whose appetite for liquor could

never be appeased, no matter how much or how often it was given to him.

I one day saw him coming to my habitation, and to tempt him, I hid myself in an adjoining room, leaving a glass of brandy upon the table, and a bottle half full close to it, with some sea-biscuit. He came in, saw nobody, and called to me, but obtained no answer. Upon which he advanced to the table and smelt the glass. "It is brandy," he remarked, "but I will not drink. And the bottle half full! Well, I won't taste you, but I'll go and seek master, and scold him for leaving you in this manner. I'll just smell again and go." I stepped out of the door into the garden and went to meet him. He accosted me in the following manner:

"I have been in your room and saw a glass full of brandy; perhaps you won't believe me, but indeed I did not taste it."

"I dare say you did."

"No, by —— I did not. I knew you would not believe me, but a Kamchadala will never take anything without permission."

"Well; I must believe you; will you come and drink it?"

"Yes, that I will, but I wanted to scold you for leaving it so."

Despite all the ideas to the contrary, there must be a reason, based upon nature, that insists upon mankind using the substance which is known in the commercial and scientific world as alcohol. There is in it a certain something that no other ingredient can supply. The physiological effect of an over-dose is accepted in the word intoxication, but does that tell the story? is there not something more to it? An over-dose of a poison kills and its action is al-

ways the same, but an over-indulgence in liquor intoxicates, and its effect differs as to the individual. Some are quarrelsome, and want to fight; some are merry and full of laughter, while others are remorseful and sleepy; again others are excited, both mentally and physically, to greater exertions; while on the other hand some become stupid and dull under its influence. Others are garrulous and some lachrymose and often reminiscent, and again there are many who affect to be religious under the influence of liquor. Yet all of these, and many more, symptoms are included in intoxication. Most assuredly there must be something in alcohol that is not yet understood.

The Kamchadale has also another method of making an alcoholic drink, of which the rest of the world was in ignorance until travellers and explorers learned of it. It is made from mushrooms, and by them is called *muchumor*. By the Russians this mushroom is considered to be deadly poison, yet these people use its liquor, which they ferment in a jar mixed with berries, not only with impunity but with avidity, and no other effect except intoxication can be noticed. Whether *muchumor* has any keeping qualities or not cannot be told, for as soon as it is made the neighbours commingle at the maker's house and they will not leave until the last drop is gone. They also make a drink from the willow-herb which they call *kirpui*, but as it is a simple drink and not intoxicating it is held in slight esteem. Sometimes, under the influence of liquor, the Kamchadale will become very brave, whereas, in his natural state, he is, and the whole nation are, remarkable for timidity. Peter Dobell,

who is replete with stories of these people, cites the following, in order to show this characteristic:

One of my men, having got drunk, became so furious that he rushed from my presence with a large knife in his hand, seeking the superior of his tribe, Prince Zachar, crying out that he was an unjust man and that he would stab him. In vain did his companions endeavour to restrain him. He continued to rave in this manner until he got near to the prince's dwelling, when he bellowed out with all his force, "Come out, Zachar, if you dare! I am prepared to kill you." The prince, hearing this, immediately sallied forth, and, with bosom bare, requested the crowd to stand aside. He advanced boldly up to the Kariakee and with an undaunted countenance and thundering voice said,

"Here is the breast of your prince; strike if you dare."

The Kariakee seemed petrified; he raised his hand, but, afraid to strike, the knife dropped from his powerless arm to the ground.

"Coward!" exclaimed Zachar, "you have saved your life, for if you had aimed a blow at me I would have hurled you to the earth and your own knife should have let your heart's blood."

The prince then ordered the Kariakee to be confined until he became sober.

Like their neighbours they are also excessively fond of tea, and it is recorded that they will often drink a gallon of this infusion and then ask for more. The sap of the birch is also in use here, as in the more western part of Siberia. It is drunk in its natural state, and is always procurable. The young bark is also a valuable article of food. It is cut into long

strips and dried, then laid away for winter consumption. The vegetation of the country is replete with berries of all kinds and they all form a most essential dietary factor. They are made into jams of different kinds and also enter into the preparation of many beverages which these ingenious people concoct.

CHAPTER V

JAPAN

A BEVERAGE that has of late years attracted considerable attention, especially in Europe, is *sake*, the national drink of Japan. France and Germany, in particular, have given this drink much thought and attention. Both countries have sent experts to Japan to study the mode and method of manufacture, and innumerable volumes have been printed on the subject. In a sense it may be said that *sake*—or *seishu*, Japanese—is unique, for it is neither beer, wine, nor brandy; yet it resembles the three, and in accordance with this resemblance it is often spoken and written of as rice beer, rice wine, and rice brandy, but none of these terms fully describe the drink. *Ki* or *ke* is the original Japanese name for this liquor and the mythological introduction of it into Japan is as follows:

So His Impetuous Augustness came to the river Hi in Izumo. And he found there an old man and an old woman and a young girl all weeping, and he asked them why they wept, and the old man answered, “I once had eight daughters, but every year an eight-forked serpent comes and devours one of them, and now it is time for it to come again.” Then the deity said, “Wilt thou give me thy daughter if I save her from the serpent?” And he eagerly promised her. Then the deity said, “Do thou brew eight

tubs of *ki*”—and he told him how—“and set each tub on a platform, according to my bidding.” Then the eight-forked serpent came and putting his head in each tub drank up all the *ki* and was drunk. The deity then with his sabre hacked the serpent to death and the blood flowed and reddened the river.

Authentically *sake* was introduced into Japan about the fourth century A.D., or at the time they made their first excursions into Corea. Essentially, the making of *sake* is of Chinese origin and it was they who perfected it. For the first few hundred years the makers of this beverage encountered many vicissitudes. No two brewings could be made alike and none of it could be made so that it would keep more than a few months, even when the weather was cold, and the warm days of summer meant utter ruin to the beverage. But about the seventh century an accidental discovery was made that forever removed all difficulties in that direction, and the result is that *sake* can now be kept indefinitely. But unlike our wines and brandies it does not improve so rapidly with age. The first step in the manufacturing process of making *sake* is the preparation of *koji*, or the rice-ferment. Hulled rice is washed with fresh water, the latter being renewed so long as it gets a milky colour from the rice. Then it lies one night in the last bath of water, thus becoming soft. Steam does the rest. This is made in an iron boiler and then let loose amid the rice so that there is no possibility of sprouting. *Koji* still has essentially the look of hulled rice grains from which it is made, except that most of these grains are now loosely united in lumps of greater or less size. When the steamed rice has become so soft that it is

easily kneaded into dough between the fingers it is spread out on straw mats to cool. Then, when reduced to blood heat, it is treated with *fane-koji*, a sporadic growth of fungus, *fane* meaning seed, therefore *koji*-seed. A teaspoonful is used to four *to* (73 litres), of rice. In making the mixture the fungus-spores are first thoroughly mingled with a small portion of the rice-mass, after which the compounding of the whole body is undertaken. Thus spread out, it is now left for about three days on mats in warm rooms, for the development of the mould fungus. In factories built expressly for the manufacture of *koji* these apartments are subterranean chambers 8 to 10 m. long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. broad and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. high, made in clay soil 3 to 4 m. underground. They communicate with the entrance to a square shaft 3 to 4 m. deep and 2 m. wide by means of low narrow passages, the openings of which are hung with straw mats. The purpose of this whole arrangement is evidently to preserve the high temperature in the chambers unchanged as long as possible. *Sake* and *koji* are only made during the cold months from November to February. Along both of the side walls of every chamber, a bank of earth is left $\frac{1}{2}$ m. high and near the entrance of the chamber there is a depression, in which the mats are laid with the rice wrapped up in them, and kept all night at a temperature of 25–26 C. Next morning the rice is manipulated to prevent its balling together. Towards afternoon it is found covered with the *mycelium* of the fungus as with a white blanket. It is now shaken out into baskets, frequently sprinkled with cold water, while being tossed about. It is next laid out on boards and partitioned off with racks, the

boards being put side by side on the banks in the chamber. During the day and a half in which the rice remains here it is thoroughly mixed by hand several times to separate the grains which have stuck together. Finally on the morning of the fifth day (counting from when the rice was washed) the boards with the finished *koji* are taken out of the chamber and put away, one above the other, in a cool airy place, to await sale or use. In *sake* distilleries *koji* is prepared in precisely the same way, only that the chambers are smaller and not sunk so deep in the ground.

Tane-koji is made only in spring. The spreading of the fungus is allowed to go on one or two days longer than in the preparation of *koji*, but it is finally covered over. The spores thus obtained are kept all the summer in a sealed air-tight pot in a cool, dry place until needed in autumn.

Thus we see that even in the initiatory process the manufacture differs considerable from any method employed either in Europe or America. The next step is the preparation of the *moto*, or mash. This is a turbid fluid, which Hoffman, a German expert sent to Japan to study *sake* and the methods employed, has called *mutterwurze*, although neither this word nor mash is a translation of *moto*. It is a product of the fermentation caused in *koji* by heat. Its production takes about fourteen days and is accomplished when the development of carbonic acid in the ferment has grown considerably less and the liquid has lost its former sweet taste and become sour and bitter, with a pronounced flavour of alcohol. In *sake* distilleries a fresh supply of rice is steamed on the third or fourth day, the preparation of *koji* having begun at the commencement of November, and is spread out on mats till the following morning. Then it

is made into a thick porridge with *koji* and water. The proportions of these ingredients, which do not vary much, are quantitatively: rice 10, *koji* 36, water 11.1; and according to weight rice 10, *koji* 4, water 12. The rice thus steamed, as well as that used for making *koji*, is dried and hulled. In the celebrated distilleries at Itami and Nishinomiya 0.5 *oku* of steamed rice are mixed 0.2 *oku* of *koji* and 0.6 *oku* of water, and this compound is called a *moto*. This *moto* is divided into six equal parts, and put into six flat, cylindrical wooden tubs, called *han-kiri*, each holding 100 litres. The tubs are filled to only about one-fifth of their capacity. The mass is now kneaded and mixed by hand into a stiff, thick paste for two hours, after which it is left to itself twenty-four hours, in which time it completely loses its stiffness, becoming thinner and more easily worked. Now a sort of oar or ladle called *kai* (oar) is dipped in and for several days the mixture is thoroughly stirred with it. The milky liquor which is increasingly produced indicates starch-sugar by its sweetness, for a large proportion of starch has been meanwhile thus converted. But near the end of this process carbonic acid becomes more and more perceptible, indicating that alcoholic fermentation has already set in despite the low temperature. For all this time the temperature has been that of the outer air, varying from 0 to 10 C.

Korschelt calls attention to the fact that this coolness of the atmosphere is probably necessary and that under the given conditions *saki*-making is, for this reason, confined to the coldest four months, since spores of fungus (*euotium oryzae ahlb.*) would otherwise appear in the *koji*; at the latest, six days, this process is completed. The contents of the *han-kiri*, three at a time, are poured into a fermenting vat (*moto-yoshi-oke*) holding about six hl., and here the stuff is left quiet for one day. Then comes the warming of the mash, to hasten alcoholic fermentation. Wooden vessels (called *daki*) of a conical form, closely stopped, are filled

with boiling water, dipped into the mass of grain, and moved about hither and thither, and every *daki* has a handle fastened to two ears that project over its upper edge. After about twelve hours the vessel having cooled is replaced by another full of boiling water, and thus it goes on, at longer or shorter intervals, according to the heat required, till the fourteenth day, the last of the *moto* preparing. During this time the fermentation vats have been wrapped in straw mats, to diminish cooling from the outside, as much as possible. When the process of fermentation is nearly finished, the contents of the vats are put back into the *han-kiri* and there left to cool off gradually. The next step is what may be called the main process and at this stage the plant and method are nearly the same everywhere. In practice three kinds of bucket-shaped vats are employed, one after the other. They widen out somewhat at the top, and their height is 15 to 25 cm. less than their diameter at the middle. According to their depth they are distinguished as *san-shaku-oke*, *shi-shaku-oke*, and *paku-shaku-oke*, i.e., three-, four-, and six-foot tubs. They hold about five, ten, and thirty-three *koku* respectively, or twice that number of hectolitres. When in use, however, they are never more than half filled, so as to leave room for fermentation. They are as a rule made of soft *sugi* wood. The process of fermentation is divided in the larger distilleries into three stages, *soye*, *naka*, and *shimai* (joining, middle, and end); again steamed rice (*mushi-han*), *koji*, water, and this time *moto* are used in *soye* in the following preparation: *mushi-han* 1.30 *koku*, *moto*, 1.30 *koku*; *koji*, 0.35 *koku*; water, 1.30 *koku*. The mixture is transferred to a *san-shaku-oke* in the above proportion and for three or four days thoroughly stirred once every two hours. During this time at a temperature of about 20° C (when the air outside is at 10° C), there arises a pleasant, aromatic, pungent odour.

The *soye* is now completed. The mass is divided equally

and put into two other three-foot tubs, where a fresh lot of steamed rice, *koji*, and water is added in the following proportions: *Soye*, 4.25 *oku*; *mushi-han*, 2.00 *oku*; *koji*, 0.65 *oku*; water, 2.90 *oku*. This mixture also is vigorously stirred every other hour, though for one day only, and then the *naka* is finished. Once again the fermented stuff contained in each tub is divided and put into two others and mixed anew with steamed rice, *koji*, and water. The proportions of the new mixture, for *shimai*, the last stage of fermentation, is as follows: *naka*, 9.90 *oku*; *mushi-han*, 3.30 *oku*; *koji*, 1.00 *oku*; water, 4.20 *oku*. Half of this mass is therefore contained in each tub, and is there treated as in the former two cases. Three days afterwards the entire four tubfuls are put, one by one, into a big *oku-shaku-oke*, where a much brisker fermentation sets in, gradually decreasing, however, in two or three days. The scum settles, the liquor is strongly alcoholic and ready now for the last operation. In squeezing the fluid body of mash, which still keeps on slowly fermenting, it is poured into close-woven bags of hemp-linen, soaked in *shibu* (the juice of the unripe *diospyros kaki* fruit), which are then laid side by side, and crosswise one above another in a strong box, and covered with a plate, smaller than the bottom of the box, or with several one over another, decreasing successively in size. Upon this lid there presses a one-arm lever, in the shape of a long beam, one end of which is hinged in a stout post, while the other is weighted with a load of 600–900 kg. On the front side of the box, near the ground, is the spout arrangement, through which the turbid *sake* is conducted into a vessel that stands below. For clarification it is put into a standing cask, having two bungholes, close together and one above another, nearer its lower head. The *sake* stands here quiet for two weeks, in which time all solid impurities sink to the bottom. Then, when the upper stop-cock is opened *sake* flows off clear from the underlying sediment. It is poured into barrels or closed tubs, and now

only needs to be heated on the approach of warm weather, to become cured.

This is the way Professor J. J. Rein, Professor of Geography in the University of Bonn, describes the making of *sake* in his book *The Industries of Japan*, from which the following is also appended:

By a simple arrangement, a liquor is distilled from the dregs in the *sake* press; it bears the name of *shochu*, and presents 20–50 per cent. of alcohol, corresponding, therefore, more to gin than to spirits of wine although the word is usually translated “alcohol.” *Shochu* is principally made into *mirin*. One kind of *shochu* made in Kiushiu and particularly in Satsuma bears the name of *awamori*. *Shiro-sake*, white *sake*, is a sweet drink, with the appearance of milk, which is manufactured by converting glutinous rice (*oryza glutinosa*) into meal, mixing this with water, and adding a little *sake*. On Hini-matsuri or Saugatsu-no-sekku, the festival of dolls, it is placed before the dolls and their friends. *Mirru* is a sweet liquor, ranging from yellow to brown in colour, and of the consistency of oil. It contains as much or more alcohol than *sake*, and has an aroma peculiar to itself, though produced by the addition of foreign substances. It lasts for many years. When old it is called *komirin*, old *mirin*, and is then darker, sweeter, and more highly prized. Great quantities of *mirin*, under the name of *toso-shu* or *toso*, are drunk in every house after the first congratulations at New Year, not only by every member of the family, from youngest to oldest, but also when the mutual New Year’s calls are made. Its manufacture is usually connected with that of *sake*. One large distillery celebrated for its *mirin*, is that at Nagare-yama, on the Yedo-gawo, about twenty-three English miles north of Tokio. Steamed *mochi-gomi*, or glutinous rice, *koji*, and *shochu* are used in producing it, though never in the same

proportion. At Stami for example, 9 *koku* of *mochi-gomi* are mixed with 3.3 of *koji* and 14 of *shochu*; at Nagareyama, on the other hand, 13 parts of *mochi-gomi* with 4.5 parts of *koji* and 10 of *shochu*. The mixture is stirred once every two days in great vats, the rest of the time kept covered. It contains too much alcohol to reach fermentation, but merely converts a part of its starch into dextrine and sugar.

Although *shoyu*, also called *soji* and in English *soy*, is not, strictly speaking, a beverage, yet perhaps it may be extended to that class, as it is a liquid substance of which the Japanese are especially fond, and Professor Rein's description of its manufacture is so complete it may, and it is hoped will, prove interesting:

For the manufacture of *shoyu* [he says] as I became acquainted with it in Kyoto, they use wheat (*ko-mugi*), light yellow *soja* beans (*shiro-manri*), common salt (*shio* or *sho*), and water (*midzu*); the first two in equal parts, three parts of water and five or six parts of salt. In other places they take equal volumes of all four components. A small portion of the wheat is brought to fermentation with *koji* (rice ferment); the rest is roasted to a delicate light brown, in iron pans over a fire of coals, and then ground in little hand-mills. The *soja* beans are boiled soft for about a half a day with a little water, in iron kettles, and after that pounded to a mush. Flour, bean-mush, are now thoroughly mixed, poured into little wooden boxes, and exposed to fermentation for three days in a suitable room, at as uniform a temperature as possible (25° C.), whereby the mass becomes covered with mould-fungus. It is then immediately put into vessels open at the top; the required amount of salt and water is added and thoroughly mixed in, producing a paste. This is then

transferred to large open butts like the mash-tubs of brewers. All through winter, for several minutes each day the paste or porridge in these vats is vigorously and thoroughly stirred. In the warm season, when fermentation takes place more rapidly and the solid parts collect on the surface, it is only necessary to stir it from twice to four times daily. This is done with a sort of wooden shovel with a long handle, to work which the workman stands on the edge of the butt. A common proverb says the more rats that have found their death in the butts, the better the *shoyu*. This, though not to be taken literally, expresses the long time required for making *shoyu*. This period varies, in fact, from twenty months to five years, beginning in autumn as a rule after the *soja* bean harvest. In this slow and peculiar fermentation process a considerable proportion of starch is converted into dextrine and sugar, besides which lactic acid and acetic acid are formed. The paste at first thick, becomes thinner and more fluid, while its grey hue gradually changes to a muddy brown, and at last to a pure dark brown. This last and the agreeable aroma accompanying it, together with a bitter taste, are developed between the third and fifth year. The *shoyu* which is most prized for its odour and taste is obtained only by mingling equal quantities of three-year and five-year products. The mixture is put into strong, close-woven bags of wool or hemp-line, which have been rendered closer still by being dipped in *shibu*. These bags, 60 to 70 cm. long and 18 cm. wide, are filled loosely, then laid lengthwise and crosswise on top of each other in a large square box. Then a heavy wooden cover is put on and a simple lever press applied, one in which the long arm of 4 to 5 m. is weighted with stones. The expressed *shoyu* flows through a hole in the bottom of the box into a bamboo cane, and through this to a cask sunk in the ground, and is then ready for use. As in oil-refining, the first stuff produced is the most valuable. By continued pressure

with increased weight a second quality is obtained, and at last a third, clear-flowing and less aromatic, as the dregs are mixed with salt water and then mixed again. *Shoyu* reaches the market in wooden barrels containing one *to* (20 litres). According to Hoffman the price then was 1.5 yen (or a dollar and a half) for a *to* of the best sort, from seventy-five cents to a dollar for the second, and fifty cents for the last. The delightful aroma and pleasing taste of *shoyu* are quickly lost in a long sea-voyage, through the formation of a mould. In good condition, however, *shoyu* proves an excellent means of sharpening the appetite and assisting digestion. It is on this account, as chief staff-surgeon Hoffman justly remarks, much preferable to European preparations that are supposed to effect the same results, being perfectly harmless to the human system. In these appropriate lines he notes the great part it plays in Japanese cooking: "Bean sauce—*shoyu*—is almost as indispensable to the Japanese as rice, and its use is as general as that of tea and tobacco. The rich man and the beggar use it in the same way, merely with a difference in quality, as the chief relish of their meals, and it must be present in every house—indeed at every meal."

Miso is another sauce-like preparation and in some respects resembles *shoyu*. *Su* is a vinegar that is prepared from *sake* but is not much used except by the poorer classes. The vinegar that is made from oranges ranks the highest, while that made from the *mume*-plum is second in the estimation of the epicure. Like the Chinese and Coreans, the Japanese do not believe in drinking any cold liquids, and more especially is this true in reference to their *sake*, which under no circumstances will they imbibe even moderately cool. It is always served warm, and as a general rule it is heated in a kettle much after the fashion that tea

is served in Europe and America. According to some authorities, if *sake* is drunk cold it will produce *senki*, a species of colic that often proves fatal, and, even if not so, the malady leaves the subject a weak person for a long period, and the native is as much subjected to this sickness as the stranger and traveller. Although the cups in which *sake* is served are absurdly small they in no wise determine the amount drunk; for, as said before, being filled from a kettle it is an easy matter indeed to replenish them early and often, and it must be admitted that neither host nor guest is at all opposed to the operation. At first, the taste of *sake* cannot be said to be fascinating to the novice; perhaps it would be better to say that the first few drinks of this liquor are anything but pleasing to the palate of the foreigner. But this distaste is soon overcome and a strong liking is developed.

While Japan has numerous hotels and taverns they are seldom used by the people for entertaining purposes; this is left for the traveller and the stranger. The use of *sake*, however, does not suffer on this account, for they are great consumers of it in their own homes and dwellings—especially at night, for it is more or less disgraceful to be seen drinking during the daytime. Their entertainments and festivals are often of the most gorgeous character and lavishment in this respect is never considered anything but praiseworthy. The use of different plants and flowers in the flavouring of *sake* is common and the origin of such usage is very prettily told by them. For instance, peach blossoms are often put into *sake* to give it flavour, and how it came to be done is explained in the following:

A female of great beauty, said to be one of the immortals, having presented one of the emperors with a peach, he was so struck with its appearance, richness, and delicious odour that he inquired where it was produced. She replied that it was the product of a tree not of earthly growth, but came from one that bore fruit but once in three thousand years, and assured him that if he ate it, he would attain that age.

The story, however, does not state whether the emperor reached that venerable age, but, in commemoration of the beautiful lady, peach-blossoms have been used in *sake* ever since. As for grape wine, although the grape does grow in Japan, it cannot be said that the natives ever considered it seriously in regard to making a beverage from it. There are many wild specimens of the vine to be found in various parts of the island, the fruit of which is gathered, dried, and then salted and used much as a salad by the more common people. The chrysanthemum also plays a part in the way of making a beverage, especially in the province of Nanyo-norakken, where it was first used for the reason given below.

A stream of pure water was formed from the dews and rains that washed these luxuriant flowers, with which this Nanyo-norakken abounded. This stream in its passage through the valley served the villagers for their ordinary drink, to the virtue of which the extraordinary longevity of the inhabitants was attributable, some living to the age of one hundred years, others to one hundred and twenty years and one hundred and thirty years, while a person dying at seventy years was considered to have a premature demise; and this is why the chrysanthemum is used in *sake*, for it will give the drinker long life. Tradition has it

that when *sake* was made for the imperial family, every vessel and tub of all sorts were destroyed in order that when a new lot was required everything would have to be brand new.

Tea of course is the greatest of all drinks in Japan and it is ready for use at all times, day or night. Chinese geographers inform us that once upon a time some fierce dragons, which had dwelt for ages at Woo-hoo-mun (Five-tiger gate), the entrance to Foochow, bestirred themselves into activity and for a day's frolic glided out unseen through the depths of the ocean. Arriving in the vicinity of the present island of Formosa, they became extraordinarily playful, and after ploughing through the earth itself they made their ascent, throwing the bluff at Kelung Head, and then writhed their way towards the south until, at last, with a flap of their tails, they threw three cliffs, which now mark the extreme south of the island.

According to Chinese logic, the beauty of this story is, that if you do not believe it how can you prove that it is not true? Formosa to-day belongs to Japan, after having had many owners, and from all appearances it is likely to remain in her possession for some time to come. While Formosa, or, as the Chinese call it, Taiwan, is not a very large place—about fifteen thousand square miles, or near the size of Vermont and Connecticut—it was found to be inhabited by a number of savage tribes that differed from one another as much, if not more, than the American Indians. And it was here, too, shown that no matter how ignorant a class of people may be, and how far remote they were from their more civilised neighbours, yet they would still have some method of making an intoxicating drink. In the centre of the island, which is very mountainous, the first explorers found a tribe

that called themselves Vonums and the surprise of these adventurers can be better imagined than described when they were offered a drink, which the Vonums said was *masachaww* and which upon drinking they found to be not only pleasant to the taste but also intoxicating. Upon inquiry as to the manner in which it was produced the Vonums gave a practical demonstration.

It is made of either rice or millet which is pounded between two stones until it is bruised. A morsel at a time is then put into the mouth of every individual engaged in the work and is masticated until soft, being freely mixed with saliva. It is then spat into an earthen jar, where it ferments rapidly. Water is then added and it is ready for use. Nothing could be more simple, yet these explorers suddenly became strong advocates of prohibition. There is no accounting for tastes.

Another tribe—Tsalisens—make a drink which they call *machico*, but in this case they grind the rice or millet into flour and induce fermentation by the addition of pollen from the flower of the goose-foot plant (*chenopodium album*). It was these people who made the hunting of human heads a feature of their life and standing, and it behooved strangers for many years to exercise more than ordinary caution when dealing with them. The practice now, however, is on the wane. Another remarkable feature about these people, as described by Mr. James W. Davidson, F.R.G.S., United States consul for Formosa, is the following:

Marriage among these people [he says] is not so free and unrestricted as with other Formosa savages. The consent of the parents on both sides must be obtained and

preliminary arrangements must be placed in the hands of a middleman. After matters have been arranged a month is allowed to intervene, and then on an appointed day the suitor visits the house of his intended and a simple ceremony sanctions the right of the couple to come together. The woman remains at the home of her mother until a child is born, when she removes to the home of her husband. Should she be without issue, however, her suitor ceases to call, and all familiarity between the couple comes to an end. Both parties are now free to seek a mate elsewhere.

Adultery is a capital crime and is punished by death. Their homes are invariably built on the mountain slope, or perhaps it would be more correct to say in the mountain slope. For they cut into the hillside the depth they desire to give their house and wall up the front of the excavation, a very simple method of obtaining a strong storm-proof habitation. The front and wall work, as well as the front roof supports, are of piled-up slate, and the roof and floor are also made of the same material. The rank of an occupant is denoted by the decoration on the eaves, the chief of a tribe possessing a house the eaves of which will exhibit carvings of people, snakes, etc. Some chiefs with large houses will have as many as sixty carved eaves.

In the south-east region of Formosa there is a tribe known as the Amis, and it is to them that the rest of the islanders, in a small way, look for their pottery. The Amis are not acquainted with the use of a wheel, but instead use merely a round stone which is placed in the well-kneaded clay, and by the aid of a small board, with which they pat the surface, they gradually mold the jar or dish, obtaining a very good shape. The ware thus made is dried in the sun and then burnt in a

straw fire. When a young Ami reaches the age of ten years he plants a number of *melia japonica* trees, so that when he reaches the marriageable age they will be large enough to furnish the present of fuel—twenty bundles, four the first day then a bundle a day until twenty are given—to his bride-elect.

Among the Pepos, the method which they use to produce fermentation of their wine, which is made from rice, is time alone. Ground rice is partly boiled and then put into a vessel about the size of a hogshead. When the receptacle is about two thirds filled with the boiled rice water is added slowly until the jar is full, and it is then carefully luted with clay, so as to make it air-tight, when it is sunk six or seven feet into the ground and the soil is solidly packed around the sides and top. After remaining there for one full year, it is taken up and the liquor pressed from the grain by the hands. In little more than a week fermentation has ceased, with the result that it settles and clears of itself, leaving a bright wholesome liquor equal in strength to our wines and capable of keeping for twenty or thirty years.

From the second washing of this hand-rice they make another drink which they call *cuthay*. It is made by putting a small quantity of the rice in a calabash and pouring water upon it. Naturally it is not strong in alcohol, but there is enough present to make *cuthay* a refreshing and pleasant beverage. In regard to the first of these two drinks, which by the way bears the name of *masakhauwa*, it is said that many of the chiefs and influential people who have settled there have as many as two hundred casks of it stored away in their cellars and caves. It is the practice of these

people on the birth of a child to commemorate the event by preparing a quantity of *masakhauwa* and then to lay it away until the child is married, when it is opened and every drop is consumed at the nuptials.

In the far north, among the Atayals, there is a beverage made of wood-ashes which is exceedingly heavy in alcohol. The natives use it with impunity, but it is very dangerous to the visitor, especially if he be of European origin. Toddy made or extracted from the palm is also common and in constant use with all classes.

CHAPTER VI

CEYLON AND BORNEO

THEY who have ever had the pleasure of visiting Ceylon are always enthusiastic in their praises of the island, and justly so. For, while it has several features that are not exactly what can be termed agreeable, those that are are so many and varied that they easily over-balance any shortcomings, and the impression left upon the mind from a visit to the island is best described by quoting from the poet,

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sir James Emerson Tennent, who was a resident of Ceylon for many years, and also a great authority on questions relating to the island, opens his valuable volumes on Ceylon in these glowing terms:

Ceylon, from whatever direction it is approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. The traveller from Bengal, leaving behind the melancholy delta of the Ganges and the torrid coast Coromandel, or the adventurer from Europe recently inured to the sands of Egypt and the scorched headlands of Arabia, is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the

waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring. The Brahmans designated it by the epithet of "the resplendent" and in their dreamy rhapsodies extolled it as the region of mystery and sublimity; the Buddhist poets gracefully apostrophised it as a pearl upon the brow of India; the Chinese knew it as the "island of jewels"; the Greeks as the "land of the hyacinth and the ruby"; the Mahometans, in the intensity of their delight, assigned it to the exiled parents of mankind as an elysium to console them for the loss of Paradise; and the early navigators of Europe, as they returned dazzled with its gems, and laden with its costly spices, propagated the fable that far to seaward the very breeze that blew from it was redolent with perfume. In later and less imaginative times, Ceylon has still maintained the renown of its attractions, and exhibits, in all its varied charms "the highest conceivable development of Indian nature."

In habits and customs the people partake greatly of those in India, yet owing to the many owners that it has had they have gradually changed and have now lost a great deal of their original simplicity. Like the Hindu, the Cingalese is fond of his toddy, and that made from the cocoanut-tree is his favourite, though that from the *palmyra* and the *kittool* is relished almost as much. Sir Samuel W. Baker thus describes the liquid possibilities of the cocoanut-tree:

As the stream issued from the rock in the wilderness, so the cocoanut-tree yields a pure draught from a dry and barren land: a cup of water to the temperate and thirsty traveller; cream from the pressed kernel; refreshing and sparkling toddy to the early riser; arrack to the hardened spirit-drinker; and a cup of oil, by the light of which I now extol its merits—five separate and distinct liquids from the same tree.

In reference to the assertion that the cocoanut furnishes a cooling draught, it might not be amiss to say that tests made have shown that the water of a cocoanut when *first* plucked is often as much as twenty-five degrees cooler than the atmosphere, and in the case of the *mudar* (*calotropis*), Sir William Jackson Hooker found its milky juice to be almost thirty-two degrees cooler than the damp sand in which it grew.

Toddy is the sap, which would nourish and fructify the blossoms and young nuts, were it allowed to accomplish its duties, but people must drink and toddy is nice, so instead of nuts liquor will be the crop. The toddy-drawer binds into one rod the numerous shoots, which are garnished with embryo nuts, and he then cuts off the ends, leaving an abrupt brush-like termination. Beneath this he secures an earthen chatty, which will hold about a gallon. This remains undisturbed for twenty-four hours, until sunrise on the following morning; the toddy-drawer then reascends the tree, and lowers the chatty by a line to an assistant below who empties the contents into a larger vessel, and the chatty is replaced under the productive branch, which continues to yield for about a month. When first drawn, the toddy has the appearance of thin milk-and-water, with a tinge of cocoanut. It is then very pleasant and refreshing, but in a few hours after sunrise a great change takes place, and the rapidity of the transition from the vinous to the acetous fermentation is so great that by mid-day it resembles a poor and rather acid cider.

Thus does Sir S. W. Baker speak of toddy:

It now possesses intoxicating properties, and the natives accordingly indulge in it to some extent, but, from its flavour and decided acidity, I should think the stomach would be affected some time before the head. From this

fermented toddy the arrack is procured by simple distillation. This spirit to my taste is more palatable than most distilled liquors, having a very decided and peculiar flavour. It is a little fiery when new, but as water soon quenches fire it is not spared by the native retailer, whose arrack would be of a most innocent character were it not for their infamous addition of stupefying drugs and hot peppers.

While the cocoanut can furnish five distinct liquids, this does not in any way describe the possibilities of the tree. Far from it, for of all the useful plants that kindly nature has bestowed upon mankind the palm-tree occupies a niche that is at once unparalleled and unique. Of the cocoanut-tree, the Cingalese says that there are more than a hundred different legitimate uses that the tree and its fruits can be put to, for the benefit of the human race. The following is a partial list of the uses of this invaluable tree: The leaves, for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches or chules, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, and manure; the stems of the leaf, for fences, for *pingoes* (or yokes) for carrying burdens on the shoulders, for fishing-rods and innumerable domestic utensils; the cabbage, or cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves; the sap for toddy and for making vinegar, sugar, and arrack; the young nut for drinking and dessert; the green husk for preserves; the nut for eating, for curry, for milk, for cooking; the oil for rheumatism, for anointing the hair, for soap, for candles, for light, and the *poonak*, or refuse of the nut, after expressing the oil, for cattle and poultry; the shell of the nut, for drinking-cups, charcoal, tooth-powders, spoons, medicine, hookahs, beads, bottles, and knife-handles;

the coir, or fibre which envelops the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cables, canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum, and floor mats; the trunk for rafters, railings, boats, troughs, furniture, firewood, and, when very young, the first shoots or cabbage as a vegetable for the table. It is also a remarkable conductor of lightning, which it will readily attract away from buildings.

Amand-Pierre Caussin de Perceval in speaking of the uses of the cocoanut palm, says that some years ago a ship touched at Galle which was entirely built, rigged, provisioned, and laden with the product of that tree.

According to Tennent "The most precious inheritance of a Cingalese is his ancestral garden of cocoanut-trees; the attempt to impose a tax on them in 1797 roused the populace to rebellion; and it is illustrative of the minute subdivision of property in Ceylon that in a case which was decided in a district court of Galle, within a very recent period, the subject in dispute was a claim to the 2.520th *part of ten cocoanut-trees.*"

One of the favourite drinks of the Cingalese is a kind of arrack distilled with the bark of a certain unknown tree. This drink is called *vellipatty*, and naturally its base is toddy; but this bark is inserted just after sunrise, and so strong and powerful is it that it changes the nature of the beverage. This liquor has a noxious smell and the foreigner, it is said, never becomes inured to its use. A variation of *vellipatty* is *talwagen* and its component parts are as rigidly guarded as is *vellipatty*; being, however, more pleasant to the palate of the European and American, they soon become addicted to its use. Although the cocoanut-tree is an

important factor in the economy of the island it is by no means the only tree that has varied uses.

The *palmyra*, a very close relation of the cocoanut—is an exceedingly useful specimen of the palm family and its utility is almost marvellous. Extensive forests of this tree are to be found in the more northern part of the island, and being so valuable it is exported to almost every part of southern Asia. India, of course, grows the *palmyra*, but the Indian wood is soft, whereas that from Ceylon is hard and lasting and for purposes where strength and durability are required it is far superior to any that grows elsewhere in Asia. Toddy is also a product of the *palmyra*, and of excellent quality. In the fresh stage the Cingalese call it *surie*, but, as with the cocoanut toddy, *surie* is very short-lived, a few hours at most.

It has been said, in truth, that if a native be contented with ordinary doors and mud walls he may build an entire house, as he wants neither nails or iron work, with walls, roof, and covering from the *palmyra* palm. From this same tree he may draw his wine, make his oil, kindle his fire, carry his water, store his food, cook his repast and sweeten it, if he pleases—in fact live from day to day dependent on his *palmyra* alone. Multitudes so live, and it may be safely asserted that this tree alone furnishes one fourth the means of sustenance for the population of the northern provinces.

The *palmyra* must attain an age variously stated at from fifteen to thirty years before it begins to yield fruit. The spathes of the fruit-bearing trees exhibit themselves in November and December, and the toddy-drawer forthwith commences his operations, climbing by the assistance of a loop of flexible jungle

vine sufficiently wide to admit both his ankles, and leave a space between them; thus enabling him to grasp the trunk of the tree with his feet, and support himself as he ascends. Having pruned off the stalks of fallen leaves, and cleansed the crown from old fruit stalks and other superfluous matter, he binds the spathes tightly with thongs to prevent them from further expansion and descends, after having thoroughly bruised the embryo flowers within, to facilitate the exit of juice. For several succeeding mornings the operation of crushing is repeated, and each day a thin slice is taken off the end of the racemes to make the exudation of the sap easier.

About the eighth day the sap begins to exude; an event which is made apparent by the immediate appearance of birds, especially of the "toddy bird," a species of shrike (*artamus fuscus*) attracted by the flies and other insects which come to feed on the luscious juice of the palm. The crows, ever on the alert when any unusual movement is in progress, keep up a constant chattering and wrangling; and about this period the *palmyra* becomes the resort of the palm-cat, or as the natives call it the *oogoo-dood*, and the glossy and graceful genet. On ascertaining that the first flow of the sap has taken place, the toddy-drawer again trims the wounded spathe, and inserts its extremity into an earthen chatty, to collect the juice. Morning and evening these vessels are emptied and for a period of four or five months the *palmyra* will continue to pour forth its sap at the rate of three quarts a day. But once in every three years the operation is omitted and the fruit is allowed to form, without which the natives assert that the tree would pine and die. The

juice, if permitted to rest and ferment, is speedily converted into toddy, a slightly intoxicating and unpalatable drink. If vinegar is required it is put into large earthen vessels and exposed to the full heat and rays of the sun and the rapid fermentation which ensues soon turns it into vinegar. It is not used for distillation in this part of the island, as it is considered inferior to the cocoanut-palm. If intended for sugar, a little lime is added to the sap, and the liquor after being boiled down to the consistency of syrup is poured into small baskets made of the *palmyra* leaf, where it cools, and a partial crystallisation ensues. In this state, and without undergoing any further process to discharge the molasses, it is sold as *jaggery*, in the bazaars, at about three farthings per pound. The quantity of toddy annually produced by a male *palmyra* is but one-third or one-fourth of that obtained from a female tree.

If the fruit is permitted to form, instead of being crushed in embryo by the toddy-drawer, it ripens about July or August, and presents itself in luxuriant clusters of from ten to twenty on each flower stem, of which the tree bears seven or eight. Such is their size and weight that a single cluster is a sufficient load for a coolie. Almost invariably, the tough and polished case of the fruit contains within it a farinaceous orange pulp, mixed with fibre. The taste of this pulp, in a natural state, is sweet, but too oily and rank to be palatable to a European. The natives eat it occasionally raw, more frequently roasted, but the prevailing practice is to extract it by pressure and convert it into *poonatoo*, by drying it in squares in the sun; after which it is preserved in the smoke of their houses, and used in various forms either for cakes, soup, or curry. Another form in which food is extracted from the *palmyra* is

by planting the seeds or kernels of the fruit, the germs of which in their first stage of growth are of the shape and dimensions of a parsnip, but of a more firm and waxy consistency. These are dried in the sun and when dressed in slices form a palatable kind of vegetable. Under the name of *kelingoos*, these roots are exported in large quantities and esteemed a delicacy in all the southern bazaars. The *kelingoo* is reducible to a flour, which in the time of the Dutch was so much prized for its delicacy that it was sent home as an enviable present to friends in Holland.

It is thus that Tennent describes the *palmyra* and continuing he says:

The shells of the seeds after *kelingoos* have been taken from them are collected and charred, in which state they are used by the blacksmiths and workers in metal, who believe them to surpass all other fuel in the power of engendering a glowing heat. The wood of the *palmyra* is so hard and durable that a proverb of the Tamils says "it lives for a *lac* of years after planting, and lasts for a *lac* of years when felled." The leaves are in almost greater demand than the wood and fruit of the *palmyra*. Once in every two years the thatch of the native houses and the fences of their fields are renewed with this convenient and suitable substance. Mats are woven for the floors and ceilings, and baskets are plaited so densely that they serve to carry water for irrigating fields and gardens. Caps, fans, and umbrellas are all provided from the same inexhaustible source, and strips of the finer leaves steeped in milk to render them elastic, and smoothed by pressure so as to enable them to be written on with a stile, serve for their books and correspondence; and are kept, duly stamped, at the *cutcherries* to be used instead of parchment for deeds and legal documents.

The Cingalese call these leaves *karak-ola*, when

ready for use, but the priests and novices make a finer quality which are called *pusk-ola*. Another palm-tree on the island furnishes still another toddy, which the natives call *kitool*; while fresh *kitool* is pleasant, but is seldom distilled, as the arrack from it has a very nauseous taste, even to these people. The toddy is therefore made into *jaggery* and this is a name that the tree often goes by.

These are but a few of the innumerable benefits derived by the natives of Ceylon from their precious palm. No single production of nature, not even the cocoanut itself, is capable of conferring so many blessings on mankind in the early stages of civilisation, and hence that outburst of simple gratitude in which it has been exalted by the Tamils into an object of veneration, and celebrated in songs as a tree transplanted from Paradise.

Where there is so much sunshine there must of necessity be shadows, and one of these shadows is in the shape of a musk-rat. It is a fearful plague, and so powerful is its odour that at one time it was thought it would even penetrate glass, owing to the fact that securely bottled wine over the bottles of which this rat had passed, and in passing perfumed them, was found on opening to be utterly worthless, and full of musk. Investigations and experiments, however, showed that instead of penetrating the glass it finds access to the wine through the cork. The water, too, of the island is none of the best. Near the coast-lines it is brackish, owing to the sea and the many salt marshes. In the low country where rivers and streams are few and far apart the supply is from artificial tanks, and their tributary streams and outlets are the resort of the deer and cattle, and elephants that come to bathe

and wallow in them, thereby keeping the water in a muddy state perpetually. To remedy this condition the Cingalese resort to a rather curious practice: water for drinking purposes is always put into an unglazed chatty, which before using they thoroughly rub with a seed that they call *ingini*. This is rubbed on the inside of the chatty until about half of the seed is worn away; the muddy water is then poured in the prepared jar and allowed to stand. At first the water is about the consistency of mucilage, but this soon disappears and a viscid sediment forms at the bottom of the vessel, the clear water remaining on top. It is now ready for use, and although not of the clearest is sufficiently pure for ordinary use.

Milk is almost a luxury in Ceylon, owing to several causes, among which is the land leach. These pests frequent the pastures in such numbers that they will suck the blood from an animal in a very short time, and therefore cattle-raising cannot be resorted to on any large scale. Another feature is the use of *bakatoo*, by the natives, in the milk which they sell to the Europeans who have settled there. It is a thorny fruited plant, with dark orange-coloured roots and primrose-like flowers, which has equally wonderful effects on milk and on water, though of a different nature. If pieces of the stem, root, and leaves be mixed for a few seconds in milk or water the liquid turns thick and mucilaginous, so much so that water in this state can be raised by the hand several feet out of a basin, and will fall back without noise. This, moreover, is done without imparting any colour, taste, or smell to the fluid, which returns to its natural state in about ten or fifteen minutes.

Crows too are a thorough nuisance and annoyance, for, unlike their American relations, they have no fear of man, and their audacity and familiarity is something almost beyond belief. While the Dutch were in power they made it a crime to kill one of these birds, and the result is that instead of going into the open country they frequent the towns and cities. Tennent says:

All day long they are engaged in watching the preparation for meals in the dining-room; and, as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is more common than the passage of crows across the room, lifting on the wing some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner table. No article, however unpromising its quality, provided only it be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open door. They open paper parcels to ascertain the contents; they will undo the knot of a napkin if it incloses anything eatable, and I have known a crow to extract the peg which fastened the lid of a basket in order to plunder the provender within. On one occasion a nurse, seated in a garden adjoining a regimental mess-room, was terrified by seeing a bloody clasp-knife drop from the air at her feet; but the mystery was explained on learning that a crow, which had been watching the cook chopping mince-meat, had seized the moment when his head was turned to carry off the knife. One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinising in front of a chained watch-dog, which was lazily gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavouring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned bringing with it a companion who perched itself on a

branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poising himself on his wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon his spine with all the force of his beak. The *ruse* was successful; the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing disappeared the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communication and combination possessed by these astute and courageous birds.

In many cases the natives and perhaps some others are none too honest, and this often proves very annoying, to say the least. To protect some of their fruit trees from depredation the Cingalese have a ceremony which is designated as *gok-bandeema*, "the tying of the tender leaf." This leaf is tied around the trunk of his cocoanut-tree in order to show that the fruit of this particular tree is going to be given his god as an offering, and it would therefore be stealing from the divinity should any one have the audacity to help himself without permission.

In comparison with Ceylon, Borneo must necessarily take second place. The island is a great deal larger, in fact is one of the largest in the world, yet little, comparatively speaking, is known about it. The unpleasant habit of the Dyaks of severing a person's head from its trunk has given Borneo a very bad name, and yet in other respects these people are said to be more trustworthy than the general run of savages. That they are great users of intoxicants has been shown repeatedly, and every occasion is cele-

brated with arrack. They know how to prepare several kinds of liquors, and they also make a beer from rice which they call *boral*; it is sweet to the taste and when put into jars and carefully closed will keep indefinitely. The naming of a child, and especially if it be the child of a chief, is a ceremony that is fraught with much pomp and feasting.

William Henry Furness, 3rd, M.D., F.R.G.S., in his *Home Life of Borneo Head Hunters*, describes an affair of this kind in the following:

The withdrawal of the women was a signal to the men to range themselves in two long rows facing each other. Thus they sat on the floor, puffing hard at their cigarettes and chuckling with one another in anticipation of the ordeal they were about to pass through. From one of the rooms the women issued in single file; she who headed the procession carried a large bowl, the next carried a cocoanut-shell spoon, the third bore a large flat dish piled high with cubes of raw fat pork; behind her, fourth in the line, followed *Bulan*, the daughter of the house, who carried nothing, but every one could see, by the twinkle of her eye, that she meant mischief. This same order—bowl-bearer, spoon-bearer, pork-bearer, helper—was preserved in a regular series all down the whole line of sixty or more women. Sedately and slowly and silently they marched the whole length of the veranda close to the wall of the apartments, and then turned in between the lines of squatting men. When the first man was reached, the procession halted, and the spoon-bearer dipped a spoonful of a muddy-looking liquid and poured it into the man's gaping mouth. As it touched his tongue, his face was a study in contortions; when the spoon was withdrawn, he tried first to smile, then his eyes were lost in wrinkles, his mouth puckered up, he looked seasick, and then, with a

shudder that shook his frame, gulped down his dose. The spoon-bearer passed on, and *Bulan*, taking from the dish one of those nauseating grey, greasy, tepid cubes of raw fat, popped it dexterously into his mouth, and then wiped her greasy fingers across his upturned face. Again shuddering tremors shook his frame, but he bolted it! then gazed about him with a sickly smile. Down both lines there burst forth peals on peals of laughter; the men shouted and stamped their feet with merriment over the victim's misery, unmindful that his fate would soon be theirs. The women tried hard to maintain their gravity, but the varied and ludicrous sufferings of their lords and masters were often too much for their dignity, and they unreservedly joined in the mirth. To those against whom they had any private grudge they administered an extra dose, or stirred up the dregs of the drink; or bestowed a particularly flabby and repulsive piece of pork.

As we sat about half-way down the line, we had quite a while to wait our turn, and to speculate on the ingredients of the awful drink;—it was almost adequately nauseating that we should have to take it out of that family, that tribal, spoon. My turn came at last. Well, it was a ghastly dose and no mistake. It was lukewarm, it was fiery hot with peppers, it was salt, it was pungent, it was sweet, it was flat, it was sour and it tasted strongly of brass bowl. All this was administered from a spoon that without washing or wiping had been already in the mouths of thirty or forty black-toothed predecessors. Our uncontrollable and immeasurable disgust created infinite amusement and prolonged laughter, and when *Bulan*, full of mischievous merriment, followed with the pork cubes, knowing that she had the *tauns* (white men) at her mercy, she did not leave the fraction of an inch of our faces that was not bedaubed with grease. And then how she laughed! As though one such dose was not enough, there was the prospect of having it—Heaven save the mark!—again and again administered

down to the very last woman of that long, interminable procession; first a spoonful of that appalling unnamable liquid! then a mouthful of raw pork. The devoted Tama Bulan and Tama Talun came at length to our rescue and told us that after the first two or three doses there would be no offence if we just dipped our fingers in the drink and touched it to our tongue, and if we merely took the pork between our lips; sometimes this evasion was successful, but now and then the drink was forced upon us, and we got a worse smearing from greasy fingers. Shrewd old Laki La, profiting by experience at other similar feasts, held a tumbler under his chin, and as fast as the drink and pork was deposited in his mouth they were re-deposited in the tumbler. Tama Usong, to whose house on the Apoh River we had paid a visit only a little while before, sat next to me, and I asked him how he was getting along, and if his stomach was not nearly full. "Oh, no, indeed, Tuam," said he laughing, "I long ago put my stomach out here," and he pointed behind him to a row, a foot long, of cubes of pork which he had surreptitiously deposited on the railing of the veranda. It was a hideous nightmare! But at last the little girls brought up the end of the procession, and then the greater part of the assembly dashed for the river to wash off a little of the fat with which their faces were fairly dripping. Tama Talun explained to us that this was a survival of old times, when warriors returned from a head-hunt, and sat thus and were obliged to take in their mouths a small piece of their enemy's flesh, served to him just as the fat pork is served now-a-days. They were not to swallow the human flesh, but merely hold it between their lips to show contempt for the enemy, and also thereby to absorb his valour.

By the time we had returned to our places in the veranda after having washed off in the river the abhorred grease from our faces, the women had doffed their uncomfortable burdens of finery and were squatting among the men, in a

close group round Tama Bulan, who was cutting the rattan bindings of several more large jars of arrack. The chief was the first to quaff the beverage, and as he lifted the cup to his lips the whole assemblage began to intone a continuous *oo-oo-oo-oo* in harmony but with a deep bass predominating, and kept up this resonant accompaniment until the last drop was drained. After Tama Bulan, the guests were served in turn, and as each one lifted the cup to his lips (and it must be drained to the last drop at one draught) this *oo-oo-ing* rose and fell like a bewildering, deafening humming in the ears. It was to me a noteworthy experience; unquestionably it marvellously accelerates the action of the alcohol in the arrack. When the cup has been passed round several times to each man and woman, and the *oo-oo-ing* was becoming somewhat discordant and boisterous, the door of one of the rooms was flung open and the genuine feast was brought in, piled high in three small canoes borne on the shoulders of men staggering under the weight. One-half of each canoe was heaped with little packages of boiled rice wrapped in green banana leaves and tied with pieces of grass; the other half fairly bristled, like a fretful porcupine, with bamboo skewers whereon were served bits of broiled pork. (It will, perhaps, be noted that a feast does not consist in variety or quality, but in quantity.) Here and there among the guests were placed bowls of salted fish pulverised, and to each guest were given a packet of rice and a stickful of meat, while Tama Bulan shouted the hospitable injunction *Kuman plahei, plahei!* "Eat slowly, slowly!" There was no stint; every one was freely at liberty to have as many portions of rice and of meat as he could eat, and was welcome to help himself to all he wished of the dried fish. In my packet of rice there was a little discolouration at one end that looked like iron rust, but Ma Obat, a one-eyed and villainous-looking old fellow, who sat beside me, seeing that I scrutinised the spot rather carefully, politely took

the lump of rice out of my hand, and with a thumb-nail that looked, I must say, like a coal-heaver's shovel, scraped away the dubious portion, and then handed the lump back to me. The discoloured grains were gone, but woe's me! they were replaced by several grimy finger-marks. For the sake of his triumphant and kindly beaming smile I could not refuse to eat it, and so with eyes fixed on the rafters overhead, it was bolted. This feast marked the conclusion of the ceremonies, and we stuffed and smoked, and then, as darkness was beginning to fall, Dr. Hiller and I, with several of the young men, strolled down the veranda to pay respectful visits to the family rooms.

In Mujan's room, I am sorry to say, we found both Mujan and her elder sister in a state of—well, intoxication; the arrack and oo-oo-ing had been too much for them. Ordinarily they were quiet demure girls, the belles of the veranda, and industrious workers at rice-pounding. But such lapses are, according to Kenyah morality, by no means unpardonable; nay, at such a high tide and festival as the present, were to be rather applauded as a great and ladylike compliment to the host. Mujan and her sister were sitting with their backs against the partition; the head of the elder reclined on the shoulder of the younger, and, though awake, she gave from time to time a sighing snore. Mujan, the younger, was trying to entertain a group of visitors, and her fingers were crumpling cigarette wrappers and tobacco, in a futile attempt to make some cigarettes for her friends. All she could murmur to us was *Aku mabok, tuan, mabok*. "I am drunk, sirs, I am drunk." Unfortunately for the doctor, in his stroll along the veranda he came upon a sick woman, and although he realised that she was at the point of death, he gave her some simple medicine. In a few hours the woman was dead and the Dyaks laid her death at his hands. [In conclusion he says:] During these two nights and a day we remained close prisoners in our little room. Throughout the first

long night Tama Bulan proved himself inflexibly our staunch friend. He insisted over and over again on our innocence, and pleaded for us with the adherents of Leung's husband and brother, who were clamouring for our heads as an offering to the dead woman and as decorations for their homes. This thirst for our blood lasted during our imprisonment, and was throughout restricted to the husband and brother of Leung and to their immediate friends. They were all guests, who had come to the naming. . . . The object for which we had come was accomplished. We had seen that which no white man had ever before reported, namely the noteworthy ceremonies of a naming, and we had passed six delightful weeks in the far interior of Borneo, in intimacy, friendly intercourse, with men whom *nous autres* are pleased to term savages.

Nearly thirty years before Doctor Furness had visited Borneo, Mr. Frederick Boyle, also a F.R.G.S. had explored the island and had been a guest at an important feast, the account of which he gives in the following:

The fact is that the Dyaks in private life are estimable from every point of view, and cleanliness is one of their virtues; but in entertaining their friends, of course they reverse the routine of ordinary life. I have heard of the same practice in England. The Dyak collects his friends and makes them drunk; in which point he is a few years behind ourselves. He prepares for the great festivity months beforehand, stinting himself and running into debt, in order to exhibit a wealthy display to the eyes of his neighbours. But he does not attempt to conceal the domestic machinery which produces results so satisfactory, and a smell of cooking is the consequence, a little too powerful for the European nostril. This, however, is a mere matter of taste. But, whatever opinion may be held in regard to

their domestic economy, at least our hosts were hospitable and they lost no time in bringing us their national liquor. This beverage possessed a flavour such as is scarcely to be found among the drinkables of a civilised experience. It was kept in huge bathing-jars disposed about the veranda and it was handed about in cans, and jars, and bottles, and cocoanuts. The crowd of inferior warriors was constantly passing these vessels backwards and forwards, when full to be instantly emptied, when empty, to be filled in all haste. In appearance it was like their milk. The smell of it was as of five hundred negroes drunk in a slave-pen. Dispassionately I should wish to analyse the taste of a liquid which has such a charm for three millions of human beings. When first taken into the mouth it suggests to the experimentalist an idea of cocoanut-milk gone very sour, and holding in solution a considerable quantity of brown sugar and old cheese; when it reaches the throat, the agonised novice is aware of a hot or peppery flavour, causing him to believe that starch, mingled with the strongest cayenne, must have a great share in the composition; and finally, should it safely reach its destination, and the sufferer be compelled to put his head precipitately through the railing behind, he conceives with astonishing suddenness that he is waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the change of the monsoons. As soon as we had paid our hosts the compliment of drinking as much of this liquid as was humanly possible, the ceremonies in honour of our arrival commenced with spirit. A tall fellow, very drunk, but equally lively, seized half a dozen fowls and shook them violently over our heads. They were held by the legs, and their miserable skulls were banged against ours in a vague sort of a manner. We were afraid that their throats might be cut in that position, a compliment once paid to the Rajah Mudah, but we were not so much honoured. The idea of this proceeding was to secure the good fortune of the white men to the poultry of the house. When this object

had been gained, the fowls were instantly killed and cooked. I am sure I hope we brought good luck to them. Then up sprang two distinguished warriors, one merrily drunk, the other equally drunk, but sulky. With both arms outstretched and a sword in the right hand they bobbed round and round the veranda in a sort of maniacal waltz one behind the other. The grace they would doubtless have displayed under circumstances more favourable was considerably diminished by continual stumbles and staggers, caused by some collision with some guest too uproariously drunk to get out of the way. Then two chiefs in embroidered *sarongs*, and jackets stiff with gold lace, selected each a head from the central heap, and danced off with them, facing one another. Rolling and tripping they went round, until they tumbled among a circle of warriors squatting around a big jar of liquor.

Meanwhile, the female portion of the assembly had been preparing for their part in the proceedings. At this moment they came from the interior of the house, and the startling magnificence of their appearance showed that time and labour had not been spared in arraying themselves for this great occasion. From the neck to the hips they were covered over with large agate beads; strings of them were heaped on strings, till many of the women were cuirassed an inch thick in solid stone before and behind. Upon their heads was placed a piece of bead-embroidered cloth, in which were arranged thin skewers of painted wood about five inches long. There were about twenty of these bits of wood disposed about their heads, and each was attached to the other by strings of brilliant glass beads. Five or six of these many-coloured loops hung from each skewer, and they were intertwined into a graceful network. The effect was very pretty though barbarous; and the solemnity of the ceremonies was much enhanced by the stately uprightness which the women were compelled to preserve in moving, on peril of disarrangement to this delicate

structure. In dead silence and with much mysterious gravity, the procession marched three times round the house, headed by Gasing's wife. For this occasion only she had been trusted with the consular coat and the plated tureen cover. Apparently, however, she differed from her husband as to the proper use of the latter ornament, for, while he wore it hanging in front, she wore it hanging behind. During the passage of this procession, the men had attempted to preserve silence and a show of decorum, but when the women had disappeared to remove their finery, noise and uproar broke forth again. Every one who could keep his feet began to dance, and those who were already helpless endeavoured to yell. The Terpsichorean performances were of all kinds, generally accompanied by astonishing noises and much confusion. Gasing was either too drunk or too grand to engage in such activities, but he interested himself in the efforts of his friends, and organised several sets with great success. One of these was extraordinary and unintelligible. A tall chief produced a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails, another a human head, and the two joined in a frantic race around the veranda. Then the headholder faced about, and pirouetted with one leg in the air, while he alternately advanced and withdrew the trophy in his hand; meanwhile the chief with the cat-o'-nine-tails lashed vigorously at the surrounding multitude, and both performers laughed derisively at each cut. When the demands of exhausted nature compelled these two to bury their heads in a bathing-jar, four or five others took their place, provided with blocks of wood having a feather at each end. We took these to represent canoes, but Gasing assured us that they were intended to portray the 'rhinoceros hornbill,' and were considered by all competent judges to be rather fine works of art. Then a number of gongs were suddenly beaten, and swords and cat-o'-nine-tails and heads and rhinoceros hornbills began to sway about over the heads of a mass of human beings who were exe-

cuting some extraordinary ballet adapted to their state of mind and body.

Meanwhile, the girls and women, having doffed their apparel of festivity, began again to mingle with the crowd in ordinary costume. No Delilah of Europe better knows her power to make a fool of a strong man than one of these Dyak sirens, nor is more inclined to exercise her fascination. The presence of the female element was soon felt in the noise and confusion, which seemed to increase. Several of the girls were so charming as to excuse the infatuation of their victims, and I need scarcely say that the prettiest were the most culpable. But, ugly or beautiful, old or young, all instantly employed their most cunning arts in enticing the bravest and most famous warriors to drink and drink again. We saw a little beauty seat herself lovingly beside a tall fellow with a simple face and honest eyes, whom she coaxed to toast her from a large jar which she offered to his lips, until he fairly fell backward upon the floor. This satisfactory conclusion attained, his tormentor, who, we heard, was affianced to him, ran screaming with laughter to bring seven other wretches as mischievous as herself to jeer at the vanquished lover. Raising her hopes to sport of a higher order, she shortly after brought her jar to the spot where we sat, in the hope, no doubt, of beguiling the white men into the same condition as her other adorers; but in Europe we were accustomed to run the gauntlet of more dangerous fascinations, and she relinquished the attempt in despair. But I ought to set the reader right upon a point touching the breeding and propriety of our Dyak friends. In England such a scene of drunkenness and uncouth merriment as I have described would necessarily be coarse and disgusting to the last degree, but among these savages it was not so. We did not see a single act of impropriety, even among the most reckless of the revellers, and the brutality inseparable from a heavy "wine" at Oxford or Cambridge was utterly

absent. We were assured that during the whole festivity decorum would be maintained as strictly as it was in our presence, nor would any Dyak dream of violating the laws of decency and good temper. Whether this be owing to the national character or to the quality of the liquor I cannot judge, inasmuch as it was impossible for us to swallow enough of the latter to decide, but I am inclined to think that barbarous manhood and savage modesty were the principal causes of public decency. Thus it happened that a scene which, according to all precedent, should have been disgusting, turned out to be pleasantly amusing.

As with us, the Dyak is very fond of toasting, but the order of the proceedings is reversed in Borneo. It is the toast who rises and drinks alone, while the assembled company start their *oo-oo-ing* and sometimes sing this song:

Akui mejee tebok klingee
Ara wi wiara
Akui mejee tebok bulu
Ara wi wi ara.

Translated it means "I offer to you the glittering cup, I offer to you the bamboo cup."

The Chinese, ever on the alert for what they like in a gastronomic way, long ago found that Borneo could furnish them with a superior article of edible birds' nests, and accordingly these nests are exported in such numbers that the revenue derived from them amounts to thousands of dollars per annum. There are two kinds of these nests, one white and the other black; the white brings the highest price, about ten dollars a pound, while the black nest is hardly worth a dollar for the same weight. The palm-tree also

flourishes in Borneo and, consequently, toddy is a product, but the Dyaks put the tree to another use. They cut down and burn it, carefully preserving the ashes, even of the roots; these are then taken and put into water, and when the water is evaporated they have a grade of salt which they prefer to that which they can buy. They have a fruit too which has many friends after it is tasted once or twice.

Lady Brassey in the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* says: "We tasted many fruits new to us; we tried a *durien*, the fruit of the East, . . . and having got over the horror of the onion-like odour we found it by no means bad." Mr. Boyle, however, is a little more graphic in his description, and it is therefore given:

But above all, in the opinion of the natives—and not only of them but of the Europeans long settled in the country—Banting hill bears *duriens* in abundance. This extraordinary fruit grows at the top of a lofty tree. As always happens in the tropics, it is protected externally by a very thick rind, which, in addition, bears an armour of strong thorns as hard as iron. The fruit is about eight inches long, and six in diameter; when it becomes ripe it drops from the twig to which it hung, and woe to the unfortunate man or animal who happens to be passing beneath! The old fable of the atheist and the acorn is practically realised, and the result is much to the detriment of the atheist. If the reader has ever seen the bracelet with which, in Italy, the player at "pallone" protects his wrist, he will be able to form an admirable idea of the appearance of a *durien*. But its odour can neither be suggested by the bracelet of "pallone" nor by anything else, except an open drain, or the smell of the Thames some years ago. This it is which causes the novice to

turn pale at the thought of it, and induces the rash vow that never shall the unhallowed fruit be eaten within his gates. But in time this oath is broken. The passion which all around him entertain for it, their assurances that the smell is attached to the thorny skin alone, and, I believe, some mysterious affinity between its fruit and the climate, finally overpower his first feeling of disgust. The griffen tastes the *durien*, and behold, it is very good. That is to say—for we were not long enough in the country to become enthusiastic upon the subject—it is not bad. When the rind is split off, it is found to contain a number of large black seeds, each incased in a thick pulp, both in appearance and taste much resembling custard. There is a slight flavour of onion about this custard, which, though a source of delight to the *durien* epicure, is not quite so nice to the mere amateur in fruits. It must also be admitted that the odour is really confined to the outer skin, nor is any trace of it to be detected in the pulp of the fruit.

Although coined money is in circulation in Borneo, the Dyak's standard of wealth is in his earthenware jars. Owing to their own ideas on the question these jars are exceedingly valuable; the best kind, which they call *gusih*, often bring as much as three thousand dollars. According to Boyle their origin is a mystery. It is not known whether they were made on the island or not, but the natives can tell a genuine one almost at a glance. Imitation was attempted several times by the early Dutch settlers, who counterfeited them in great numbers, but to no avail. That they are very ancient, there is no doubt, and even the inferior kind commands nearly five hundred dollars apiece. They are also a prolific source of revenue to the natives, as each draught taken must be paid for, owing to the

fact that it imparts a magical power to the water. They resemble brown bathing-jars and the figures upon them are crude indeed; they are about two feet high and have rude lug handles about the mouth.

CHAPTER VII

THE PHILIPPINES

WHEN Hernando Maghallanes discovered the islands that are now known as the Philippines, in 1520, he found that the natives had a drink called *tuba*, of which they were very fond. *Tuba* in the fresh state is not at all inebriating, but like all palm wines—for *tuba* is the sap of the cocoanut-palm—it soon ferments and is then intoxicating. History throws no light upon the time when *tuba* was first made in these islands, but it probably came from the mainland of Asia. The Spaniards, while they were in possession of the islands, fostered this industry, and made of it quite a feature, as in both states, *tuba*, and *vino*, it materially added to their incomes. The general practice among the owners of large plantations is to farm out a certain number of trees to a native and share in the proceeds. When this is done the native prepares his trees first by notching the trunk, in order to facilitate climbing, and the way one of these fellows can walk up a notched tree is almost startling. Unencumbered by clothing and in their bare feet they can ascend a tree seventy or eighty feet high as readily and perhaps more rapidly than a white man would walk that distance upon an even city pavement. The next operation is to connect the trees together by bamboo rods, making a bridge

between each tree; this is done so that only one ascension will be necessary while gathering the *tuba*.

It is hardly necessary to say, this occupation is fraught with considerable danger, and that even these experts lose their lives occasionally by falling either from the trees or the bamboo bridges. When the season approaches for the sap to begin to flow the *tuba*-drawer mounts to the top of the tree and makes an incision into the fruit-bearing stalk; under the cut he places a *bombon*, a bamboo vessel. Every stalk that bears fruit is subjected to this treatment, and oftentimes as many as four *bombons* will be attached to one tree. In the bottom of each *bombon* the native places about a half-teaspoonful of finely pulverised *tongo* bark; this, it is claimed, imparts a stronger taste and better colour to the *tuba*. At sunrise and sunset the *bombons* are emptied and the seller hastens to his customers; if, after serving his route, any should be left he takes his place in the *Tiangui*-market and disposes of it to the best of his ability. The tree gives sap for almost two months, then the stalks dry up and the flow ceases until the next season.

Some of the planters sell the *tuba* direct to the distilleries, where it is at once made into cocoa wine or *vino*. In small quantities *vino* proves beneficial, but when taken to excess its effect is deleterious in the extreme, and more especially is this true of people who have not been accustomed to its use.

Nipa is the name given to another palm-tree beverage and, although the people of the islands call it wine, if an alcoholic test determines the difference between wine and spirits then *nipa* wine is a spirit. It is very high in alcohol and exceedingly ardent. In

fact it is almost equal to our whiskey in strength, and has a more burning taste. It is a great favourite among the natives and settlers and immense quantities are made and consumed. From the sugar-cane, besides making rum, they extract another beverage which is called *chilang*. This is made by boiling the juice of the cane in water and allowing it to ferment. Though not so strong in alcohol, yet it will readily intoxicate. Being a very poor keeper it must be drunk while new. *Pangati* is another beverage of which it may be said the natives are more fond than their conquerors. Various herbs are placed in a large earthenware vessel, then rice is put on top until the vessel is half full. Water is then added and soon fermentation begins. *Pangati*, however, is not drunk from a cup or vessel. The usual way is to draw it into the mouth through a small bamboo tube. This method they claim improves the flavour, and also enables it to more readily intoxicate the drinker.

On the whole it cannot be said the Spaniards took kindly to any of the native beverages, except perhaps *tuba*, and this rather discouraged the making of these various drinks, not so much in restriction as in importation from Europe of the wines and brandies to which they were more or less accustomed. A native when he had once obtained a drink of European wine was always anxious to get more, and the more he got the less he thought of his own manufacture. Many years ago a Spaniard wrote home and in his letter was the following description of the seasons in the Philippines—it has since become a proverb: “Seis meses de polvo, seis meses de lodo, seis meses de todo.” (Six months of dust, six months of mud, six months of everything.)

In that interesting group of islands comprising the Malay Archipelago, many grades of savagery are to be found, and in every instance there is that incomprehensible liking for ardent beverages. Some of the aborigines make their own drinks, while others are more or less satisfied to barter the results of the chase once or twice a year with traders who make a practice of visiting these islands for that very purpose. Candidly speaking it must be admitted that, on the whole, these people are of a very low status in the human race, and very little can be expected of them according to our view-point.

On the island of Lombok they make a palm wine, which is called *saguier*, and as they understand the art of distillation they manage to keep it the year round. As intimated before, the people of these islands show an excessive fondness for intoxicating beverages, but in the case of *Lombok*, while the liking is as strong, it is not so openly manifested, owing to the fact, perhaps, that these people are a grade or two above the other Islanders, and are believers in the Hindoo religion. They also have a kind of government, and a Rajah. They raise a great deal of rice; in fact it is their chief staple of food, being also the medium by which they pay their taxes, as every man, woman, and child is compelled to contribute a small measure annually to the Rajah. Of course, this rice could be converted into several things by the Rajah, among which is rice wine, but this is *sub rosa*, as the practice is frowned upon by the good Sassaks and, of course, the Rajah has to be a little the superior even of his best subjects.

On the island of Timor the grape is found to grow wild, and its fruit, although somewhat coarse, and the

skin very hairy, has a luscious flavour; and it is due to this exquisite taste that wine is not made from them, for they are too much in demand for table purposes to allow them to go to the press. Honey, especially wild honey, is another product of this island, which the people know how to make into an intoxicating beverage. Unlike our bees those of Timor do not need a hive in order to store away their wax and honey, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they build their own hives much after the fashion of our common wasp. Usually they select the highest and most inaccessible branches of the tallest trees and from them suspend their nests or hives, sometimes to the number of four or five on a branch. They are semicircular in shape and will often measure as much as four feet across.

Wallace says that he

once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the valley where I used to collect insects I one day saw three or four Timorese men and boys under a high tree, and, looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch three large bees' combs. The tree was straight and smooth-barked and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home. As the men were evidently looking after the bees, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which he had brought with him, and began splitting it through in several directions, which showed that it was very tough and stringy. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper round them. He then fastened his cloth tightly around his loins, and producing another cloth wrapped

it round his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly round his neck, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle he carried a long thin coil of cord. While he had been making these preparations, one of his companions had cut a strong creeper or bush-rope eight or ten yards long, to one end of which the wood-torch was fastened and lighted at the bottom, emitting a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope just above the torch and passed the other end round the trunk of the tree, holding one end in each hand. Jerking it up the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and, leaning back, began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or the obliquity of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare feet. It almost made me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground,—and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees. Then he stopped a moment and took care to swing the torch (which hung just at his feet) a little toward these dangerous insects, so as to send up the stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner quite unintelligible to me, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms or legs. Then, stretching himself

along towards the limb, he crept towards the nearest comb and swung his torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around. The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed the remaining bees with his hands, and then drawing his knife cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and, attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below. He was all this time enveloped in a crowd of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were not, evidently, stupefied by the smoke or driven far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work. There were three other combs on the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, as well as a valuable lot of wax. After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying wildly and stinging viciously. Several got about me and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me most pertinaciously, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives. I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt to escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native probably behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, which it does not attempt to sting. Still they must often suffer, but they are used to pain and learn to bear it impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

Probably the greatest drinkers of this collection of

islands are the natives of Aru. Their whole life seems to be devoted to the means of obtaining Java rum, and the quantities they consume of this inebriating beverage is almost beyond belief. They have no means of making liquor themselves and are therefore compelled to import it. Java rum, being both cheap and fiery, is very attractive to them. It comes in two-quart bottles, fifteen bottles to the case, and is so cheap that it only requires a few hours' labour in the jungle, cutting rattan, to trade the reed for a bottle of rum. Everything they sell is paid for in rum, and rum only. Trepangs, edible birds' nests, and rattan are the three main articles of export and they are about all the natives can be induced to gather.

The labour of a whole family is bunched and the rum is given to the family rather than to the individual, with the result that sometimes one household may have as many as a hundred bottles of rum on hand when the agent has finished his bargaining; this, however, makes no material difference, for, no matter how many they may have, they only have one drinking bout and that lasts night and day until every drop of the fiery liquid is consumed. There are no half-way measures about these people, they are not, in the first place, easily intoxicated, for they can readily take the contents of one of these big bottles before the liquor begins to show on them; but when they do at last become inebriated they have no desire to change their condition and will remain in this state as long as the liquor holds out. During these orgies they become very dangerous, and it is no uncommon occurrence for them to utterly destroy their dwellings, and murder and other crimes are almost a matter of course. When

not under the influence of liquor they are remarkable for their downright laziness. Complete idleness seems to be their one idea of life and nothing but the direst necessity can induce them to labour for themselves. Such food as they require can be had for the picking, and it is only when they feel they would like some rum that they will exert themselves.

Only a few miles away from Aru, comparatively speaking, are the Tenimber Islands, and, although they are inhabited by savages, the difference between them and the natives of Aru is so great that one would think he had suddenly been transported into a far distant land. In the first place these people are remarkably fine specimens of manhood, few of them, if any, being under six feet in height, and, built in proportion, they are lithe and wiry and almost giants in strength. They make their own liquor, *sagoweer*, from the palm, which is in all respect similar to the palm wine made in and about this neighbourhood. They also distill it and make *tʉak*, which differs from arrack only in the addition of some peculiar root or plant which is put into the palm wine during its fermentation. As regards their rites and methods of conducting any venture they do not differ from their neighbours, except that they are not carried to such an excess. Their religion teaches them that it is the proper thing for them to begin every new undertaking by drinking, and it must be admitted that in this particular they are very zealous in their observance.

In the islands known as the Melanesian Islands, there grows a plant that can be converted into an intoxicating beverage so quickly it is almost beyond belief. This plant is known to botanists as the *piper methy-*

sticum, but to the aboriginies of these islands it is better known as *kava* or *ava* and *awa*. The beverage prepared from it also bears these names, except in a few places that will be mentioned later on. There are two methods of making *kava*; one by an infusion of the leaves and allowing it to ferment and the other by chewing. By the first method the leaves and roots are crushed or ground in a mortar, then put into water and allowed to ferment; but this is not, according to the natives' idea, the true *kava* and therefore it is called *malowo*, especially in Aurora where the idea originated.

These people claim that the true virtue of the plant can only be extracted by the human mouth, and therefore *malowo* is considered to be greatly inferior to the real, genuine, old-fashioned *kava*. At first blush the idea of drinking *kava* is somewhat repulsive, yet withal it is not as bad as it sounds. None but young men with perfect teeth and healthy bodies are allowed to perform this mastication, except in a few rare instances where the people are not particular; the chewers must, in all cases, first thoroughly wash their mouths out with water before they can perform their part in the manufacture of this national drink. In the minds of some of the natives the plant itself is sacred and women are never allowed to touch it, and in no instance are they ever permitted to participate in the drinking of the prepared beverage. Children are likewise restricted. With others this idea of sacredness is not carried so far, and women both old and young are expected to be ready at any time to take part in the chewing.

Owing to the fondness of the natives for this beverage and also to the fact that the liquor cannot be kept

for any length of time the plant has to be cultivated, and every land-holder has his patch of *kava* growing within easy reach of his dwelling—for, like the rest of the people in this part of the world, drinking is the first and last rite of every incident. It only takes a few minutes to manufacture *kava*, thirty at the most, and more often only ten minutes are consumed in the process of turning a freshly growing root into a complete and distinctly intoxicating drink. When it becomes necessary to have enough to supply a feast all the young people of the place gather at the appointed hour and at a given word of command they begin to chew the root, which had been previously scraped clean by the sharp edges of mussel-shells and split into small pieces about an inch or so thick and two or three inches long. The chewers always sit in a circle, and should there be many guests the circle instead of being enlarged is duplicated. During the distribution of the pieces of the roots to the chewers not a sound is to be heard, but when the last one has received his portion, the chewers suddenly break out with “My ma kava; my ma kava; my he kava,” which being translated into English means “Give me kava; give me kava; give some kava.”

For the next two minutes the chewers are busy masticating the root, and it is astonishing how neatly they can do it, for although it is cut into small pieces and threads by the teeth yet the saliva hardly touches it; in fact when it leaves the mouth it is almost dry. When this preparation is completed, men who have been appointed for the purpose pass among the chewers with leaves of bananas or plantains and gather each portion. They then take them to the mixers, who

arrange them in rows in a large wooden bowl, and when all of the chewers have finished the bowl is taken to the king in order to show him how much of the beverage can be made, and if he is satisfied, the mixers begin their task. Herein lies the secret of making *kava* correctly, and only those who have devoted much time to the work can be expected to be proficient. The mixers sit opposite each other with the bowl between them, and while one fans the flies away the other, called the chief mixer, carefully washes his hands; he then begins to gradually draw every portion of the substance together, while his mate slowly and evenly pours on water from a cocoanut-shell. When he has succeeded in getting every bit into one mass—and it only takes a minute or two—he lifts it out of the water and breaking it apart throws it again into the bowl, and now commences the most difficult part of the operation.

By various curious and singular evolutions of his hands and arms, he succeeds in working the fibrous substance round the pulp, till it is encircled by it in a roll, as if screwed in a net. The mass is then again taken out of the fluid, and, raising it breast-high, is twisted more firmly by other surprising and graceful motions of the arms, the muscles swelling and playing all of the time in an extraordinary manner. Great strength is exerted on these occasions, and the dexterity with which the whole is accomplished never fails to excite admiration from all present. "Every tongue is mute," says Mariner, "and every eye is upon him, watching each motion of his arms as they describe the various curvilinear turns essential to the success of the operation." Three times the fibrous substance

is thrown on the surface of the fluid and the same operation is each time repeated, in order to collect all of the dregs from the liquor, and the roll is twisted and suspended over the bowl till not a single drop will exude from the substance. Then the mixer announces, "Ava tua heka"—"The kava is ready." This announcement is received by a hearty clapping of the hands by all present. Two more men are then selected, one to call out in the proper order of precedence the names of those to whom the cup is to be offered, and the other to act the part of cup-bearer.

These people are great sticklers in regard to etiquette and their ceremonies must be conducted upon the lines and rules laid down many years before a white man ever placed foot upon their soil. The chief is always first to receive the cup, which is made from the shell of a cocoanut and which from long use for the purpose becomes very highly polished and often has an agreeable odour. The announcer of course begins with the chief, then in a rich sonorous sing-song tone says something in his own language, ending off with the person's name: the person so called, instead of rising, claps his hands to tell the cup-bearer where in the gathering he is, and the bearer immediately brings him the cup filled with his portion. The cup-bearer is generally very graceful in his vocation: first he holds the cup as high as his head, and when he arrives in front of the drinker he easily and quietly lowers it to the person's feet. This is necessary, for every one sits tailor-fashion and, according to the laws of the land, it is a most heinous insult to pass anything over the feet or legs of a person. When the chief has finished his cup, which he does at a gulp, he licks the shell

afterwards on the outside, so as to make it be said that he is "le alie inu tele" (a drinking king).

The greatest honour that can be conferred by a chief or king upon any one, is for him to hand in person the cup of *kava* that he, the king, should drink, to the party on whom he wishes to bestow his favour. If perchance the king should also feel desirous of giving his protection to any individual it is only necessary for him to tear off a piece of his garment and tie it round the neck of the person. The cloth is "faa saa" (sacred) and as long as the party wears it he need never fear for any harm at the hand of the followers of the chief. But this piece of cloth is only sacred in the domains of that particular potentate, and therefore it behooves the protected party to stay well within the boundaries of his friend the king. Their prayers are only to the dead and they begin each supplication with the word *tataro*. For example, on making a libation of *kava* before drinking they say: "Tataro—Grandfather, this is your lucky drop of *kava*; let boars come unto me, let *rawe* come into me; the money I have spent let it come back to me; the food that is gone let it come back hither to the house to you and me." Or, if they are about to take a trip in a canoe, it is as follows: "Tataro—Uncle! Father! plenty of boars for you; plenty of *rawe*; plenty of money; *kava* for your drinking, lucky food for your eating in the canoe; I pray you with this, look down upon me and let me go on a safe sea."

Stones, too, are very sacred in this strange land, and no more powerful fetich can be had than a piece of *kava* root and a sacred stone placed in a small bag and tied about the neck. Five days after a person is

dead the natives of the Torres Islands hold a service which they call "Na tamet lingalinga." Some one man well qualified for the rites is chosen, and the first thing he does is to assemble all those who are willing to submit to the ordeal, in a *gamal*—a public hall.

Generally these are young men and boys to the number of twenty. After he has the requisite number and they have proven satisfactory, he compels them to lie prone on their backs in two rows head to head; then he shakes over them leaves and the tips of the twigs of magical and powerful plants, all of the time repeating his charms and mystic words. After this is accomplished to his satisfaction, he and his assistants go into all the sacred places that the ghosts are wont to frequent, such as where men wash off the black of mourning, collecting as they go these various ghosts and eventually becoming so much possessed with them that they appear to have lost their senses; yet during the whole ordeal they pursue a certain well-defined method. In the meantime the subjects left lying in the *gamal* are beginning to be affected, which is shown by slight movements. Those who are the most susceptible, and bring the ghosts to them, arise and go quietly along both sides of the house without, and suddenly and in concert strike the house along its whole length with the sticks they carry in their hands. This beating of the house has the effect of startling the subjects who are still inside, and they roll about the ground distracted. Then the head man and his assistants, who have by this time become "ghosts," enter the building and with their sticks begin to beat about. Just now each man and every subject believes himself to be the ghost of some one deceased, and they leap from side to side, jump high in the air, at the same time presenting their sticks first on one side then on the other to be beaten by the sticks of their fellow-ghosts. This, it is believed, drives the ghosts out of the sticks and into

the body of the stick-holder. Eventually this performance becomes so wild and exciting that all hands go out into the street of the village where every one can see them, but by this time they are so fully possessed that they are totally indifferent to every one and they only recognise the ghosts who have brought this upon them. It behoves the spectators to give them a good wide berth, as at this period even a boy becomes so strong that a powerful man could not hold him, and they want to strike and beat every thing and object that comes in their way and with any implement that they can lay their hands on; bows, clubs, water vessels, and even the rafters of the house will do if the head ghost does not restrain them. This-out-of-doors exhibition only lasts for about a half an hour, when they are led back to the *gamal*, where they fall down thoroughly exhausted. The head ghost and his assistants begin to drink *kava* and as each drinks he pours the dregs upon the floor, at the same time calling the name of some one possessed; and, strange to relate, the senses of that subject returns immediately as soon as his name is announced, but it is fully five days before he will be able to go about again.

These people also have a very peculiar idea as regards sneezing, and whenever it happens that a person does sneeze there must be something said. On the island of Florida, when a man sneezes they think that some one is speaking of him, perhaps angry with him or cursing him by calling his own *tindalo* to eat him; the man who sneezes is expected to retaliate by calling *his tindalo* to injure the man who is cursing him. In the Banks' Islands also some one is supposed to be calling the name of the sneezer for good or evil. At Saa if a man sneezes when he awakes he immediately cries: "Who is calling me? If for good, well; but if for evil, then

may my favourite defend me." In Motlav, if a child sneezes, the mother will cry: "Let him come back into the world; let him remain." In Mota the mothers say, "Ive! roll back to us," and if it be a man who sneezes he will stamp his foot and cry: "Stamp down the mischief from me! Let it be quiet! Let them say their words in vain! Let them lay their plots in vain."

Although a beverage is made from the root of the *piper methysticum* in or on every one of these islands, in almost the same way, that is by chewing, the fluid does not always bear the same name. In the Fiji Islands it better known as *angona* or *yangona*. In the New Hebrides they call it *gea*, while among the Banks' Islands it is known as *woana*.

On some of the lesser islands it is called *kava-kava* and also *avava* and *evava*, but the most common appellation is *kava*, although *ava* still has a strong following. The effect of *kava* is to make the drinker of one portion drunk in about twenty minutes, but instead of being riotous the subject becomes morose and melancholy, then soon goes off into a sleep; but if two portions, or about a half a pint, is taken, drunkenness follows immediately. The action of the liquor is said to be more pronounced if the plant has grown in low, marshy soil, yet that which is grown in sand will make the sleep more profound and easy, being just the reverse of the moisture-grown plant, the repose being easily broken and the sleeper becoming very irritable in consequence.

A peculiar feature about this beverage is the fact that the effect is so different upon those addicted to its steady use and those who use it occasionally. In the former case the stupor will last for an hour or two,

while in the latter it will continue from six to twelve hours. It is said the daily use of *kava* is often followed by a skin disease, making it thick, dry, scaly, cracked, and ulcerated and the body becomes emaciated and decrepit. This condition, however, it is claimed is only of short duration, when the subject begins to mend. First the scales on his skin begin to fall off, and the new cuticle is as clear and transparent as a baby's; then the body takes on flesh and soon the patient is in perfect health.

Captain Beachy, in his voyage of the *Blossom* to the Pacific and Bering's Straits, cites a case of an English gentleman who underwent a *kava* treatment for a disease very similar to St. Anthony's fire. The course lasted for six weeks or so and at the end of that time the party was in perfect health, having driven out of his system every vestige of a scrofluous nature. The plant itself, aside from the beverage, has received considerable attention among the medical fraternity, especially in England and France. At one time it was thought to be a specific against that dreadful malady gout, and in some cases it did seem to do considerable good, but the effect was not permanent and therefore it was to some extent abandoned. It has, on the other hand, though, been pronounced to be of great value in diseases of the mucous membranes and allied troubles.

While *kava* is drunk in every one of these islands to a greater or less extent it must be admitted that the Fijis are by far the greatest users of this beverage. With them it is almost second nature, and Jackson's description of a chief's life is almost a portrayal of even the subject's existence. He states:

The head chief had no wives at all (they were all dead) nor servants; but his two daughters were very dutiful and seemed to pay great attention to him. His house was generally full of men, who would do the cooking without being asked, although they had come from some distant place that very day and on the morrow were going to return, but their absence was always supplied by others. These people would come from different petty places to tell the news, such as what success their place had in the cultivation of their crops, and how much longer it would be before a bale of cloth was finished, such as they called *nativa*. They always brought a back-load of provisions each, some having shrimps, others eels, some yams, others taro etc., or pigs, which were generally used on public occasions. They would enter the town, saluting in a low tone, and go round to the back of the great chief's house. There they would unload themselves beside the pots that were placed ready for cooking and commence kindling a fire, whilst one would take the calabashes and run for water, the rest chewing *angona* (*kava*) and talking on subjects of little or no consequence. By the time the first drink of *angona* was finished, the *vasi* (crust) would be cooked, dished on wooden trenchers and shared out, the king getting his share first, the only distinction shown in the way of living. He would spend his life in this way, drinking *angona*, eating when hungry and sleeping when he was tired of talking, either by day or night. He was always on his mats, and if he felt too tired to sit, he would lie down, one of his daughters handing him his wooden pillow to rest his head upon.

It would be hard indeed to find another life that has in it such elements of contentment. The domestic servant problem is solved and the great chief lives amid all the luxury that his office demands, with no thought or worry and no labour to supply his wants. The Fijian also understands the art of distillation,

and although his implements and machinery are primitive and crude he manages to make a fair sample of rum, from bananas, sugar-cane, and *tī* root. In trade, for the above ingredients to make this rum—which, by the way, was under royal control—the chief would give the people wives, provisions, tortoise-shells, etc. Jackson describes one of these stills as follows:

They had a very large-sized, three-legged pitch-pot placed on three stones, so as to allow of a good draught underneath. It was covered on the top by a large piece of wood hollowed out, as big as the pot, and secured all round with clay, so as to prevent the steam from escaping. From the top leads an old gun-barrel, which conducted the steam into a long and large-sized bamboo, which led horizontally through a trough of cold water. Under the end of the bamboo was placed a tub to catch the liquor as it ran out. They supplied the pot as it boiled down, from a canoe set up on two forked posts and laid nearly horizontal, but with a slight descent at one end, so as to allow the liquor to run from the bananas, sugar-cane, and *tī* root, which were mixed indiscriminately together and placed at the elevated end to ferment. When the tub is full the contents are emptied into powder kegs and shipped by canoe to various points. The capacity of this still was about three or four gallons a day. It is hardly necessary to add that the liquor was drunk immediately on its arrival at its destination, with the result that a most vicious form of intoxication ensued.

The use of *kava*, however, was not confined to these islands alone, for when the Sandwich Islands were discovered the beverage was also found to be there and the natives had as strong a liking for it as their more remote neighbours; but the white man and his

various compounds of a similar nature, and perhaps more harmful, have overcome the practice of *kava*-drinking and to-day it is almost a lost art. Like the Fijis, these people had a crude idea of distillation and from the *tee* they distilled a beverage that was more or less intoxicating and quite pleasant to the palate. In the way of utility it may be said that the *tee* plant is somewhat of a rival to the palm, for it has several uses that are of great value to the natives. The plant is found growing wild in almost every part of the islands and in some respects it greatly resembles our common beet. The leaves, aside from being a first-class article of food for swine and goats, are used for the purpose of coat- or, more properly speaking, cloak-making, and they can weave them so close that they are impervious to the heaviest rain. In the green state they are in great demand for the purpose of wrapping food that is to be cooked. The stalk too has a value, for like the olive branch it is an emblem of peace.

The *tee* plant is a biennial, but owing to its prolific qualities there is never a dearth of the properly aged root—for it is from this part of the plant that *ywera* (for so it is called) is made. The root is very sweet, in fact much sweeter than our beet and is considerably larger. A decoction of the tuber commingled with ginger makes a very tasty sort of tea and is much used in that fashion and for that purpose. It is, however, principally used in making *ywera*. After a sufficient quantity of the roots have been gathered, fires are made in deep holes in which the roots are placed and allowed to bake for a certain length of time. At the proper moment they are taken out and subjected to a

pounding, which is done in an old canoe reserved for that purpose. During the pounding process, water is gradually added and, when all is complete, the mass is covered with leaves to keep the insects out and then left to ferment. This will generally ensue in from four to six days, when it is distilled. Naturally their stills were roughly fashioned and of small capacity. As a rule they were made of an iron pot enlarged to suit their fancy with gourds and calabashes with the bottoms cut out, thereby forming a kind of pipe, the joints of which were cemented with a species of clay called by the natives *peroo*. Sometimes a copper cone would surmount the outfit, to which an old gun-barrel was connected; this barrel would pass through a large calabash filled with cold water from the stream and would act as the condenser. The result obtained is not as ardent as one would expect, but it is sufficiently intoxicating for all ordinary purposes.

In a desultory way grapes have been raised in these islands and wine has also been made. Travellers have pronounced the wine excellent, but wine-making, however, does not seem to appeal to the people, and what little is manufactured is for the individual owner of the vineyard rather than the public and is therefore rarely to be had. Of recent years a new drink has been invented; it is called a *poi* cocktail and it is claimed for it that it is a good specific for seasickness. As the name implies, it is made from *poi*, the national dish of these islands, and of which the Kanakas say that no matter how fine the viands of a banquet are, it is a total failure if *poi* is not served at the last. In making the cocktail the ingredients necessary are cracked ice, sugar, milk, and *poi*, mixed and served.

Poi is manufactured from the root of a plant which the natives call *kalo* and scientists *colocasia esculenta*. The roots are first baked, then are pounded on a board with a stone pestle and water added and allowed to ferment, when it becomes ready for eating.

It is more or less an art this eating of *poi*, as it done with the fingers, and the number of fingers used determines the quality of the food, for it is known as one-finger, two-finger, and three-finger *poi*, from its consistency, which if it is thick is only one-finger. The trick is to whirl the finger in the dish until a sufficient quantity adheres to it to form a mouthful, then to quickly place it in the mouth. The instructions are simple and the way the natives perform the operation looks easy, but the novice is very apt to remain hungry for some time before he acquires the art. *Poi* is extremely nourishing and also satisfying, and it is claimed that a patch forty feet square will grow enough to maintain a native a whole year.

CHAPTER VIII

AUSTRALIA, JAVA, SUMATRA, AND TIMOR

UNTIL the white man had first visited the country which is now known as Australia, it is doubtful indeed if the aborigines thereof had ever tasted a distilled beverage. That they were ignorant of the art of distillation there can be little doubt, and knowledge of fermentation was very limited. In fact it may be said that aside from the manufacture of their weapons of chase these people did not make anything. Even huts for their abode, when they had any, were only a few boughs thrown upon cross-sticks supported at one end by two Y posts driven into the ground.

“The reason we know so little about these aborigines,” says Donald Macdonald in *Gum Boughs and Wattle Bloom*, “is, that instead of studying them we shot them. Old colonists say that some reformers of the old days were rather less ceremonious in shooting an aborigine than a wild dog. Indeed the latter incident was the more rare—the *dingoes* (wild dogs) had not the same confidence in our good intentions.”

From an anthropological standpoint the natives of Australia are classed very low indeed, and this fact as much as any other may have kept them from making an alcoholic stimulant in their original and primitive state. The poverty of the country, too, in

the dietary sense must be considered, for it made it incumbent upon a native and his family to be forever on the lookout for food. Dress and shelter were of no importance, and the less they required of the former the more useless was the latter. They had, however, one practice that was in common with their more enlightened brothers, and that was dancing, in which, in their own peculiar way, they excelled.

Major Mitchell describes this dance as follows:

In the evening the blacks had, in some numbers, entertained us with a *corrobory*, their universal and highly original dance. Like all the rest of the habits and customs of this singular race of wild men, the *corrobory* is peculiar, and seems essential to their character. This amusement always takes place at night, and by the light of the blazing boughs. They dance to beaten time accompanied by a song. The dancers paint themselves white, in such remarkably varied ways that no two individuals are at all alike. The surrounding darkness seems necessary to the effect of the whole; all these dances, being more or less dramatic, the painted figures coming forward in mystic order from the obscurity of the background, while the singers and beaters of time are invisible, have a highly theatrical effect. Each dance seems most tastefully progressive, the movement being at first slow, and introduced by two persons, displaying the most graceful motions both of arms and legs, while others, one by one, drop in, until each, imperceptibly, warms into the true savage attitude of the *corrobory* jumps: the legs striding to the utmost, the head turned over one shoulder, the eyes glaring and fixed with savage energy in one direction, the arms raised and inclined towards the head, the hands usually grasping waddies, boomerangs, or other warlike weapons. The jump now keeps time with each beat, and

each leap the dancer takes six inches to one side, all being in a connected line, led by the first dancer. The line is doubled or tripled according to space and numbers and this gives great effect, for, when the front line jumps to the left, the second jumps to the right, the third to the left again, and so on, until the action acquires due intensity, when all simultaneously and suddenly stop. The excitement which this dance produces in the savage is very remarkable. However listless the individual, lying half asleep perhaps, as they usually are when not intent on game, set him to this dance and he is fired with sudden energy; every nerve is strung to such a degree that he is no longer to be recognised as the same individual, until he ceases to dance, and comes to you again. There can be little doubt but that the *corrobory* is the medium through which the delights of poetry and the drama are enjoyed, in a limited degree, even by these primitive savages of New Holland.

A drink of which these people are more than usually fond is a beverage known to them and the whites also as *bull*. It is a very simple drink, being nothing more nor less than an old sugar-bag cut into strips and then boiled in water, which after it is cooled is drunk by them in such large quantities that, according to Breton, "they are blown out like an ox swelled with clover and can take no more." But this extreme drinking of liquids is not at all confined to the blacks, for the white man soon acquires a capacity that is considerable to say the least.

James Demarr says in his *Adventures in Australia Fifty Years Ago*:

We used to have occasionally one or two travellers call and stay the night. We had also plenty of provisions, and were glad to see these visitors. If ever we were deficient

in anything it would be tea and sugar, for bushmen were extravagant in the use of tea; a handful of tea, kept in a canvas bag, to a quart of water being the orthodox allowance, and in this thirsty climate, a man would drink after a day's journey two or three quarts before settling himself down for the night, and enjoy it. No drink was so refreshing to the tired traveller.

There were several kinds of tea used by these early adventurers and they all bore names more or less humorous and some slightly sarcastic. One kind in particular was known as "Jack the painter." It was a green tea of such a vivid colour that there could be no doubt as to its derivation. Another kind was called "post and rail" owing to the prevalence of small pieces of stems and twigs in it. This was by far the most common name in the bush for tea and was universally used, even by the blacks. "Split stuff" was still another name applied to this beverage, and "iron bark shingles" also had a respectable following. Instead of pressing apples to obtain cider they would bore a small hole into the trunk of the native apple-tree, which by the way is only an apple-tree in appearance and not in fact, and allow the sap to flow, which it does quite readily, and soon a hearty draught is drawn that tastes much like newly made cider and proves to be very refreshing.

The question of drink and especially water is a most serious matter in this land of contraries, particularly so in the interior, for with the thermometer often as high as 125 degrees a drink of some kind becomes of the utmost importance both to man and beast. Yet it was common indeed for travellers to go sixty and seventy miles before even a pool of muddy water

could be found. One traveller thus describes his experience: "At last I came to a muddy puddle with dead animals lying all around it, but the sight of water, even in that condition, was more pleasing to me than all the gold that could be piled in a large room. Scientists say that all such water should be well filtered before drinking. I know not what I drank, except that many of the spawn of the frog went down my throat, for I could feel them wiggling on their way."

For more than twenty years alcohol in some shape, generally very inferior, was the ordinary currency of the colony. All labour and more especially any extra work, was paid for in spirits, with the result that a very low standard of morality ensued. The prices too of these vile concoctions were extremely high, the poorest costing as much as three dollars a gallon, and being sold at the rate of twenty-five cents an ounce or thirty-two dollars per gallon. Marcus Clarke writing on this subject in his story of *The Rum Puncheon Revolution* says:

The social condition in Sydney in 1807 was somewhat curious. The place being under military discipline, and controlled by military officers, the army was at a premium. The Governor was a sort of proconsul with absolute power, and his officers monopolised all the good things of the colony. Among the principal of these good things was the rum trade. From the first settlement of New South Wales the unrestrained importation of ardent spirits had prevailed to an alarming extent. Rum poured into the colony in barrels, in hogsheads, in puncheons. Rum flowed like water and was drunk like wine. Rum was taken morning, noon, and night, was paid as "loot" in exchanges, and received as payment for purchases. Rum

at last became a colonial currency. The Governor, clergy, and officers civil and military all bartered rum. The New South Wales Veteran Corps (a regiment of pensioners tempted by promises of privilege to emigrate) was called the "Rum Puncheon Corps." Mr. Macarthur (the chief actor in the drama about to open) says in his evidence on the trial of Major Johnstone that such barter "was universal. Officers civil and military, clergy, every description of inhabitants, were under the necessity of paying for the necessaries of life, for every article of consumption, in that sort of commodity which the people who had to sell were inclined to take: in many cases you could not get labour performed without it." This being the case, one may judge of the disgust that prevailed among the rum-stores when it was reported that a new governor was to replace Governor King—a bluff sailor, who loved rum—with strict injunctions from the home government to put down the monopolists. The name of this new governor was Captain Bligh, a bold and daring, though somewhat pigheaded post-captain. . . . The expectations of the colonists were realised. Bligh landed in 1806, and forthwith announced his intention of travelling through the colony in order to ascertain the condition of its inhabitants. Now, but four months before his arrival, occurred the great March flood of 1806, and the colony was suffering from a scarcity of grain. According to Doctor Lang (*History of New South Wales*) maize meal and coarse flour were sold in Sydney at 2s. 6d. the pound, the two-pound loaf being 4s. 6d. and sometimes 5s., while whole families on the Hawkesbury had often no bread in their houses for months together. Bligh, riding around like the king of Yvetot, made personal inquiries into the condition of each settler, and volunteered to take from each a certain quantity of wheat or produce, giving in payment orders in *advance* on the King's stores at Sydney. This arrangement, however beneficial to the settlers, did not accord with the interest of

the military and civil importers of rum and tobacco. No settler who could obtain tea, sugar, and woollen stuffs at nearly cost price from the King's stores would sell his crop for the fiery Jamaica compound of monopolists, or accept as part payment the usual puncheon of strong waters at the usual high rate of valuation. The merchants of Sydney were most indignant, and their indignation was not decreased by the publication on February 14, 1807, of a general order prohibiting the rum-puncheon trade altogether. By this alarming order the monopoly was at once crushed. Bligh prohibited the exchange of spirits or other liquors as payment for grain, animal food, labour, wearing apparel, or any other commodity whatever. A prisoner convicted of such sale or purchase rendered himself liable to 100 lashes and twelve months' hard labour. A settler, free by servitude, pardon, or emancipation, was deprived of all indulgences from the Crown, fined £20, and imprisoned for three months. Free settlers and masters of ships were fined £50 and deprived of indulgences from the Crown.

Such was the beginning of the "Rum Revolt" and for some time things became very lively in Sydney. From it Mr. Bligh lost the governorship of the colony, Major Johnstone and Mr. Macarthur were banished for a number of years, and the whole community was at loggerheads. The use of ardent spirits was for a long time a great drawback to this land and many and various were the plans and schemes adopted for its limitation. But, as Demarr says, this climate is a thirst-producing one and great quantities of some fluid is necessary; and Hume Nesbitt tells of a doctor whom he called in while he was sick. "My doctor," he says, "was very much against heavy drinking and over-smoking, yet he did not altogether advocate

total abstinence. Strict moderation was his motto. He always limited his patients to fourteen glasses of whiskey per day, and not more than two dozen pipes." It can be readily seen from this how easy it would be for men to over-indulge, and when it is considered that the best and most costly was only the inferior article of manufacture, its effects are easily discernible. The evil was great and it was growing in magnitude, until at last the native wines came to the front and proved the most powerful factor in the fostering of temperance that could be devised. They preached a lesson in practical temperance that every student of the question should study, and they proved conclusively the claim that many of our brightest statesmen and scholars have maintained for years, and which is, "a wine-drinking people is a sober people."

Samuel Sidney, author of numerous works on Australia, tells succinctly in his *Three Colonies of Australia*, written in 1852, the true effect of the grape, without in any way trying to favour it. He says: "Wine has not become a profitable article of produce, but a ready sale has been found for any quantity among the labouring classes at 5s. a gallon, and with the least effects. Men who have been previously slaves to spirit-drinking, on going to work at a vineyard, have sobered down to two bottles of Australian wine daily, to the infinite benefit of their health and finances."

A more concise and emphatic rendering of a true temperance lecture would be hard to find. It embodies the "horrible example" and it shows the "result." Every feature necessary for the argument is given and answered and, what is still more important, time, that great tester, has shown it to be true and

permanent, and to-day Australia has very little to worry her on the excise question. As soon as it became apparent that grapes suitable for wine-making purposes could be raised successfully—not actually in the way of profit, but in order to procure a wholesome wine—the people almost with one accord took to their cultivation. Societies and associations were formed, in order to promote interest and also for the diffusion of knowledge. Every land-owner was requested to plant at least a quarter-acre in vines and as his knowledge became greater to extend his operations. Exhibits of the various wines were made in Europe and every one's attention was called to the fact that Australia was now making wine. The discovery of gold was somewhat of a retarding feature, for it made labour high and scarce, but when the fever had abated the industry was resumed, and wine-making is carried on in Australia on a large and comprehensive scale. Grapes are not indigenous to this land, so they are dependent upon other countries for their stock, but such are the climate and soil that more than five hundred different kinds are successfully cultivated.

According to Mr. J. Lort Stokes, a Mr. Bushby was the first person to attempt the raising of grapes, but whether he endeavoured to make wine from them he does not say. The credit, though, for the first wine-making is given to Captain John Macarthur. Having had a consignment of Greek prisoners sent to him he employed them in cultivating a vineyard, after the Greek manner. They succeeded so well that when their time expired Captain Macarthur was loath to see the venture come to a standstill, so, under great expense and the promise of high wages, he induced a

number of German families along the Rhine to migrate and continue the work of the Greek pirates. Others of the more wealthy class followed the example set by the Captain and it was not long before grape-raising was a factor in the horticultural industry of the island-continent. Mr. George Sultor was another gentleman who took more than an average interest in the viticultural prospects of his country and he laboured early and late for its betterment and advancement. The horticultural nurseries soon took to the growing of different kinds, and as early as 1847 they were selling more than five hundred different varieties.

The season for ripening is just the reverse from that in America, February being the month in which the clusters are gathered and the wine expressed. Their long days and hot climate are very favourable to growth; in fact it may be said that it is somewhat too kind, and constant care must be exercised in order to keep the fruit from being scorched. The peach-tree proved to be a marvel when it was grown in Australia; it fruited and bore away beyond anything ever seen in Europe, and cartloads of the ripened fruit were given to the pigs. Every settler who could afford it made gallons of peach brandy, but it has never become as popular as wine; in fact it has only a limited following, owing to its excessive sweetness.

The praise, of late years, that has been bestowed upon the island of Java amounts almost to flattery. By one writer it is termed the garden of the East and by others it is extolled as almost ideal. Alfred Russell Wallace says, "Taking it as a whole and surveying it from every point of view, Java is probably the finest and most interesting tropical island in the world."

Professor Veth adds, "In natural beauty it rivals the most favoured regions of the world." But be its beauty what it may there can be no doubt as to its interesting qualities, whether they be considered from the standpoint of utility, government or history, or from the point of possession. Java was undoubtedly known to the ancients, especially to the traders of Arabia and her neighbours, but it was lost sight of for several centuries, and it was the province of Portugal to renew or re-discover it. Like other islands in this archipelago Java has had many masters both of Asiatic and European extraction, and her history is replete with atrocities of such a nature that it is almost nauseating to read. Portugal, England, and Holland have been her European masters, and to-day she pays allegiance to Holland. England owned it at one time, but through mismanagement and other shortcomings her ownership did not prove profitable and she relinquished it in favour of the Dutch. These people—the Dutch—have made the island the greatest success. They have administered its affairs in such a manner that it has become attractive to not only that portion of Asia bordering on or near it, but is equally so to thousands of Europeans and Americans as well.

Although the island is smaller than Borneo, Sumatra, New Guinea, and Celebes, it has a larger population than all of these together, and it is still increasing. Comparatively speaking Java is about the size of our New York State. That is, it has 49,197 square miles, is 666 miles long and from 56 to 135 miles wide. Its population given a few years ago was more than twenty-four millions of people. Not quite a third of the population of the whole United States, yet the

people are happy and prosperous—according to their idea—and there is room for many millions more. The Dutch had not been long in possession before they began the cultivation of the sugar-cane, which, owing to the congenial climate and fertile soil, soon proved a source of immense profit; but after the sugar was extracted they had molasses to deal with, and as this was too bulky for profitable transportation, and the market also was limited, they bethought them of several expedients, the most feasible of which was the distillation of it into rum. This idea, however, did not appeal to them as one would naturally suppose. It was argued that the West Indies could get it to Europe quicker and cheaper than they could, so they determined to make arrack and thereby control the market. After several hundreds of trials all more or less carefully conducted, the following formula was adopted: Molasses, sixty-two parts; toddy, or palm wine, three parts; rice, thirty-five parts. In distillation only a fraction more than three quarter parts are lost in making arrack.

The process of manufacture is as follows: The rice is first boiled, and after cooling a quantity of yeast is added to it, and it is pressed into baskets, in which condition it is placed over a tub, or tubs, for eight days, during which time a liquor flows abundantly from the mixture. At the end of that time the liquor, so distilled, is taken out, and mixed with the molasses and palm wine, which have been previously combined. The mixture remains in a small vessel for one day only, when it is removed into large fermenting vats, in which it remains for seven days. When, at the termination of this period, the process of fermentation is

over, the liquor is finally removed into stills, and according to the number of distillations it undergoes it is graded as first, second, and third quality, or *kiji*, *tanpo*, and *sichew*; the two first are always distinguished as arrack *api*.

One writer, who admits that he did not indulge in liquor or wine at any time, thus describes the Java arrack, which by the way is better known to the outside world as Batavian arrack:

After all the sugar has been obtained that is possible, the cheap and impure molasses that drains off is fermented with a small quantity of rice. Palm wine, called by the natives *lagen*, is then added, and from this mixture is distilled the liquor known as arrack, which consequently differs little from rum. It is considered, and no doubt rightly, the most destructive stimulant that can be placed in the human stomach in these regions."

Superficial observations are oftentimes misleading, and especially so when they are placed within a book, for this arrack has been for many years an acceptable beverage in its own land, and if it was as harmful as the above says it is, there would be little doubt as to its termination. The *gomuti* palm is always in evidence in this land of sunshine, and like the other palms its principal production is toddy. It is very prolific in its fruit, often yielding as much as one hundred pounds to a single shoot, and this fruit when macerated and infused makes a beverage which the Dutch have named "hell water." The natives only drink it when they are about to go to war, believing that it will inspire them with courage.

In the present-day Java they have a custom which

is conducive towards the use of intoxicating beverages. Ice is, in such a climate, more or less a luxury and enough to cool a glassful of water is charged for even at meals, but if he or they who, while eating *rijsttafel* (mid-day meal) will order drinks, they will get their ice free. This *rijsttafel* has become an institution of the island, and it is always to be found in every part of the land and among all classes, in public and in private. In a sense, it may be said that it is a variation of the Indian curry, and, like it, is the vehicle for consumption of large quantities of boiled rice. It is usually served in a soup-plate. This filled with rice, and the various dishes of fish, flesh, and fowl, generally stewed, are passed and you help yourself to a spoonful or two of each, or of such as you desire, and plant it somewhere on the plate of rice. The edge of the plate is utilised for chutneys and other relishes, and your whole meal is before you. As an appetiser and just before the meal is served the host, if at a private residence, or the waiters if at a hotel, will always serve a small glass of *pahits*. This is a drink made of gin and anise-seed, and in this climate it is found to be exceedingly beneficial.

Another beverage which the people as a rule are fond of is *suser klapa*. This is made from the meat of a young cocoanut. It is first finely grated and then subjected to a squeezing through a coarse cloth. It makes a very refreshing drink, and also obviates the use of water, which is always accompanied with more or less danger. If water must be drunk there, the resident physicians will always advise the use of some strong alcoholic liquor, preferably whiskey.

While some travellers go into raptures over Java

coffee, now and then there will be found others who consider it an abomination, as for instance Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore in *Java, The Garden of the East*. "Java Coffee" she says, "in Java comes to one in a stoppered glass bottle or cruet, a dark brown fluid that might as well be walnut catsup, old port, or New Orleans molasses. This double extract of coffee, made by cold filtration, is diluted with hot water and hot milk to a muddy, grey-brown, lukewarm drink, that is uniformly bad in every hotel and place of refreshment."

Another dish that is only to be found here is *trassi*. Mr. Henry O. Forbes, F.R.G.S., in *A Naturalist's Wanderings*, thus describes his first acquaintance, to his knowledge, with the dish:

During the hot season, when the *sewaks* have become, except in the centre, dry fields, the fishes are captured in immense numbers. Fried in fresh oil they form an excellent dish, and are the staple flesh-food of the natives. A vile odour which permeates the whole air within a wide area of the market-place is apt to be attributed to these piles of fish; but it really proceeds from another compound, sold in round black balls, called *trassi*. My acquaintance with it was among my earliest experiences of housekeeping at Genteng. Having got up rather late one Sunday morning—an opportunity taken by one of my boys to go unknown to me to the market, which I had not then visited—I was discomfited by the terrific and unwonted odour of decomposition. "My birds have begun to stink, confound it!" I exclaimed to myself. Hastily fetching down the box in which they were stored, I minutely examined and sniffed over every skin, giving myself in the process inflammation of the nostrils and eyes for a week after, from the amount of arsenical soap I inhaled; but all of them seemed in perfect condition. In the neighbouring jungle, though I

diligently searched half the morning, I could find no dead carcase, and nothing in the "kitchen midden" where somehow I seemed nearer the source; but at last in the kitchen itself I ran it to ground in a compact parcel done up in a banana leaf.

"What in the face of creation is this?" I said to the cook, touching it gingerly.

"Oh! master that is *trassi*."

"*Trassi*? what is *trassi*, in the name of goodness!"

"Good for eating, master; in stew."

"Have I been eating it?"

"Certainly, master, it is most excellent (*enak sekali*)."

"You born fool, do you wish to poison me and yourself?"

"May I have a goitre (*daik gondok*), master, but it is excellent!" he asserted, taking hold of the fore skin of his throat, by the same token that a countryman at home would swear, "As *sure*'s death."

Notwithstanding these vehement assurances, I made it disappear in the depths of the jungle, to the horror of the boy, who looked wistfully after it, and would have fetched it back, had I not threatened him with the direst penalties if I discovered any such putridity in my house again. I had then to learn that in every dish, native or European, that I had eaten since my arrival in the East, this extract of decomposition was mixed as a spice, and it would be difficult to convince myself that I would come by-and-by to eat it daily without the slightest abhorrence.

Mr. John Crawford, F.R.S., in his *History of the Indian Archipelago*, has this to say of *trassi*:

There is one mode of preparing and using fish, of so peculiar a nature, but so universally in use, that it is worth a detailed description. This preparation, called by the Malays *blachang* and by the Javanese *trassi*, is a mass composed of small fish, chiefly prawns, which has been fermented, and then dried in the sun. This fetid preparation,

so nauseous to a stranger, is the universal sauce of the Indian islanders, more general than *soy* with the Japanese. No food is deemed palatable without it. That it has peculiar merit is unquestionable, for foreigners soon become as partial to it as natives, and its use extends to every country of the tropic from China to Bengal. Dampier describes it with perfect accuracy as follows: *Balachaun* [*trassi*] is a composition of strong savour, yet a very delightful dish to the natives of this country. To make it, they throw shrimps and small fish into a sort of weak pickle, made with salt and water, and put it into a tight earthen vessel or jar. The pickle being thus weak, it keeps not the fish firm and hard, neither is it probably so designed, for the fish are never gutted. Therefore in a short time they all turn to a mash in the vessel; and when they have lain thus a good while, so that the fish is reduced to a pap, they draw off the liquor into fresh jars, and preserve it for use. The mashed fish that remains behind is called *balachaun* [*trassi*] and the liquor poured off is called *nuke-mum*. The people eat the *trassi* with their rice. 'T is rank-scented, yet the taste is not altogether unpleasant, but rather savoury, after one is a little used to it. The *nuke-mum* is of a pale brown colour, inclining to grey, and pretty clear. It is also very savoury, and used for a good sauce for fowls, not only by the natives but also by many Europeans, who esteem it equally with *soy*.

Trassi also enters into a liquor of a beer-like character called *badek*. It is boiled with rice and acts more or less as a fermentive. When the mass has arrived at a proper consistency it is taken out and, while warm, it is rolled into balls; these are piled one upon the other in a large earthenware vessel. During the period of fermentation the *badek* exudes and is collected at the bottom. From the residue, after fermentation has

thoroughly ceased, another beverage is made, called *tapé*. This drink (*tapé*) is considered as a dainty by the natives and the foreigners as well, and the demand for it is far beyond the supply. It has to be drunk within an hour or two after making, for it soon spoils and becomes rancid.

The great drink of Java, however, is a beer made from rice and *kantang* and called by the natives *bram*. The mixture is boiled in considerable quantities and is then put into large open tubs or vats and allowed to ferment and clarify. When this is completed it is put into earthenware vessels and buried in the ground and allowed to remain there for several months. The longer it is buried the stronger the liquor becomes, and therefore is more valuable. Should the beverage not prove strong enough for consumption, upon being taken out of the earth it is given another boiling, but this imparts a different flavour to the beer, which is readily discerned even by the novice. When *bram* has been kept for a number of years it becomes very ardent and quickly intoxicates the drinker.

The purely native drinks are not as a rule acceptable to the European palate, and the Dutch in order to overcome this shortness in supply have for many years been making a beverage which they call *klein* beer. That made at Batavia has the best reputation, and commands the highest price. It is what is termed a simple beer, not being hopped. It will not keep for more than a week or two and is also hard to transport. Evenings, after and during the last meal, is the time when this beer is used, and the popping of corks everywhere is a true indication of its popularity; aside from being a beverage it is also considered to

have some medicinal value, and it is pointed out that they who use *klein* beer regularly are far better in health than they who only use it occasionally. As to its intoxicating qualities they are so small that it would almost prove an impossible task for a person to consume enough for it to inebriate.

The making of arrack has been for many years in the hands of the Chinese, as it is found that these people are more particular in respect to detail than the Japanese, and as the industry is an important one, also a great source of revenue to the government, it behooves them to take especial care and precaution. Java arrack, particularly the white which is called *kneip*, commands the market everywhere in the East, among the wealthier classes. It is by no means a cheap beverage, and when mellowed by age is a most excellent and healthful drink. Europe, too, uses a great quantity of this spirit, but in this case it has a brown colour which is imparted to it from the barrels, made of teak, in which it is shipped. This wood also gives the spirit a rather spicy flavour which is very acceptable to the average palate. The price, at retail, for home consumption is exceedingly low, and a few years ago it was said that enough of it could be bought for a penny to make a person drunk, especially if that person happened to be a foreigner, upon whom it acts most readily, and often detrimentally. Caution must be observed in its use at first and until the visitor or new-comer becomes acclimated.

On the whole it must be admitted that the people of Java, native and otherwise, are a very temperate people, and little if any drunkenness is ever met with. At one time it was said that a drunken man in Batavia

was a fit subject for the doctor, for an excessive indulgence would generally prove fatal, and this fear of death was a great restraining influence, even to the most confirmed toper. It is in Java that the mangustin is to be found in all its perfection. Being indigenous to the island, it is more or less plentiful, and it is the one tropical fruit that never disappoints the eater. Pages have been written about it and songs have been sung extolling its unsurpassed qualities. Unlike the *durien*, which is also to be found here, it requires no education to become a disciple to its use. The first taste makes every one an ardent admirer of this gift of a kindly nature. It was M. Le Gentil who said, "Le mangoustein, ci roi des fruits," and the same thing has been said of it in every language.

Crawford writes:

Of the indigenous fruits, the mangustin (*garcinia mangostana*) is the first in rank. It is the most exquisite of Indian fruits, and, indeed, of all known fruits. It seems to meet the approbation of persons of the greatest diversity of tastes in other matters, whether that diversity arises from peculiarity of constitution, or from national habits and antipathies. It is mildly acid, and has an extreme delicacy of flavour, without being luscious or cloying. In external appearance it has the look of a ripe pomegranate, but is smaller, and more completely globular. A rind about three lines in thickness, somewhat hard on the outside but soft and succulent within, encloses large seeds, or kernels, surrounded by a soft semi-transparent snow-white pulp, which now and then has a very slight crimson blush. This pulp is the edible part of the fruit, and persons in robust health may, without prejudice, eat a much larger quantity of it than any other fruit. The *mangustin* is the peculiar production of the Indian islands

and all attempts to propagate it elsewhere have proved unsuccessful.

Although Mahomedanism is the prevailing religion among the natives of Java, it cannot be said even from the earliest times that they gave much attention to its precepts regarding the use of strong drinks. As one traveller aptly put it, "It is only necessary to give a native Javanese any kind of liquor to see him drink it." Dampier, who visited this land during the eighteenth century, thus describes a little bout that occurred:

This rice drink is made of rice boiled, and put into a jar, where it remains a long time steeping in water [probably *bram*]. I know not the manner of making it, but it is a very strong and pleasant drink. The evening, when the general (brother of the sultan of Majindanao) designed to be merry, he caused a jar of this drink to be brought into our room, and he began to drink first himself, then afterwards his men, so they took turns till they were all as drunk as swine, before they suffered us to drink. After they had enough, then we drank, and they drank no more, for they will not drink after us. The general leapt about our room for a little while, but, having his load, soon went to sleep.

It would be interesting indeed to trace the origin of such terms as "having his load." It is prevalent to-day, yet here we find it written by a man who died nearly two hundred years ago. That it was in common use then is self-evident, or Mr. Dampier would not have used it so neatly and pat. It truthfully describes a person who is suffering from an excessive amount of stimulation, but the question is who first used it and why did he make the simile?

The natives of the island of Sumatra are great users of all kinds of liquors, and like their neighbours the Javanese they also understand both the art of fermentation and distillation. The early history of Sumatra shows that distillation was an everyday matter with them, and the making of palm wine, which was known to them as *nera*, was rife with every one who was fortunate enough to own a few trees. Their dispositions, at the best, were none too docile, and when added to their quickness of temper when there is a large quantity of *nera* within, the danger of *amok* becomes more and more apparent. They are ever ready to resent an insult, and sometimes even an unintentional slight will cause the drawing of their favourite weapon, the *kris*, that every male young or old, rich or poor, invariably has about his person.

The adornment of the young girls and ladies of a family amounts to a passion with them, and even the poorest members of a tribe will have some gold or silver trinkets for their daughters. Among the more fortunate ones it is no uncommon sight to see their daughters decked out with six or seven hundred dollars' worth of jewels. But all these trinkets and adornments except a pair of stud-like ear-rings and the *sulung*, a necklet of massive gold or silver rings strung immovable, except for a little piece in front, on a cylinder of the same metal, are put one side when the girl becomes a bride. Their festivals and feasts are always held at the *palai*—a house of much larger proportions than the rest and ever at the disposal of any that choose to avail themselves of the privilege.

On a high occasion [says Forbes] the sight is a gay

one. All are in their best attire, the general crowd in whatever garments please their fancy most, but generally of the gayest colours of coats and head-cloths, and *sarongs*, suspended by large silver-and-gold-buckled belts, with ivory- and gold-handled *krisses* stuck in the waist. . . . The centre of attraction is the long line of maidenhood, glittering in silver and gold of native workmanship. The hair of each girl, neatly arranged and odoriferous from an abundance of cocoanut and *cajeput* oil, is tied in a knot behind and transfixed by a high back comb overlaid with gold plate; her head is covered with a coronet (*siggat*) of gold, of form and magnificence according to her *pangkat*. A shawl, worn sash-wise, hangs from the shoulders to the ground, while from above the middle hangs a rich *sarong*, or petticoat, of home grown and spun silk, interwoven with gold thread, and decorated with hundreds of small coins of the Dutch mint, which jingle pleasingly as she dances. Above this the body is girt with a silk *slendang*, half concealing the breasts. The arms, shoulders, and chest are bare except for the numerous gold and silver collars and necklets and bracelets, of patterns peculiar to her *marga* (village). Often these collars are composed of the large dollar pieces of Spain, Holland, and Mexico, and of English half crowns. Of the highest-born maidens, the arms from the wrist to the elbow are almost concealed by the display of pure barbaric gold, for they may wear as many bracelets as they choose; while their sisters less fortunate in the matter of blood and rank must conform to the regular number corresponding to their degree. The breast is overlaid with crescent-shaped gold plates, suspended in tiers; the waist is encircled by a belt of one of the precious metals secured by an elaborately carved buckle of the same material. The rather bony fingers are lengthened by additions of silver into talon-like claws; so that altogether the Lampong maiden presents a dazzling appearance in the dim uncertain light of a lamplit *palai*. The cost of such a costume

represents no mean sum. It is not uncommon for a girl to have as much as £100 worth of ornaments about her person at a festival. When all is ready, the ever monotonous music commences and the master of ceremonies, whose place is between the two lines, at a signal from the chief, calls—and his directions must be implicitly obeyed—on two of the maidens to dance. His office is both a delicate and a difficult one. He must himself be of good position in the community, and be more or less a general favourite; but especially must he be intimately acquainted with the social position and rank of all present; for should he unwittingly call on two maidens, or two youths, of different ranks to dance together he will have committed a mistake which has many a time turned the festival into a fight; for the parents or the relations of the higher-ranked of the dancers, feeling themselves insulted, have suddenly revenged themselves by *amok*—that mode of retribution which is to them the swiftest and most gratifying, the first victim being generally the unfortunate master of ceremonies himself.

Along the coast, where the palm-tree flourishes, the natives make a kind of beer instead of wine or toddy. They call this beverage *brum*, and while it is pleasant to the taste it is also very deceiving and the neophyte soon feels its influence. The natives, on the other hand, consume immense quantities of it without apparent injury. With these people almost every act in life must be sealed by the use of some liquid; if arrack, *nera*, or *brum* is not handy, water will suffice. The young man on leaving his home for a visit to some other tribe will give to his sweetheart a bamboo upon which is inscribed certain ideas of his and, perchance, some words of an endearing nature. The young lady will every day, while he is away, fill this bamboo with water and drink it in order that these two may mingle

together. The world is the same where'er we go, and Cupid repeats the only lesson he ever taught, to one and all alike. Whenever these people want to make an oath very solemn and effective they dip their *krisses* into either wine or water and then drink the liquid.

Nyabung (cock-fighting) is the ruling passion of these people, and were it not for this sport they would be in affluent circumstances, for the product of their land is such that the traders from other countries will pay good prices for, and the task of gathering them is small indeed but cock-fighting is second nature to them, and they are ever ready to risk whatever they have on the outcome of a battle.

The Chinese, who are to be found here by the thousands, make and sell a beverage that they call *hoc-ciu*. What it is made from very few but the makers know, but that it is quick and powerful in its action they who have used it readily attest. The Chinese do not use it to any extent, but when they have anything to sell the beverage soon comes into evidence, not for their use but for the buyers', who soon find to their cost that they should have followed the example of the Chinese and given it away.

The rites and ceremonies of the Timorese are invariably accompanied with the drinking of *laru*, a palm wine which they make in great quantities, and also a coarse gin-like liquor called *kanipa*, which they buy from the importers, generally the Chinese. The Chinese also make an arrack which is considered as being almost as good as the Java spirit. It is called *anice* and the better class of natives prefer it to *kanipa*. Another beverage that is made by the aborigines is

bacanassi. This is made from the juice or sap of the fan-palm. The sap is gathered in closely woven baskets and these in turn are suspended from branches until the liquid has ceased to ferment. It is not a very ardent drink and it does not retain its virtue more than a few days after manufacture. The Timorese have one peculiar trait that is not found elsewhere in this vicinity. When a person dies, his family and relatives cannot bury the body until they have enough goods on hand to provide a feast, and this festival is in accordance with the social and political standing of the man at the time of his demise. In the case of a poor man the feast of necessity is small, but where the man who dies is of high standing the cost will sometimes impoverish the whole family, and the funeral ceremonies are often, on this account, postponed until such a time as the relatives may have gathered sufficient wealth to warrant them in announcing the event. The time may be one month or it may be a century, and during this interval the body is placed in a little house built for the purpose, near by the next of kin; or if the house cannot be afforded, a wicker-worked bird-house-like structure is made and securely fastened to a limb of a tree. To prepare for the feast, it is necessary that there be plenty of *laru*, *kanipa* and arrack for drinking purposes, then Indian corn, rice, pigs, horses, sheep and goats, and buffaloes for eating.

In the matter of eating and drinking the Timorese does not differ very much from his brother savage. He is not much of an Epicurean and is not at all fastidious as to the ways and means taken to serve him with what he wants. The quality is truly secondary, but the quantity is most important, and herein is where

he excels—in eating and drinking as long as there is plenty of both; but if there is to be any shortness let it come in the eating line and he will be just as well satisfied. If the meats are half-cooked, so much the better, for he gets them the sooner and despatch in an affair of a feast is a virtue in his eyes.

Mr. Henry O. Forbes, in *The Wanderings of a Naturalist*, says:

Just at sunset we were surprised by the intrusion of a man, who beat a long and vigorous tattoo on a drum suspended in the centre of the building, to give, as was explained to us, information to the neighbourhood that the remains of the father and some other relatives of the Dato—an old white-haired man—which had been dangling some thirty years in the tree-tops which we had just passed, were at last to be buried and that every night till the feast was ready the drum would be beat at sunset. I had observed an unwonted activity of rice and Indian corn stamping and remarked the wealth of pigs and goats that we had to make our way through as we entered. All was now explained, as the preparation against the day of burial. When a member of a family dies at least three duties are imperative on the surviving relations before the body can be buried. First every blood relative without exception is bound to give, either in person or proxy, a gift of greater or less magnitude to the deceased. On arriving where the body is, each donor places his gifts on or near the corpse, and within its hearing fires off as many shots of his gun as he can afford; the greater the number, the greater is his respect, it is supposed, for the departed. The other essentials are a death and burial feast. . . . From the time the funeral company arrives, which is generally many days before that actually appointed for the interment, buffaloes and horses, sheep and pigs are ruthlessly butchered to satisfy

the insatiable appetites of these savages, who devour it half-cooked, and whose drink throughout the whole period of the ceremonies is confined to the strongest and coarsest arrack. Under the influence of this stimulant the women, starting up and falling into a ring, each beating a round drum, commence to dance, going round and round in a circle, at first slowly, then by degrees faster and faster till they become thoroughly excited. Shouting and bawling out unintelligible words or sentences they constantly increase the pace of their prance and the din of their voices till the men, at last becoming excited also, dress themselves in their war feathers and accoutrements, and, brandishing their swords, join in the drunken and demoniacal scene, which continues to increase in fury till the wearied-out frames of the performers sink through utter exhaustion, which it often requires, so mad is their frenzy, a whole circuit of the sun to produce. In such a scene the Timorese appear as pure savages.

They also have a ceremony which is called blood-brotherhood, or the swearing of eternal friendship, and is celebrated often by fearful orgies, especially when friendship is being made between families, tribes, or kingdoms. The ceremony is the same in substance, whether between two individuals or large companies. The contracting parties slash their arms, and collect the blood into a bamboo, into which *kanipa* or *laru* is poured. Having provided themselves with a small fig-tree they adjourn to some retired spot, taking with them the sword and spear from the *luli* chambers of their own houses, if between private individuals, or from the *uma-luli* of their *Suku*, if between large companies. Planting there the fig-tree, flanked by the sacred sword and spear, they hang on it a bamboo-receptacle into which, after pledging each other in a

portion of the mixed blood and *kanipa*, the remainder is poured. Then each swears, "If I be false and be not a true friend, may my blood issue from my mouth, ears, and nose as it does from this bamboo." The bottom of the receptacle being pricked at the same moment to allow the blood and liquor to escape. The tree remains and grows as a witness of their contract. It is one of their most sacred oaths and rarely violated, at least between individuals. They always carry a bamboo drinking-cup, so that in case they should meet some friend who had a supply of *kanipa* or *laru* they could partake of it at once.

On the islands of Oonape and Yap or Wap in the Caroline group the natives use the palm to a great extent for their beverages. They make a kind of toddy—called *atchif*—that differs considerably from the average, in being very sweet to the taste and not so intoxicating. Although savages, they are, nevertheless, very sociable and, unless offended, the life of a white man is generally safe. Being fond of entertainments and feasts, no opportunity is allowed to pass without one or the other. Their medium of exchange or money is made of a peculiar stone.

Mr. F. W. Christian in his *Caroline Islands* gives this account of their origin:

There was a wise old man in Tomil named Anagumang, to whom Le-gerem showed all the stars of heaven, and the seasons of their rising and setting. After three months' study this apt pupil took seven men with him (the usual "perfect number" in Yap tradition), manned a large Gothmite canoe, and sailed into the unknown southern waters, in quest of the land of Balao (the Pelew group), under the guiding of the constellation Mageriger or Pleiades.

A little to the northward of the last-mentioned island there lie certain conical islets named Kokial scattered about the wide lagoon. Here he found a new sort of shining stone (which the men of London call arragonite or calcite), and conceived the idea of hewing it into various portable forms to serve as a rude medium of exchange. There was an abundance of pearl-shell here as well, to which he helped himself liberally for the same purpose. The shining rock he found, and with infinite trouble cut it into the form of fishes about a yard long. Some fragments, for the sake of variety, his men worked into the shape of a crescent moon. Others again they clipped into wheels of different sizes, rounded like the orb of a full moon. With these last, when they had bored a big hole through the middle of each, Anagumang was satisfied, so they loaded up their canoe and returned; the voyage back only taking five days. When they took the stones ashore Le-gerem kept the wheels with the hole in the middle, and threw away the rest as worthless, and put into operation a powerful charm to centre all the desire of the people on the recognised standard coinage. Before this time, ruefully remarks the narrator, there was no fighting in Yap. Ever since that, however, there have been constant civil wars in the land, arising from the eagerness of each tribe to acquire a large portion of the coveted treasure.

Katereng is a drink of a tea-like flavour that these people make of a plant known to them, by the same name. It is not at all intoxicating but soothing and quieting in effect, and in fact is said to make an excellent draught for people suffering with fever. In making their *atchif* they will often put into it pieces of a bark called *chong*, a variety of mangrove. This will induce a speedier fermentation, and yet keep the toddy sweet. *Tob* is the name they give to the green cocoanut in

its drinking stage, and while in this condition the people never think of using water for drinking purposes, as *tob* is far superior in every way, being cooler, fresher, and decidedly more healthy.

Among the industrial features of these islands is the gathering and preparing of *beche-de-mer*, a sort of sea-slug or sea-cucumber. The business is fraught with more or less danger, but as it is very profitable there are plenty who will assume the risks. *Beche-de-mer* has a great many grades, but the finest for export, according to Christian, is:

“Li machamach-ueipel” “the favourite wife of the flame-tree,” called by trading skippers the tiger-fish, sometimes measuring a foot and a half in length. It is olive green, covered with yellow spots each surrounded by a circle of deep olive. The touch of its tenacles or entrails produces a most violent itching and burning on the skin like the sting of a nettle, and the water it squirts out when taken out of the water, if a drop gets in the eyes, causes violent inflammation and sometimes loss of sight.

The method of preparing the fish for market is as follows:

The slugs are taken straight ashore, split open with a knife, and the viscera (*wara*) taken out—a most unenviable piece of work—and they are boiled in a deep iron try-pot. A substantial drying-shed has already been erected, the framework of stakes of mangrove-wood, thatched and walled in from the winds on every side with solid layers of young palm-fronds cut when the leaflets grow thickest together. Only the narrowest of entrances is left. Within is constructed a platform of shutters of reed grass raised some four or five feet above the floor. On these the slugs, after the boiling process, are laid out to dry in a dense

column of smoke which a carefully tended fire of driftwood below sends up night and day. When thoroughly cured, in course of which process they undergo considerable shrinkage, the fish according to their class are put into sacks ready to be hoisted on board. They are kept carefully dry, as they spoil very rapidly with the least damp. The Chinese and Japanese value *beche-de-mer* very highly as a food, and pay very good prices, as much as £80 per ton having been realised with fish of the best quality. By a somewhat tedious preparation of shipping and soaking, the *beche-de-mer* is made into a delicious and a gelatinous soup, which has most invigorating properties, and when better known should take its place alongside of beef-tea and chicken-broth in the dietary of invalids, and as an easy rival of the much-vaunted turtle soup of civic banquets. For the turtle, as every native knows, owes his flavour to the sea-slugs he feeds upon during the breeding season.

Another beverage that is made from the palm in these islands is *karuoruo*. This is a wine that is soured during the process of fermentation, and so potent is it that it only requires one or two draughts of it to put all hands to a fighting pitch, and when freely indulged in it is not safe for either friend or foe to interfere with the drinkers, for they become almost maniacal in their fierceness.

Once on a time there was an angel in heaven by the name of Cherri-chou-lang, or the little angel from heaven, and he saw how mankind was troubled and he pitied their woes, and he bethought himself as to how he could soften their paths. So one day he let fall to the earth a piece of root, and when it had grown he taught the people how to make *choko*, and they have been happy ever since. *Choko* is the Ponapean

name for *kava*, and as Mr. Christian has written most learnedly and interestingly upon the subject his remarks are appended.

The plant from which this national beverage is made is pretty well known to the public from the description given in several South Sea books of travel. It is one of the *piperaceæ*, with the pendulous flower-catkins of its kind, broad deep green veined leaves, and spotted stalks, knotted at regular intervals, like those of the bamboo. It is the *cha kau* or *choko* of Ponape, the *seka* of Kusaie, the *namoluk* of the New Hebrides, the *vangona* of Fiji, and the *kava* or *ava* of the southwestern Polynesians. Botanists term it the *piper methysticum* or intoxicating pepper. The modes of preparation are various—in Samoa, by the chewing of the *Aualuma* or bevy of village girls; in Tonga, Fiji, and Ponape, by pounding between flat stones. In Samoa, however, nowadays the ruminating process, so horrifying to English readers and certain over-squeamish early voyagers, has given place, in the civilised districts, to grating. It is styled the *nasty root* and the *accursed liquor* by certain good and worthy missionaries whose convictions are sometimes sturdier than their charity. The symptoms, however, which follow an overdose of *kava* by no means coincide with the accepted notions of intoxication. The head remains perfectly clear, but the legs sometimes suffer a sort of temporary paralysis. This, however, as with tea, coffee, and alcohol, is only the punishment which, under a wise law of nature, the abuse or excessive use of any of her precious elixirs bears with it. *Abusus non tollit usum.*

CHAPTER IX

MADAGASCAR, MAURITIUS, SOLOMON ISLANDS, AND ERROMANGA

ALTHOUGH the island of Madagascar is but a few hundred miles from the coast of Africa it cannot be said that the Malagasy partakes very much of the characteristics of the people of the continent. There has of course been a mixture of the races, but the chief features plainly indicate an Asiatic origin. As in America there are still autochthonous people to be found on the island, but they are fast dying out, and as with our Indian they will soon be but a memory. Marco Polo was the first of what we may term our modern travellers to call attention to this land, but there can be but little doubt that the ancients knew of its existence as well. There is to be found in the writings of the olden times mention of a country that clearly indicates Madagascar; for instance Ptolemy in his *Tabulæ* calls it "Menuthias"; Tharetus names it "Pacras"; Pliny, "Oerne"; Diodorus Siculus, "Iamboli"; Aristotle, "Phanabalon"; Stephanus Byzanthius, "Menuthis"; and Arrian, "Menutheseas."

It is only recently that the appellation Madagascar has been accepted universally as the name for the land. The natives themselves had no specific title for their country, and it was known among them

variously as "The island of wild hogs," "This all," "This whole," "The land in the midst of the moving waters." The language is very difficult of acquirement to the average linguist, and as example of their (the natives') ability with their tongue the names of a certain chief and his son are here given. The father's name is Andriantsimitoviaminandriana, the son's Andrianimpoinimerina. These are names of important people and therefore they must be addressed by them whenever they appear upon the scene. There can be no shortening and no familiarity, but it is all right when you get used to it and your tongue has acquired three or four new joints that work backward and forward with equal facility and celerity.

The names of the beverages that these people indulge in, however, are not as long and difficult. Originally, it is claimed, the Malagasy had little if any taste for spirituous liquors; he was satisfied with water, if it was clear, or he would boil a piece of meat in it and use the broth. They certainly must have known the art of distillation at an early period, and now it is impossible to tell when it was introduced. Their folk-lore and traditions give no account of it, yet liquor has been made by them for centuries. Their use of the liquor that they made was very sparing, and this may account for their lack of traditions and legends in reference to it. With the advent of the foreigner there came a change, and the desire for stimulants increased in a most wonderful manner. Every land-owner who could raise a few acres of sugar-cane built himself a still, and the product was sold in the open market at about four cents a quart; there being no restrictions or tax upon the industry and labour being exceedingly

cheap and plentiful, this price returned the makers nearly fifty per cent. profit. The method of making *toaka*, for such they call it, is simplicity itself. Two round logs or trunks of trees, one, the under one, having a channel cut into it, and the other much heavier, are used for the purpose of extracting the juice from the cane, which is accomplished by laying the cane on the under log and rolling the other on it. The expressed juice runs down the channel or groove into some vessel, iron or stoneware or maybe a tight wooden box. It is then poured into any kind of a receptacle that will resist fire and is boiled. A piece of cloth through which is passed a bamboo may answer for the covering and the bamboo carries off the steam through a tube or cask of water which acts as a condenser. The spirit is caught at the other end in some vessel and is at once ready for the market and the people. From the berries of the *buddleia Madagascariensis*, sugar-cane, and honey a fermented beverage is made which has the rhythmic appellation of *besabesa*. It is not much of a drink, judged by our standard of taste, but the natives nevertheless are quite fond of it, and indulge in large quantities when the opportunity presents itself.

One practice that the Malagasy has is worthy of mention, and perhaps also of emulation in certain parts of our more civilised countries. Whenever a feast or gathering is to be held every man that attends it must go unarmed. He must leave his gun, spear, dagger, and sword at home; then in case of an overindulgence and small riot there is not much chance of murder being committed. Like other primitive people the Malagasy does not believe in leaving anything over in the drinking line, and all affairs continue

until the supply of liquid refreshments is exhausted. In some respects this method has its advantages, for every one knows that there is no possibility of procuring more, and therefore when one is sober the rest will soon be, the whole assembly being as one man first sober, then exhilarated, then excited, then sobering, then sober, then headache and the day after.

The seed of the fan-palm also furnishes a source of intoxication in the shape of a beverage called *satrana*, from the native name of the tree from which the seeds are procured. It readily becomes spirituous and powerful in its influence, but it has poor keeping qualities and therefore is only procurable when the seeds are ripe. A tree that is peculiar to Madagascar and yet is well known in America, especially to our ladies who use strips from its leaves for millinery purposes, is the *raffia*. It belongs to the palms and like them furnishes a toddy, known as *araffer*. *Araffer* when first drawn is very refreshing and exceedingly palatable, but it quickly ferments and becomes inebriating in a short space of time.

Bary-water or rice coffee is a very common and inexpensive drink to be found everywhere on the island. It is nothing more or less than water boiled in the vessel in which rice has been cooked and of which some particles and grains have adhered to the side of the pot. These impart a faint flavour, resembling, if the imagination is strong and active, coffee. The points of the compass, and more particularly north and south, are the terms used in telling or describing the position of any thing or person, in place of our familiar right and left. The custom, it is said, arises from the fact that all houses are built so as to face either the

north or south and hence the usage. To illustrate, the following story will be adequate:

A gentleman was once dining at the house of one of the powerful native chiefs, and during the repast a grain of rice adhered to his moustache. His host politely informed him of the circumstance, and the gentleman using his napkin tried to remove it, but wiped the wrong side of his mouth. He was corrected and set right by his entertainer saying, "No, no, it is on the *southern* side of your moustache."

The great source of supply of cool, refreshing water is the "traveller's tree" or *ravinala Madagascariensis*. Wherever these are found, close up to the leaf stalks there will be a little reservoir filled with the purest of water and easily procurable if one has a spear, or if that is lacking climb the tree and tap it with the blade of a knife.

A little more than five hundred miles east of Madagascar there lies an island that perhaps owes most of its reputation to a story that at some time or other almost every one has read or heard—Mauritius, the home of Paul and Virginia and also known, at one time, as the Isle of France. Territorially speaking, Mauritius is not much of an island, being only about thirty-six miles long and twenty-three miles wide. At the time of discovery by the Portuguese in 1507, the island was entirely uninhabited. The Portuguese did not think very much of their discovery and accordingly the Dutch took possession. But even this thrifty race could not find anything in it to remunerate them for their trouble, so shortly vacated it; they, however, bestowed upon it the name Mauritius. For five years

the island had to get along the best it could without an European master, when at the expiration of that time the French claimed it. They owned it until 1810, when the English captured it, and since that time it has been a dependency of British rule.

The cocoanut-palm flourishes in this soil and palm toddy is naturally a result, but they also dispose of a great deal of cocoanut-water. In fact this water is so much in demand that it is to be found on sale in all the public markets, and although sold at a very low figure, the profit upon the transaction is sufficient to enable the venders to accumulate quite a competency. The manufacture of rum is maintained on a considerable scale. Sugar-cane, of an excellent quality, is easily grown and, labour being cheap, the industry proves very remunerative. Every feature of the business is modern and improved, and no opportunity is ever overlooked in the improvement of the product and the extension of their markets. The white-ant is also plentiful on the island, and in this case the people put them to some use. They make a sort of tea of them which they say is very good indeed and extremely nourishing.

The Creoles also consider young wasps in their nests, broiled over a quick fire, an exceedingly fine dish, and if one of them is fortunate enough to find a nest while strolling through the jungle a halt is immediately called, a fire made, the nest broiled, and then he falls to with a sharp stick, picking out the insects and devouring them as fast as possible. There are not many holidays observed by the Creoles, but feasts and weddings take their place and a great deal of prominence is given to them, especially weddings.

Life on Mauritius is simple and easy. Everything is cheap and therefore hard work is not necessary. Rum and tobacco are their only luxuries and as they both are products of the island their cost is infinitesimal.

It almost reads like fiction to peruse the story of how the Solomon Islands were discovered, lost, and found again. The story is too long to be given here; suffice it to say that the Spanish navigator Alvaro De Mendana discovered them in 1567, and twenty years after he headed another expedition to these islands, but died on the island of Santa Cruz and the expedition collapsed. For nearly two hundred years, in fact just two hundred from the discovery, the islands were lost sight of and in some cases they were expunged from the charts. Carteret touched their shores in 1767, and during the following year, Bougainville explored them and named them *Terres des Arsacides*, but his own countrymen soon proved to him that they were the long-lost Solomon Islands. Mendana, as with the rest of the Spaniards of his day, was not so anxious for the finding of new territory as he was for the discovery of gold, but the records of his voyage show that none of it was to be had on the Solomon Islands. They did, however, find a chisel made from a nail, giving silent testimony of the fact that other ships had been there. They also found that the natives had three common beverages, the first a palm toddy which the simple savages fermented in the most primitive manner conceivable, *viz.* in a hole dug in the ground. The other beverage was given the name of *chica*, and it was made from a kind of pineapple, according to Hernando Gallego, who first mentions it. It was a great fly-attracter, and the insects housed about it, and more

often in it, in swarms. The last beverage, if such it may be termed, was the water extracted through the base of the leaf of the palm.

The method employed was to gouge out deep pockets in the cocoanut-palm and these would soon become filled with a cooling and refreshing drink of water. On one of the islands they also found two thin jars made of clay. The natives claimed that they were taken from a land far away, but as their only vessels were canoes the distance could not have been very great.

Even at this writing the interior of many of the islands has yet to be explored, and what is known about the people and their country is of little improvement on the tales of the first adventurers, who, considering their environments, were wonderfully accurate and most careful in the relation of their voyage.

On the island of Erromanga, also known as the Martyr Isle, owing to the fact that many missionaries have lost their lives there, at the hands of the natives, the people call their drink *nehave*. It is *kava* in its simplicity, the root being chewed by young boys and then put into a vessel, after which water is poured upon it and in a few minutes it is strained through the *nougat* of the cocoanut-tree. It is not manipulated as in other places, and for what reason is not known. Whether they think that it does not materially improve the beverage to work up the fibres they do not say, or whether they are too impatient to wait, which is more likely, they are likewise reticent about; but whatever the fact is, it must be admitted that they use it more freely and more often than their neighbours. They never allow a night to pass without having their pota-

tions. In some respects they set an example worthy of emulation. Under no circumstances will they indulge in the liquor during daylight, and it is only the men that are allowed to partake of it. Boys and women are compelled to abstain from it and the men, though they use it every night, do not abuse its use to any great extent. They drink just enough of it to put them asleep, and on awakening they are most generally in a peaceful and good-natured frame of mind somewhat different from their daylight existence, for then they are cruel, treacherous, and ready for evil at any moment. In fact as one writer graphically says, their first thought on seeing a stranger is "Will he kill me?" and the next is, "Can I kill him?"

In the matter of ceremonies, as for instance the birth of a son, especially if the father was a chief, *nehave* would be prepared that evening, the family and friends would assemble, and after loudly calling out the name that the child was to bear, the beverage would be drunk and the affair closed. Thus it would be with all their festivals, *nehave* being the first as well as the last of every event.

The stone oven answers all their requirements for cooking and some of the things they prepare in it are far from being objectionable. In fact it may be said that they are really excellent. *Tampumpie* is a fowl prepared as follows: Taro or yams are cut into thin slices and put into the prepared oven, in the middle of which is placed a fowl well plucked and cleaned. Over the whole mass is grated cocoanut mixed with salt. Water is poured on and it is left to cook, the result being extremely satisfactory to even an epicure. While the oven is a primitive affair it is most effective,

and in the hands of a native woman who is at all desirous of pleasing her lord and master it can be made to do wonders.

In Erromanga the *modus operandi* of preparing an oven and meal is as follows, says H. A. Robertson, in *The Martyr Isle, Erromanga*:

The big meal of the day is the evening one. When the people return from their gardens, about four o'clock in the afternoon, or often much later during the planting season, they begin at once to prepare their puddings. A great hole is dug in the ground and lined with a layer of stones, a fire is kindled on these, and on this again a number of fairly large stones are thrown. While the oven is heating, the food is prepared for it. Generally the "woman of the house" will attend to this, though her husband often helps. Banana leaves, which have had the thick part of the centre vein peeled off, are laid for a moment over the smoking fire. This makes them pliable and tempers them for the heat of the oven. The woman then lifts her *vam*, *taro*, or banana, as the case may be, and sitting on the ground with several layers of leaves beside her, she takes her grater—two or three prickly stalks of the tree-fern—and busily grates up and down until the food is like a pulp. If she is making a *neoki* she now takes another leaf or dish in which cocoanut has been grated, and mixes with it the meat of prawns, which have been caught some distance up the river. This mixture is then laid on the mashed yams or taro, the outer part of this again being folded over the cocoanut in the style of a sandwich. The banana leaves are then carefully brought over each other, and tied up with the stem or centre vein which was taken off at the first, or with any creeper that may be handy. These have been placed under the leaves before the pudding is prepared, so that nothing may be moved in the tying. It is now ready for the oven, and the upper stones, which are by this time thor-

oughly heated, are lifted off with a forked stick, called the *woreso* or *worehuvi*. The fire is then poked away till the lower layer of stones is reached. On this are placed numbers of leaves and on these again the *neoki*, which has just been made; leaves are thrown on top of this, then one hot stone after another. Leaves are again put over these, and all are covered in with earth and raised in the shape of a mound. The food is left to steam about two hours. The earth is then scraped away by halved cocoanut-shells, the *woreso* being again used for lifting off the stones. The *neoki* is found thoroughly cooked, and, when cut, shows the rich red of the prawn right through the cocoanut, the flavour of the fish giving the food a delicious taste. An *opi-opi* is made by cutting up *tampoli* (cabbage) into shreds, and putting it between the yam instead of grated cocoanut. Instead of being used in that way the cocoanut is mixed with a little salt water, and then strained onto the cabbage through a strainer made of the fibrous "cloth" which hangs over the bark of the cocoanut-tree. The yam is folded over this in the same way as the *neoki*.

With the Erromangan a feast or *nisekar* was sometimes of considerable moment as well as a large outlay of capital and labour. Months were often consumed in gathering together a sufficient quantity for the purpose. Large scaffolds, often a hundred feet high, would be erected and yams and other food-roots would be suspended from them. At the bottom of the scaffold pigs by the dozen would be placed and fed till they were so fat that they could hardly walk. Fowls of all kinds and fresh vegetables were in evidence, much beyond any idea of what a white man would consider amply sufficient, and it is hardly necessary to add, plenty of the material for making *nehave* was also ready. A *nisekar* was not a matter of a day or two or even of weeks;

a whole season was consumed, during which time it was one round of festivities. First one *fan-to* or chief would invite a neighbouring tribe and everything was pleasant after the sham fight with which these occasions were started. The guests would remain until all the edibles were consumed, and then they would return the courtesy and invite the host to become their guest. Sometimes, though, the sham fights would become more real than otherwise. Some old score between individuals had to be settled, and during the melee a harder blow would be given than was deemed necessary; if the recipient was only wounded nothing would be thought of it, but if the injury appeared to be fatal, then there would be trouble, and the guests would generally depart hastily, if they would not be killed. These accidents(?), however, did not occur very often, for they meant the termination of a good time that had not yet fully developed.

Dancing and singing were the two great amusements and both men and women indulged to their hearts' content. Trading of wives was also a great factor and the laying of plots for murder and robbery occupied the minds of the men during a great part of the time. One would hardly think that, with all their knowledge of cookery and the plentiful supply of meat in the shape of pigs and fowls, the Erromangans would be cannibals, but such they were and a white man went among them with his life hanging by a thread at all times, and many a poor fellow has met this dreadful end at their hands.

CHAPTER X

PERSIA

HERODOTUS, who visited Persia somewhere between the years of 464-447 B.C., says that the people of Iran would always discuss the most important matters over wine, and the more wine they consumed the more acute and accurate became their judgments. This may seem somewhat strange at the present day, but Herodotus was not alone in his observation, for Strabo some four hundred years later confirmed it, saying, "Their counsels and decrees were firmer if made at that time than when sober."

When and how the Persians first began the making and drinking of wine is something that is lost in antiquity with no likelihood of its ever being revealed. By several of the ancient writers Persia was ascribed as being the home or birthplace of the grape, and also that the art of wine-making emanated from there, and many and ingenious were the stories told to substantiate these ideas. But be these tales facts or myths the truth remains that the Persians have for many centuries been heavy drinkers of wines and liquors. With the advent of Mohammed and his followers and the subsequent conquering of the land, installing at the same time the religion of the Koran, there was put a check upon the making of wine. The

Persians relegated its manufacture to the "unbelievers," particularly the Jews and Armenians, but it cannot be said that it lessened their desire for ardent drinks, or in fact circumscribed it, except perhaps in a public way, for every man of means always seemed to have a supply on hand that was ready at any time. They have an adage that says "There is as much harm in a glass as in a flagon," and accordingly they drink, if possible, the flagon.

Drunkenness is no disgrace with them, and therefore it behooves the stranger in the land to proceed carefully when using their wines. More than two hundred years ago Doctor Fryer had this to say of Shiraz wines:

The wines of the growth of this country are esteemed the most stomachical and generous in all Persia, and fittest for common drinking when allayed a little with water, otherwise too heady for the brain and heavy for the stomach, this passage being retarded for want of that proper vehicle. It is incredible to see what quantities they drink at a merry meeting, and how unconcerned the next day they appear, and brisk about their business, and will quaff you thus a whole week together.

It is the same to-day. The people are convivial to a wonderful degree and, as living is cheap in every particular, it is readily seen that to foster this habit is no great task. As with drinking, so it is with eating. Enormous quantities and great varieties are consumed at every meal. They are very punctilious in this matter and a man is known, especially while travelling, by the number of dishes he has served at his meals. If he be of high degree anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five plates each containing a different viand will suffice, and

his servants will see to it that he gets the proper number whether he wants them or not. To impart an idea of what a dinner means in Persia the following bill of fare is appended. This dinner was given at a private house to a private gentleman and was in no wise extraordinary:

Chilao—White rice with a little butter.

Qalam palajo—Cabbage pilao.

Kabab-i-chuja—Broiled chicken.

Shami—Meat sausages.

Khurish-i-murgh-i-badingan—Stewed chickens, with tomatoes.

Dulmaji qalam—Meat, onions, and beans wrapped and cooked in cabbage leaves.

Ab-jusht—Soup with a piece of meat in it.

Ku-ku—Vegetable omelette.

Halwa—Honey, camels' milk, and pistache.

Mushta—Rissoles.

Kharbuz—Melon.

Panis—Cheese.

Turb—Radishes.

Pista—Pistachio nuts.

Nar—Pomegranates.

Zaban-i-gaw—Green bombes.

Turshi—Pickles of all kinds.

Pishta—Green and white vermicelli cakes.

Murabba bihi—Preserved gum.

Mast—Curds.

Mast, by the way, is the national non-intoxicating drink of the people. The wealthy and the poor alike drink it every day and as often as they feel thirsty. It is prepared by first warming some fresh milk and then adding some that is curdled; then it is cooled. In a few hours it is set and the cream rises to the top; at

this stage it is most acceptable to the foreigner, but the native prefers it after it has become slightly acid. An offshoot of *mast* is *doogh*, which is made by adding water and a sprig of mint, also ice, to fermented *mast*. It is said to be very wholesome and an admirable thirst-quencher.

Scangebee is also another summer drink esteemed by the people. It differs from *doogh* in that it has vinegar and sugar added to it and the *mast* is used while sweet. *Gulab*, or rose water, is much used as a beverage by the more wealthy, but on the whole its greatest use is as a perfume. Tea is also a great drink with them, but their method of use it is not as a rule to the taste of other people. In the first place the cups are too small, and in the second it is sugared to such an extent that it becomes nauseating. If at a dinner and the host wishes to show that the guest is one to be honoured he will of himself sweeten the tea, and he is not satisfied until enough sugar has been put into the cup to form an island in the middle and above the liquid. Sometimes *tourchee*—the juice of the lime—is used with the sugar; this imparts a very pleasant taste if used sparingly and is also wholesome.

Another custom thoroughly characteristic of the people is the sending of a dinner to a friend and following it to be a guest. It is a common compliment to ask the privilege of sending a little *nooni-jow*, literally barley bread, but although the bread may be there there are often fifty or sixty other plates with it and the affair resolves itself into a feast extending into the small hours of the night. Fruit juices of all kinds are used extensively as beverages by the people. Some drink them as soon as expressed, while, when

opportunity allows, they are fermented and stored away for future use.

Narab, or the juice of the pomegranate, ranks very high in their estimation both as a beverage and a remedy in sickness, and incidentally in the preparation of many of their culinary achievements. Water in Persia is more or less costly and seldom good, especially in the larger cities. Ice, however, is plentiful, and accordingly cheap, and sherbet is in evidence wherever one may go, except in the desert; for Persia grows to perfection almost every fruit, and with plenty of ice and fruit syrup a sherbet is soon concocted that is at once delicious and refreshing. The use of sherbet is universal, not only at meals but upon entering and leaving a house. It is made in a large bowl and is placed where the guest will readily see it, and he is expected to help himself at arrival and departure. These bowls are always carved in *gulabi* (pear) wood and so fine is the work that they often are exceedingly costly. Some are as much as two feet in depth, and the sides are so thin that they are almost transparent. The spoons, too, called *kashuks*, from which the liquid is drunk, are made of the same wood and most elaborately filigreed. Generally they have handles from ten inches to twenty inches in length, and the really fine ones are so slight that the weight of the liquid makes them quiver like an aspen leaf and it becomes quite a task to the novice to learn how to use them properly.

In 1686 Sir John Chardin described the use of water-vessels as follows:

This is peculiar to the white ware which is thence trans-

ported, that in the summer it cools the water wonderfully and very suddenly by reason of continual transpiration. So that they, who desire to drink cool and delicious, never drink in the same pot above five or six days at most. They wash it with rose water the first time, to take away the smell of the earth; and they hang it in the air full of water, wrapt up in a moist linen cloth. A fourth part of the water transpires in six hours the first time, after that, less from day to day, till at last the pores are closed up by the thick matter contained in the water which stops in the pores. But as soon as the pores are stopped the water stinks in the pots, and you must take new ones.

It is the same to-day, for Persia is a land of retention rather than advancement, and the practices of a thousand years ago are in vogue to-day with this difference, that in numbers of branches there has been a retrogradation and many arts in which they excelled several hundred years ago are to-day lost. The filtering of water is a necessity in the larger cities, but when travelling through the desert the natives are very sceptical as to its efficacy and would rather drink the salt, brackish, stagnant water. A certain traveller relates the following as an illustration of how the natives feel and think upon the subject: One day his servant was filtering some water, when he was observed by a native who stood and watched the process for a few minutes, then turning on his heel he went directly to the master and said: "Sahib, do you know what that dog of a servant is doing? He is taking *all* the colour, *all* the strength, and *all* the smell out of the water you are going to drink." Pages could be written upon the subject, but could it be better told?

Cooking in the desert is a fine art and the native

cooks excel in making *nan* or bread. They take stones about four inches in diameter and as smooth and round as can be found. These are made red-hot on a fire and then a paste made of flour, water, and salt is spread all over them, making an envelope about an inch thick. Care must be used to get this paste on evenly and smooth, and when this is accomplished the prepared stones are placed in a circle about a blazing fire so that the outside as well as the inside would be baked. The result is fine indeed, being very palatable and nourishing.

Although the wines of Shiraz are the better known wines of Persia they are by no means the only ones that are made in this country. Sir John Chardin mentions the fact that Persian wines were made in Media, Hyrcania, Georgia, Armenia, Shiraz, and Yezd. His preface to his remarks is worth reading; he says:

Wine and intoxicating liquors are forbidden the Moham-medans: yet there is scarce any one who does not drink of some sort of strong liquor. The Courtiers, Gentlemen, and Rakes drink wine; and as they all use it as a remedy against sorrow, and that one Part drink it to put them to sleep, and the other to warm and make them merry, they generally drink the strongest and most heady, and if it does not make them presently drunk, they say, "What wine is this? It does not cause mirth." The present day zones are Azerbaijan in the north-west, Khorasan in the north-east and Shiraz in the south. The chief centres of manufacture are Shiraz, Isfahan, Hanradan, Kazvin, Kerman, Yezd, Kuchan, Shahrud, Meshed and Teheran. Statistics as to the amount made cannot be had as no record is kept. Tavenier who was in Persia in 1666 says that the annual output in Shiraz was 200.025 *mans* or 4.125 *tuns* of 300 pints each but he does not say how he arrived at the result.

The Hamadan wine greatly resembles hock. It is a delicious, pale, scented, straw-coloured wine, a little too sweet and apparently of no great strength; but it is only apparently, for it quickly gets to the head, and when there stays for an unconscionable length of time. Three small glasses will surely produce a headache. It is a very poor keeping wine, as a rule turning sour by the second summer, especially if bottled. The natives, however, know how to keep it in bulk, which they do by burying the jars half their depth in the ground, and during the winter covering them with fermenting horse manure to keep the wine from freezing, but this does not always work and the wine has to be chopped out. This freezing removes the headache qualities and it also spoils the bouquet and flavour. The cost of the wine varies from two cents to eight cents a pint according to the supply of grapes. Teheran wine has a very poor reputation, even among the Persians; it resembles a Burgundy in colour, but that is all.

Isfahan makes two kinds of wine, red and white; the latter has a flavour very much like *muscat*, while the red partakes of port. Kerman wine is very heady and also rough, but the people like it that way, so the demand for it is good. Yezd wine is like the Hamadan product, but a better keeper. Kishmish wine made from the Kishmish grape, which by the way is the smallest grape grown in Persia, and is also made into raisins of the kind known in America as the Sultana, is bright yellow in colour and has a delicate bouquet, but like its cousins it is very strong in alcohol and quickly intoxicates. The method pursued in making wine in Persia is crude and simple, yet withal effective.

Perhaps the best illustration of the art is to be found in C. J. Wills, M.D., *In the Land of the Lion and Sun*. The Doctor had long been a resident of this ancient country and his observations and remarks carry with them an authenticity that is pleasing and satisfactory to the reader. The tale also gives an insight into the customs and habits of the people which is worthy of perusal. How wine is made follows:

My friend the Moollah, Hadji Ali Akbar (the priest who had accompanied me in my march), impressed on me the great importance of making my own wine. I pointed out that probably a first brew would turn out badly, but he overruled me. "The fact is," said he, "I want to make wine for myself. I can't do it in my own house, I am a Mohammedan priest; and if I get the Jews to make it for me, that is worse, for it will be bad, and I am a connoisseur. If I make it here, sahib, I shall make it good, and kill two birds with one stone: you and I will get good wine and there will be no scandal." After some hesitation I consented. I gave my priestly friend *carte blanche* to buy grapes for me, and in fact left it all to him. The grapes used for making the real *cholar* wine are brought from the vineyards, four days' march off, on camels or mules; they are carefully packed in strong baskets, called *lodahs*, and are covered with brushwood to keep off the hands of the hungry. The grapes brought from the immediate vicinity of the town, being cultivated by irrigation, are watery, and the wine made from them will not keep: it is made and drunk at once, and, being quite new, gives a fearful headache. Of course we were to buy the *cholar* grapes, and, as many of the Shiraz grandees were wanting them for wine-making, the hadji thought it better that we should send a trusty muleteer and his string of mules with one of my own men. It was arranged that the

grapes already bought by the hadji were, on nearing the town, to be escorted by all my servants, and so brought directly to my house, as otherwise they would be surely intercepted and taken to the house of some big-wig, whose servants would simply carry them off, thus securing real *cholar* grapes, and then sending me the value, with a polite message, saying that he thought the grapes were his own. I sent my head-man off and we began our preparations. A large dry room was carefully swept out to receive the jars or *kumrahs*. These jars had been carefully selected by the hadji and were old ones that wine had been previously made in; good wine can not be made in *new* jars. Several were rejected as having held vinegar. These, had they been used, would have spoiled the wine. Each jar was carefully scrubbed inside and out, and then put in the strong sun for several days to air and thoroughly dry out. Then they were carefully dusted, and the inside painted with hot tallow; this rendered the porous jars thoroughly water-tight. They were now taken into the room which had been made ready, and placed in rows, but clear of each other, and a cloth placed over the mouth of each, and on this a lid an inch thick of woven rushes. Each jar was about four feet high; the shape was that of two cones base to base; the size around the middle was seven feet, and the mouth was three feet in circumference—each jar held about one hundred and forty quarts or bottles. I had thirty jars, and as each jar would make, on an average, half the wine it would hold, I might reckon on two thousand one hundred bottles. Of these hadji was to have one-third, and the rest I was to lay down for future use. The hadji warned me that a good deal of trouble was incurred in wine-making, and that it was impossible to trust to servants in the matter. “You or I will have to be actually present to see the various processes carried out, and the rest of the time the wine must be under lock and key.”

On the night of the 7th of October I got a note from

my servant that he had bought his grapes, and should enter the town an hour after midnight, and he besought me earnestly to send a sufficient escort, or, better, to go myself. Off I started with all my servants, except my door-keeper; the hadji accompanied me, to act as a *disinterested* witness in case there was any row. It was quite as well I went, for I found my man with his thirty-five mule-loads of grapes being marched off to the house of a Persian grandee. Fortunately the streets were clear, and as my servants outnumbered the two blusterers who had terrified the muleteers by threats, I succeeded in arriving at my own door with the entire thirty-five loads in good order. Here I was met by two men from the custom-house, who insisted on the whole consignment going at once to the custom-house, and suggested backshish. This offer I declined, and, at the hadji's suggestion, I gave them an acknowledgment that I had thirty-five loads of grapes, and that if any duty was leviable I would pay it. With this they had to be contented, and walked off grumbling. After some hours' work the seventy *lodahs* (or hampers) of grapes were got into the courtyard; then they had to be weighed, a lengthy process. There were exactly twelve hundred *maunds* Tabriz, or eight thousand four hundred pounds net of grapes. They were quite ripe, and unbruised, and were carefully packed in the *lodahs* with leaves, and covered with brush-wood.

Now commenced the wine-making. Basket after basket was emptied into *hasseens*, or flat earthen pans. In these the grapes were thoroughly trodden out, and the juice, stalks, and husks were shot into jars. As each jar was filled within an eighth of the top the cloth was spread over the mouth of it, and the lid placed on it. It was then left to ferment. The treading-out process occupied forty-eight hours, and I was heartily glad when it was over. Either the hadji or I was present all of the time, to see that the work was thoroughly done, and that *no water*, under

any pretext, was brought to the scene of operations. The slightest moisture spoils the wine. The bunches were sorted as they were taken from the *lodahs*; all the unripe and rotten grapes, of which there were very few, removed; and the examined bunches were then thrown under the feet of the treaders. When each pan was trodden, its contents was carefully gone over, to see that there were no unbroken grapes. Those that were discovered were crushed at once by the fingers, and then the panful was emptied into the jar. The *cholar* grape is generally white, very few black vines being found. These grapes being grown on terraces on the mountains, cannot be irrigated; hence the keeping properties of the wine. Probably no other wine would keep, made in such a hot climate as Shiraz is, more than the year. That from the *cholar* grape *never* goes bad. The grape is quite globular, and the size of a large marble-taw; they cannot be mistaken for any other kind. They are not nice for eating, having a harsh skin and many stones.

At last all the grapes being crushed and in the jars, or *kumrahs*, as they are called, the room was carefully swept out again and the door locked. Fermentation had already commenced, as a slight crackling noise could be heard from the jars that had been filled first. The Hadji now prepared three plungers of wood. Each was made like what laundresses call a copper-stick, but had at the extremity four blades of thin plank at right angles to the stick, about six inches long and two broad. These were for thoroughly mixing and working up the mass of husks, stalks, and juice. On going to the wine-room fifty-six hours after the process had commenced, the first six jars were found sufficiently progressed to proceed with. The grapes and husks had come to the surface and formed a compact cake, which floated on the fermenting juice, and nearly touched the lid. A buzzing noise came from most of the jars, caused by the bursting of innumerable

small bubbles, and the temperature of the room was considerably raised by the heat evolved. The hadji drew my attention to the fact that the jars were getting hot, which was satisfactory, showing that fermentation had thoroughly set in. With the plunger he now thrust the cake of crushed grapes, etc., that had formed on the four first jars to the bottom, and a considerable escape of gas ensued. The plunger was spun round in the liquor with both hands, and the contents of the jar thoroughly mixed, the cloth and cover were replaced, and the door locked. In four hours' time the process had to be repeated on eleven more jars and the four original ones. Again in three hours' time a fresh visit had to be made, and these had to be more and more frequent. Thus great attention was required, for as the room got warmer, by the heat evolved by the fermenting juice, so did the fermentation increase in violence. In some jars it was very furious, and from these the hadji removed the rushwork lids leaving the cloths on, however. The hadji had with him two of my servants, and he and they crushed in their hands all the grapes that they found in the risen cake that had escaped the feet of the treaders.

I had arranged that the wine, when made, was to be divided between us haphazard, and now the priest told me that I must make up my mind how I wished to have my wine—fruity, syrupy, dry, or very dry. For though as yet the jars had been treated exactly in the same way, *now* the treatment must differ for making the various different varieties. He told me that for immediate drinking, *i.e.* after the next summer, a dry variety was best, but that for indefinite keeping the more fruity the wine the better. The jars were now marked, and from those that were wanted to contain very fruity wine the husks and stalks were removed, and these husks were added to those which were wished very dry and astringent. For the fruity, the stalks only were removed and thrown away; while

from the dry, things were left in *statu quo*, and the stalks removed with the husks on the twenty-first day (at about this time fermentation had nearly ceased).

On the fifth day after commencement, the hadji began to tilt the jars, and after removing any unripe grapes and some stalks from the cake which always formed, but each day grew thinner, he with bare arm and expanded fingers began to stir up the liquor, which he had previously mixed with the plunger. A sweep all round the wall of the jar was taken at the full depth of his arm, and he counted one for each stir, that was done with all his strength. As he stirred he counted aloud, and his four attendants had to do the same. When they got to a hundred strokes they all stopped stirring. This was done at first once a day, afterwards twice, and as fermentation was passing away, again only once a day. It was really hard work, and the hadji did it and saw it done, never shirking. I was considerably amused at seeing the priest actually carrying on the art of wine-making and *instructing the unbeliever*.

By about the twenty-fourth day the wine was ready for clearing of the husks. The sweet wine had already no husk in it, having been transferred to the jars containing the very dry. The stalks, too, of all the various jars had in the process of mixing been gradually removed. These, with all the unripe grapes and husks, which had been day by day taken out and squeezed, a handful or two at a time, were cast into a jar and preserved for distillation. A few jars were cleared by being filtered through a coarse canvas bag, which was hung into the interior of a *kumrah*, being lashed to the rim by a cord, and gradually drawn off by a tap which had been inserted in the bottom. This was stored in sealed carboys. The hadji strongly advised me to treat the wine I meant to lay down in a different manner, assuring me that I would find it a better plan. I did as he directed, and, my men pouring the contents of each jar into a basket, I thus cleared it of the coarser

impurities only, such as husks, grape-stones, etc., and the fluid, of the colour and consistency of thin pea-soup, was put into the jars, which were now filled to within an inch of the brim; the mouth was tied over with the cloth, on the cloth was placed the rushen lid, and the covers being turned over, the whole was plastered with a layer an inch thick of straw and mud, In twenty-four hours this was dry and the wine-making was over. I had ten jars of unfiltered wine, of which about one twelfth would be sediment; each jar contained forty *maunds* Tabriz each of seven pounds or pints. I thus had four hundred *maunds* of wine, or fourteen hundred quarts, of which one twelfth, or say one hundred bottles, had to be deducted. Thirteen hundred bottles remained, certainly enough for three years. Besides this I had about one hundred bottles cleared and filtered for present drinking. Total, fourteen hundred bottles for my share. The cost had been:

<i>Kerans.</i>		<i>Kerans.</i>	
		Per Contra.	
Thirty jars at five kerans,	150	Paid me by Jews for re-	
Twenty loads of grapes...	750	fuse for arrack-making	50
Carriage of same.....	60	Resale of jars.....	140
Cost of labour etc.....	100	Total.....	190
Total.....	1060		

Total cost 870 *kerans* or about 5½d. per bottle.

When the autumn time came, I took the uncleaned wine and put it in carboys. These were sealed up and placed in a dry cellar. The remnant of sour wine, some years after, I had the pleasure of seeing sold by auction for the highest price ever fetched in Persia on the spot, viz., two *kerans* (one and six pence) a bottle. It had been nine years in bottle, and was *very* like a virgin sherry, very astringent and light to the taste, but very powerful.

I only once made wine again; one's house is thoroughly upset, and one has wine on the brain. It is very interesting, of course, to do it all for the first time, but it is a ticklish affair, and requires an immense amount of personal atten-

tion. The new wine is drinkable, and is like a light Bucellas to the taste by the succeeding May; but it is then exceedingly heady, and most intoxicating; one glass will give the most fearful headache, while to the taste it appears a light wine. No one who is a connoisseur will drink the new wine, on account of the headache which follows. This, however, need not be dreaded after the second year, when the wine is thoroughly drinkable. The fine aroma and bouquet only come with age; and the nutty flavour, which is very strongly marked in good old Shiraz wine, is not found until it has remained five years in the carboy. . . .

Persian wine much improves by bottling. I made a point of filling all wine, brandy, and beer bottles with Shiraz wine; a thick crust is thrown down, and it improves more rapidly, strange to say, when in bottle than in bulk. As a rule the Persians, when they store it in carboys, merely put a bit of rag or cotton-wool in the mouth, not even trying to keep out the air; but so good is the wine that it stands even this treatment, and this, too, though perfectly pure, and with no addition of spirit or other adulteration! From the refuse the arrack is distilled by the Jews, and it is a profitable operation; they sell the strong pure spirit at one shilling a quart.

The room where the wine-making goes on is much haunted by wasps, but the exhalations kill them. I fortunately did my wine-making in a separate court-yard, and so was not troubled by them, but they are, unless one takes this precaution, a great nuisance. The carboys have to be ordered of the glass-blowers. They are well made, and hold from ten to four-and-twenty bottles. A rush-worker has then to be engaged, who sits in the corner of the court-yard and with handfuls of rushes makes a kind of rope. This he sews into an upper and a lower cup. The upper one, having a hole in the middle, is thrust over the neck of the carboy, which is then placed on the lower one. The two edges are sewn together, and the fragile car-

boy is safely packed, and will travel long distances securely. Many, for economy's sake, buy the carboys in which rose-water has been stored, for they are to be had very cheap; but a sort of false bouquet is produced, which is very distasteful to the connoisseur, and puzzles one much on first tasting it. When wine is to be packed for transport, it is usually packed in *bagghallis*, or native bottles; these, too, have to be ordered from a glass-blower; they are, when empty, very fragile, but of considerable strength when full; they hold a pint and a half. They have a little cotton-wool crammed into the neck, and on this is poured melted beeswax; they are thus securely fastened. A box of thin planks, three feet by two, is made (the planks sewn, not nailed, together); in this four to six dozen are packed in loose straw, a rush mat two inches thick is sewn on the top, and the thing is done. A load of wine thus packed will travel over the roughest roads by mule or camel for a thousand miles without coming to grief. I was glad to have made my wine myself, or rather under my own eye, as the same year that made by the Jews for the governor all turned sour, and was, of course, spoilt.

While at Julfa Doctor Wills met a Protestant Armenian pastor, and of him, and also the town, he says:

This man and one other are the only teetotallers of Julfa, which may dispute the palm with any Scotch town for capability of swallowing liquor on a Sunday. So common is drunkenness here that an old cook of mine, an English-speaking Armenian, used to say to me on Sunday night, "Dinner finished, sir; if you no orders, I go get drunk with my priest." Needless to add, they both did get drunk, and that it was at the cook's expense.

In all parts of Persia wherever grapes grow or can be procured wine-making is more of an individual industry

than a corporate enterprise. This fact in itself is in nowise strange or unusual until it is considered that the wine-making is only a means to an end; for the people who make the wine never drink it. What they want for their own consumption is the aftermath of the wine-making. This, the stems, skins, and stalks, or in other words the pumice, is the great desideratum; from this the arrack or, as the Persians call it, *raki* is made. After the wine has clarified itself, this refuse is immersed in water and allowed to ferment, when it is distilled. Sometimes distillation is repeated three times, with the result that *raki* becomes at once very fiery and intoxicating. These features, however, are what is required in good *raki*, and, therefore they become the standard of judgment. It is often coloured, generally a bright green, and flavoured with *rasianah*, or any other herb that will impart to it a different taste. This is a very common practice and has led many to believe that Persia is a land of cordials, but although the stranger may be deceived the native is never in ignorance as to what he is drinking, *viz.*, flavoured *raki*.

Flavouring, however, is not the only artifice to which *raki* is subjected: peppers and other fiery substances are often incorporated in it, and when so adulterated it is commonly known as "fixed bayonets" and, perverse though it may seem, in this state it is most in demand.

Another powerful intoxicant, much used by all classes, is *bhang*, made from Indian hemp. The action of this stimulant just before it stupefies the victim is to make of him or her a fiend incarnate. Undoubtedly more crimes of a revolting nature have been committed

in Persia under the influence of this concoction than through any other medium though thrice doubled. The users of *bhang* can readily be distinguished among a number of people, as it soon destroys the health of its advocates, but in Persia little attention is paid to an inebriated person, so long as he does not become quarrelsome and riotous. Spoiled or sour wine mixed with *raki* is a very common drink with the poorer classes, and quite a trade is done in the mixtures. The traffic is against the law, but little attention is paid to that fact even by the authorities. As a general rule it is the Armenian who conducts the business, and the practice is to invite the Persian to his house, and upon entering, he at once hands his host his weapons and a certain sum of money. These formalities being over the Persian proceeds to drink himself full of the compound, and when he has become sufficiently drunk he is taken to the door, his weapons are restored to him, and he is allowed to roam the streets or to fall anywhere and sleep off his debauch. Of course in this condition, when not asleep, he is dangerous and murder is frequent.

Ma-ul-hyat is another fiery liquor. It is made from orange-peel, which is macerated and allowed to ferment and then distilled. Owing to its lightning-like qualities in producing intoxication it ranks high in the category of Persian beverages, but the traveller is generally satisfied with one small sample, for even that will affect him disagreeably. Along the coast of the Persian Gulf, and more especially in the vicinity of Gombroon, the people have a beverage which greatly appeals to the foreigner; it is called *palepunsken* and, although in time it will intoxicate, the effect is in

nowise severe or lasting. It may be said for *pale-punskén* that it is a refreshing and withal a wholesome drink. Another beverage of a somewhat similiar character is *pauntz*. This is a sort of punch, and in fact was known to Englishmen as pale punch. It is claimed this beverage was invented by the Duke of Holstein on his mission to Persia in 1637, and it derived its name from the five (*punz*) ingredients composing it, which are spirits, lime-juice, sugar, spice, and rose-water.

Shortly after the Persians had embraced the religion of the Koran, they began speculating as to how they could make a drink that would intoxicate and yet in a manner preserve their dignity, so they bethought themselves of dates and raisins. From these combined, and fermented, then distilled, they made *nubeez*. It was not wine, so the injunction of the Prophet against the juice of the grape was carried out, and the Persian had his drink. In like manner *sheerat* was conceived, but *sheerat* is not very intoxicating and on this account not so popular. It is made from the inspissated juice of the grape and then rendered drinkable by the addition of water.

One of the peculiar products of Persia is *gez*, and whether it is of animal or vegetable substance authorities differ. In a way it resembles Manna spoken of in the Scriptures and by a great many is known by that name. Chardin says of it: "The leaves of this tree about Isfahan do in summer drop the liquid Manna, which they pretend is not dew but the sweat of the tree congealed upon the leaf. In the morning you may see the ground that lies under it perfectly flat and greasy with it."

This was written about 1666 and has to be taken accordingly. The truth is that *gez* is a glutinous substance, white in colour, and in some respects resembles honey. It is to be found on the leaves of the *khar* (thorn), *bid* (willow), and *belut* (oak). The natives gather it in the early morning before the sun strikes it, as it will melt immediately after sunrise. They use large-mouthed earthenware vessels, and sometimes baskets. The receptacle is held beneath the leaves and boughs, which are carefully brushed and the *gez* allowed to fall into the jars or basket, where it at once assumes the form of a white paste. It is eatable in this condition, but the common method of using is to convert it into a sweetmeat called *gezangebin*. To people with a "sweet tooth" *gezangebin* is a delicious dish, but to the average man it is altogether too luscious and also clogging to the palate. In times of famine *gez* is often the only food of the masses, and is therefore a valuable product, and the people are careful of the trees upon which it is found.

While Persia has had many poets of no mean ability, perhaps the best known of them is Muhammed Shamsuddin or, as he called himself, Hafiz. He was a prolific writer and, though of the Mohammedans, he in nowise shared their ideas as regards the grape, and its juice. In fact he considered wine a great blessing and a worthy subject for his pen, as the following selections from some of his many *ghazals* will amply show:

O cup-bearer, fetch me a measure of wine: bring one or two flagons of the pure liquor. Bring the right medicine for all the pains and troubles of love—namely the juice of the grape—for that is the true panacea for all ills that beset both the young and old. My fancy has become quite

unruly: bring the bonds of potent wine, to confine the exuberance of my spirits. Let me quench the inward fires that consume me, with a draught; so bring me the liquid fire, *videlicet*, the wine pure as limpid water. If the rose is faded and gone, bid it go with a blessing—fetch in its stead the good wine, fragrant as rose-water. Should the warbling of the ringdove be no longer heard, no matter; let us hear instead the gurgling of the cups filled with generous wine. Grieve not at the vicissitudes of fortune: if the fickle jade has deserted you let her go. List to the melody of harp and lute and forget her. I cannot behold my beloved one, save in my dreams—let me then have enough, for that encourages sleep. Albeit I am already intoxicated, let me have three or four cups more, that my senses may be completely drowned. I compare the wine to the bright sun, and the goblet to the pale moon: let sunshine illumine the expanse of the moon. Give to Hafiz one or two mighty goblets of the good liquor: bring the wine, whether to indulge in it be a sin or a virtue.”

At the best a translation is but a poor thing, as the real beauty is lost. Cervantes says a translation is like looking at the back of a piece of tapestry, where one can trace an outline of the pattern, and see the different coloured threads of which it is composed, but can discern none of the beauty and elegance of the work. A peculiarity about these *ghazals* of Hafiz is that every one of them ends with some mention of the poet himself, not as a moral to the story, more as a deduction, as for example see the conclusion of the following ode:

It is a festive day, and the season of roses: cup-bearers, bring the wine—for who has ever seen the season of the rose ushered in without the accompaniment of the wine-cup? My heart has been oppressed with superstitious qualms and prejudices: give me the wine, O cup-bearer, that I may

free my breast from all such encumbrances. The canting sophist, who yesterday was preaching abstinence to us revellers, might be seen to-day lying drunk, with all his austerity and sobriety cast to the winds. The rose quickly fades away; O my friends, why sit ye idle and negligent? Have ye lost all regard for music and a song; for fair friends and wine-cups? Make the most of the sweet rose during the few days it lasts, and be merry; and if ye claim to be true admirers of the fair, rejoice and enjoy yourselves with our charming cup-bearers. While quaffing the morning draught with our friends, hast thou not observed how beautiful appear the cheeks of the lovely cup-bearers reflected in the full goblet? In the banquet-hall of princes, what songs should the minstrel chant, in his mirth-inspiring melody, but these wild verses of Hafiz?

Bring the wine, O cup-bearer, for the season of the rose has arrived, that we may again break our vows of abstinence among the rosebushes. Exulting and joyous let us haste to the meadows, and, singing like nightingales, seat ourselves in the midst of rosy bowers. Quaff a full goblet of wine in the midst of the garden; for true tokens of felicity have appeared with the coming of the roses. The rose has indeed appeared upon the plains, but be thou not unmindful of the fall of the leaf. Seek, while they are to be found, the rose bowers with a fair companion and good wine. Hafiz, dost thou, like the nightingale, desire the company of the roses? then offer up thy life as a sacrifice in the dust of the path of him who causeth the flower to blow.

There are a great many more of these *ghazals* telling of the virtue of wine and why it should be drunk, but the above will suffice to show what the old poet thought and felt upon the theme. It is told of Hafiz that at one time the invader of Persia, Timur, sent for him and asked angrily, "Art thou he who was so bold as to offer my two great cities Samarcand and Bokhara

for the black mole on thy mistress's cheek?" alluding to a well-known verse in one of his odes. "Yes, Sire," replied Hafiz, "and it is by such acts of generosity that I have brought myself to such a state of destitution that I have now to solicit your bounty." Timur was so pleased with the ready wit of the old man that he sent him away with a handsome present.

Years later, or in 1634, Sir Thomas Herbert wrote the following:

Now concerning the natives, the zone they live in makes tawny; the wine cheerful; opium salacious. The women paint; the men love arms; all affect poetry; what the grape inflames, the law allays, and example bridles. . . . At meals they are the merriest men alive. No people in the world have better stomachs, drink more freely, or more affect voracity; yet they are harmlessly merry, a mixture of meat and mirth excellently becoming them.

CHAPTER XI

ARABIA, TURKEY, AND ABYSSINIA

WHILE volume upon volume and tome upon tome has been written of and about Arabia and the Arabians, the fair minded person will admit that for such an ancient country our knowledge of it is, comparatively speaking, meagre indeed. Parts are still unexplored, and the ways and manners of the people are yet a mystery. That a large portion of them are fanatical and treacherous, making a journey into their domain exceedingly dangerous, there can be little doubt, and that many of the various tribes have never been conquered is a well-known fact. A lack of incentive is most probably an important factor in respect to this condition, for even if they were overpowered and their possessions gained there would not be enough to compensate the invader, even for the food that was fed to the troops; and the land could never be made profitable in any way, and therefore the greater part of Arabia is most likely to always remain as it is, barren, arid, and thinly populated. Arabia, however, has contributed her share of comfort to the world, and if it were only for one thing she could still be entitled to the name of "Arabia the Blest" and the world would still be indebted to her. For from her soil and her people came our first knowledge of coffee, which, next

to tea, is used by more people than any other beverage yet invented.

The history of coffee is by no means clear or certain, being enshrouded in doubt and Oriental legend, and very little that is at all authoritative can be gathered on the subject. Some writers have attempted to prove that Abyssinia is the original home of the coffee plant, but beyond proving that it is indigenous to the locality they have little to base their claim upon. Whether coffee-drinking was a practice lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages and then again restored to man no one can tell. As to how it came into present use there are many different versions. The oldest to which any credence is given says that in the year 1275 a dervish by the name of Hadji Omar was banished from the city of Mocha and left to die upon the desert. Time passed, but Hadji Omar still lived and seemed happy withal. His persecutors were astounded and wondered greatly, and Omar made overtures telling them he had been the instrument in the hands of Allah of bringing to them a wonderful plant, capable of almost anything. After consultation these people allowed him to return to his city and he told of his discovery. He said that hunger induced him to eat of a certain berry he found growing wild near his hiding-place, and to make it more palatable he roasted a few, and after breaking them into small pieces he poured water upon them and drank thereof and he was wonderfully refreshed. The learned men listened attentively, and when Omar had finished his narrative he took from his clothing a goodly handful of the berries and, calling for a brazier, treated them exactly as he had told. When the task was finished and the coffee ready he gave each of his

judges a drink, and great was their astonishment and satisfaction. Hadji Omar was immediately restored to favour and was also made a saint.

Another story is to the effect that many hundreds of years ago there lived in the deserts of Arabia a poor dervish and that at certain seasons of the year he would notice that his goats came home in a hilarious condition. The worthy man was sore puzzled at this outrageous behaviour of his otherwise respectable flock, and determined to watch them and see if he could ascertain the cause thereof. He saw them eat of a tree with strange berries and also the leaves and he forthwith did likewise, and he became as jocund as his goats. He had neighbours, and they soon became suspicious of him, accusing him of drinking of the juice of the accursed grape, and they demanded that he show them where he concealed his supply of the hateful stuff. Their insistence was so great that he at last revealed to them his secret, and his neighbours were converted and when visitors came they gave to them some of this wonderful drink, and thus was the practice discovered and promulgated to the glory of Arabia.

Perhaps the most curious account to be had is the manuscript in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. This manuscript, it is claimed, was written by an Arab, Abdelcader, in 1566, but he reverses the order of things and says that the practice of drinking coffee was brought into Arabia from Persia sometime in the fourteenth century. The story succinctly told says that a noted sheik, Djemal-eddin-Ebn-Abou-Alfagger, from Aden, in Arabia Felix, was the first to introduce to his countrymen the custom of coffee-drinking. Having returned from visiting Persia, where he had observed the

beverage used as a medicine, and being at the time himself sick, he tried as an experiment a dose of the "black draught." Finding it both curative and exhilarating, he turned his discovery to good account, by applying its virtues as an antidote to the torpor and drowsiness of his monks, whom he had often found dormant at their devotions.

The first coffee-houses were in Aden, and from there the practice spread until it reached Mecca, and here for a time everything went smoothly and the taste for the beverage grew apace until it had spread over the entire East. Mecca, however, was destined to receive the first blow against the habit. Egypt was then in control and the Sultan sent a new governor, Chair Bey, to look after the destiny of the people. Chair Bey had never seen or heard of coffee and he was greatly incensed when he saw the dervishes in the mosques indulging their appetites in this, to him, unknown beverage. He believed it was in direct opposition to the teachings of the Koran and that the devotees became intoxicated. With him to think was to act, and he accordingly consulted two Persian physicians on the subject. These gentlemen it seems were opposed to coffee and they declared it was a substitute for wine, and therefore its use was against the Prophet's teachings. They also pointed out that, whereas the coffee-houses were rapidly multiplying throughout the city, the mosques were being less and less attended; in fact some of them were almost empty, and coffee-drinking was the cause of it. It will be noticed that Sheik Djemal-eddin-Ebn-Abou-Alfagger gave it to his monks to increase their activity in this particular. Chair Bey listened, however, to his advisers and a council

was called of physicians, priests and lawyers and on the advice of this meeting the governor ordered the police to close every coffee-house in the city and to burn in the public square every bit of coffee they could seize. This was done, and Chair Bey wrote a letter to his master the Sultan telling him what he had done and received the following note in reply: "Your physicians are asses. Our lawyers and physicians in Cairo are better informed. They recommend the use of coffee and I declare that no faithful will lose heaven because he drinks coffee." It is not recorded what Chair Bey said or thought when he had finished perusing his master's letter, but from that day to this the coffee-drinkers of Mecca have been unmolested.

At Constantinople affairs were almost the same as in Mecca. Coffee-drinking increased on every side and many of the fanatical element were strong in their denunciation of the habit. They contended that coffee was a kind of coal and as such it was prohibited by the Prophet's law, so a tax was imposed and the only way that the beverage could be used was in secret. This did not last long, however, as another mufti arose who was less of an antiphlogistic, and he decided that coffee was not a coal, but it was nevertheless an excellent item for the government to tax. This the people thought very fine statesmanship, and it has remained that way ever since. It is said that at one time the refusing to supply a wife with coffee was a valid cause for divorce in the "City of the Sultan."

France was the first western European country to make any extended use of coffee, antedating England by several years. The custom was at first of a very slow growth; it was given an impetus, however, by

the coffee parties of the Turkish Ambassador at Paris in 1668. The brilliant porcelain cups and the gold-fringed napkins, with the Turkish slaves on their knees, set the women of Paris all agog and almost every gathering was sure sooner or later to talk about the affairs. Three years later an Armenian by the name of Pascal opened the first café, but owing to his democratic way of running the place it did not succeed. Later on Procope, a Florentine, fitted up a handsome place and made a wonderful success. The patronage included such people as Rousseau, Voltaire, Pirone, Marmontel, and many others just as prominent, and it was not long before Procope had a number of imitators. Some idea as to the extent and growth of the habit can be gathered from the fact that the sum of nearly \$15,000 a year was expended for supplying the daughters of Louis XV. with the beverage.

Naturally when royalty had set its seal of approval in such a manner the lesser lights would not be long in following in their footsteps, and coffee-drinking in Paris is to-day an almost continuous performance. Such was the increase in this beverage at the French capital that at the beginning of the Revolution the French West India islands were furnishing no less than eighty millions of pounds of it yearly. The East too was also sending a goodly quantity, and yet the demand was always ahead of the supply. Of the Café Procope, a story is told which it is asserted happened within its walls. One day while M. Saint Foix was seated at his usual table in this café an officer of the King's body-guard entered, sat down, and ordered a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, adding, "It will serve me for a dinner." At this Saint Foix remarked

aloud that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, was a confoundedly poor dinner. The officer remonstrated. Saint Foix reiterated his remark, adding that nothing he could say to the contrary would convince him that it was *not* a confoundedly poor dinner. Thereupon a challenge was given and accepted, and the whole company present adjourned as spectators to a fight, which ended by Saint Foix receiving a wound in the arm. "That is all very well," said the wounded combatant, "but I call you to witness, gentlemen, that I am still profoundly convinced that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." At this moment the principals were arrested and carried before the Duke de Noailles, in whose presence Saint Foix without waiting to be questioned said, "Monseigneur, I had not the slightest intention of offending this gallant officer who, I doubt not, is an honourable man, but your Excellency can never prevent my asserting that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." "Why, so it is," said the Duke. "Then I am not in the wrong," persisted Saint Foix, "and a cup of coffee"—at these words magistrates, delinquents, and auditory burst into a roar of laughter, and the antagonists forthwith became warm friends.

As to the precise date when coffee was introduced into England, authorities differ, and very little of real value on the subject can be found. Sir Henry Blount visited Turkey in 1634 and in one of his letters says:

The Turks have a drink called *cauphé*, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace and beat to a powder of a sooty colour, in taste a little bitterish, that

they seethe and drink, hot as may be indured. It is good at all hours of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when to that purpose they entertain themselves two or three hours in *cauphé*-houses, which, in Turkey, abound more than inns and alehouses with us.

Robert Burton, in one of the later editions of his *Anatomy of Melancholy* says:

The Turks have a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedemonians and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warm as they can suffer; they spend much time in those coffee-houses, which are somewhat like our alehouses or taverns, and there they sit, chatting and drinking, to drive away the time, and to be merry together, because they find, by experience, that kind of drink, so used, helpeth digestion and procureth clarity.

But these are only accounts of what the Turks have, and in neither case is it even intimated that coffee could be found or had in England. On the other hand there is an authentic account of the first coffee-house, which was opened in 1652 by Pasqua Rosee in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. Rosee was a Greek servant to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and he was in the habit of preparing the beverage for his master every morning. The novelty of this brought considerable company to Mr. Edwards, and in order to overcome this he granted his servant the privilege of starting in business for himself. Rosee, nothing loath, furnished his place and distributed his broadside, of which the following is a copy:

The virtue of the Coffee Drink First publiquely made

and sold in England by *Pasqua Rosee*. The grain or berry called *Coffee*, groweth upon little Trees, only in the *Deserts of Arabia*. It is brought from thence, and drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seignioris Dominions. It is a simple innocent thing, composed into a Drink, by being dried in an Oven, and ground to Powder, and boiled up with Spring water, and about half a pint of it to be drunk, fasting an hour before, and not eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured; the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any Blisters, by reason of that Heat. The Turks drink at meals and other times, is usually *Water*, and their Dyet consists much of fruit; *Crudities* whereof are very much corrected by this drink. The quality of the Drink is Cold and Dry; and though it be a Dryer, yet it neither *heats*, nor *inflames*, more than *hot Posset*. It so closeth the Orifice of the Stomack, and fortifies the heat within, that it is very good to help digestion, and therefore of great use to be taken about 3 or 4 o'clock afternoon, as well as in the morning. It *much* quickens the *Spirits* and makes the Heart *Lightsome*. It is good against sore Eys, and the better if you hold your Head over it, and take the steam that way. It suppresseth Fumes exceedingly, and therefore good against the *Head-ach* and will very much stop any *Defluxation of Rheums* that distil from the *Head* upon the *Stomack*, and so prevent and help *Consumptions*, and the *Cough of the Lungs*. It is excellent to prevent and cure the *Dropsy*, *Gout* and *Scurvy*. It is known by experience to be better than any other Drying Drink for *People in Years*, or *Children* that have any *running humors* upon them, as the *Kings Evil*, etc. It is very good to prevent *Mis-carryings in Child bearing Women*. It is a most excellent remedy against the *Spleen*, *Hyponcondriacks*, *Winds*, or the like. It will prevent *Drowsiness*, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to *Watch*; and therefore you are not to drink it *after supper*, unless you intend

to be *watchful*, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours. *It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the Stone, Gout, Dropsie, or Scurvey, and that their Skins are exceedingly cleer and white.* It is neither *Laxative* nor *Restrington*. Made and Sold in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill, by Pasqua Rosee, at the Signe of his own Head.

A few years later it was said: "These houses, which are very numerous in London, are extremely convenient. You have all Manner of News there; You have a good Fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; You have a dish of Coffee, you meet your friends for the Transaction of Business, and all for a Penny, if you don't care to spend more."

The price for coffee at first, it is said, ranged from four guineas to five guineas the pound, and if the value of money as a purchasing power was as great as it was ascribed to be in those times to-day's value would be nearly one hundred dollars for the same amount. This price, however, did not remain long at these figures, for as already shown a drink of coffee could be procured for a penny with all the advantages of the house thrown in. As with tea, coffee also had its enemies in England and many were the broadsides and pamphlets issued against the use of the berry. A few of these have been preserved, notable among which is "The Women's Petition Against Coffee." This diatribe was published in 1664; they complained "that it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offsprings of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies; and on a domestic message a

husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."

This method of opposition continued until 1675, when the reigning sovereign, Charles II., issued a proclamation, and for a time the shops were all closed, it being claimed that they were a rendezvous of the politicians and on this account were nothing but nuisances. Roger North in his *Examen* gives a full account of this move, of which Disraeli, in discussing it, says: "It was not done without some apparent respect for the British Constitution, the courts affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies and scandalise great men it might also be a common nuisance."

A general discontent in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition, and permission was soon granted to open the houses for a certain period, under a severe admonition that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books and libels from being read in them and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government. It is passing strange that wherever coffee has been opposed the objections were founded either upon political or religious reasons, and one was about as sensible as the other.

In Arabia of to-day the practice of drinking *kahwa*—coffee—is always in evidence; it has almost become second nature to them and it is an absolute necessity

in every *sheikh's* tent or dwelling either at home or on the road. Mr. Charles M. Daughty, who spent several years among these people and subsequently wrote *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, describes their mode and custom as follows:

Hirfa ever demanded of her husband towards which part should "the house" be built? "Dress the face," Zeyd would answer, "to this part," showing her with his hands the south, for if his booth's face be all day turned to the hot sun there will come in fewer young loitering and parasitical fellows that would be his coffee-drinkers. Since the *sheikh*, or heads, alone received their tribes *surra*, it is not much that they should be to the arms of his coffee-hosts. I have seen Zeyd avoid as he saw them approach, or even rise ungraciously upon such men's presenting themselves (the half of every booth, namely the men's side, is at all times open, and any enter there that will, in the free desert), and they murmuring he tells them, *wellah*, his affairs do call him forth, adieu; he must away to the *mejlis*; go they and seek the coffee elsewhere. But were there any *sheikh* with them, a coffee lord, Zeyd could not honestly choose but abide and serve them with coffee; and if he be absent himself, yet any *sheikhly* man coming to a *sheikh's* tent, coffee must be made for him, except he gently protest *billah*, he would not drink. Hirfa, a *sheikh's* daughter and his nigh kinswoman, was a faithful mate to Zeyd in all his sparing policy. Our *menzil* now standing, the men step over to Zeyd's coffee-fire, if the *sheikh* be not gone forth to the *mejlis* to drink his mid-day there. A few gathered sticks are flung beside the hearth; with flint and steel one stoops and strikes fire in tinder, he blows and cherishes those seeds of the cheerful flame in some dry camel-dung, sets the burning shred under dry straws, and powders over more dry camel-dung. As the fire kindles, the *sheikh* reaches for his *dellal*, coffee-pots,

which are carried in the *fatwa*, coffee-gear basket; this people of a nomad life bestow each thing of theirs in a proper *beyt*; it would otherwise be lost in their daily removings. One rises to go to fill up the pots at the water-skins, or a bowl of water is handed over the curtain from the woman's side; the pot at the fire, Hirfa reaches over her little palm-ful of green coffee-berries. . . . These are roasted and brayed; as all is boiling he sets out his little cups, which we saw have been, for the uningenious Arabs in the West, when, with a pleasant gravity, he has unbuckled his *guita* or cup-box, we see the nomad has not above three or four *fenjeyns*, wrapt in a rusty clout, with which he scours them busily, as if this would make his cups clean. The roasted beans are pounded amongst Arabs with a magnanimous rattle—and (as all their labour) rhythmical—in brass of the town, or an old wooden mortar, gaily studded with nails, the work of some nomad smith. The water bubbling in the small *dellal*, he casts in his fine powder, *el-bunn*, and withdraws the pot to simmer a moment. From a knot in his handkerchief he takes then a head of cloves, a piece of cinnamon or other spice, *bahar*, and braying these he casts their dust in after. Soon he pours out some hot drops to essay his coffee; if the taste be to his liking, making dexterously a nest of all the cups in his hand, with pleasant clattering, he is ready to pour out for all the company, and begins upon his right hand; and first, if such be present, to any considerable *sheikh* and principal persons. The *fenjeyn kahwa* is but four sips: to fill it up to a guest, as in the northern towns, were among Bedouins an injury, and of such bitter meaning, "This drink thou and depart."

Then is often seen a contention in courtesy amongst them, especially in any great assemblies, as to who shall drink first. Some man that receives the *fenjeyn* in his turn will not drink. He proffers it to one sitting in order under him, so as to the more honourable; but the other putting off

with his hand will answer *Ebbeden*, "Nay, it shall never be, by Ullah! but do thou drink." Thus licensed, the humble man is despatched in three sips, and hands up his empty *fenjeyn*. But if he have much insisted, by this he offers his willingness to be reconciled with one not his friend. That neighbour, seeing the company of coffee-drinkers watching him, may with an honest grace receive the cup, and let it seem not willingly; but a hard man will sometimes rebut the other's gentle proffer. Some may have taken lower seats than becoming their *sheikhly* blood, of which the nomads are jealous; entering untimely, they sat down out of order, sooner than trouble all the company. A *sheikh*, coming late and any business going forward, will often sit far out in the assembly; and show himself a popular person in this kind of honourable humility. The more inward in the booth is the higher place; where also is, with the *sheikhs*, the seat of a stranger. To sit in the loose circuit without and before the tent, is for the common sort. A tribesman arriving presents himself to that part, or a little lower, where in the eyes of all men his pretension will be well allowed; and in such observances of good nature, is a nomad man's honour among his tribesmen. And this is nigh all that serves the nomad for a conscience, namely, that which men will hold of him. A poor person, approaching from behind, stands obscurely, wrapped in his tattered mantle, with grave ceremonial, until those sitting indolently before in the sand shall vouchsafe to take notice of him; then they rise unwillingly, and giving back enlarge the coffee-circle to receive him. But if there arrive a *sheikh*, a coffee-host, a richard amongst them of a few cattle, all the coxcomb companions within will hail him with their pleasant adulation *Taad henneyi*, "Step thou up hither." The astute Fukara *sheikh* surpass all men in their coffee-drinking courtesy, and Zeyd himself was more than any large of this gentlemen-like imposture: he was full of swaggering complacence and compliments to an

humbler person. With what suavity could he encourage, and gently too compel a man, and rising himself yield him parcel of another man's room! In such fashions Zeyd showed himself a bountiful great man, who indeed was the greatest niggard. The cups are drunk twice about, each one sipping after other's lips without misliking; to the great coffee *sheikhs* the cup may be filled more times, but this is an adulation of the coffee-server. There are some of the Fukara *sheikh* so delicate Sybarites that of those three sips, to draw out all their joyance, twisting, turning, and tossing again the cup, they could make ten. The coffee-service ended, the grounds are poured out from the small into the great store-pot that is reserved full of warm water; with the bitter lye the nomads will make their next bever, and think their spare coffee.

These people, it must be born in mind, are day sleepers and what little they have to do, aside from watching their animals, is all done after *el-assr* or vespers, and in accordance their coffee-drinking is all done at night, and for a person to fall asleep at one of these gatherings is very bad form indeed. Coffee, however, with the Arab of the desert, is more or less of a luxury and also a matter of ceremony. At times, too, water is so scant that even though they have the berry they cannot spare the water to make the beverage.

The universal drink with these people is *halib* or camels' milk. This is often their only food and drink during the hot summer months, and it is a matter of astonishment how invigorating it is, and what an amount of labour these people can accomplish on this simple diet. For travellers and strangers it is only necessary to present their bowl on arriving, when either the host or his servant will at once take it to

his camel and fill it full of freshly drawn milk. At first the taste is not as agreeable as that of milk from the cow, but if the animal has been fed upon succulent food the strangeness soon passes away and the explorer learns to appreciate it as much as they who have used it all their lives. The Bedouins firmly believe it is the camels' milk which they drink that makes their bodies nimble and light and hardens them for long periods of hunger. The milk of the camel is the only milk they will drink in its natural state. The milk from the goat and ewe they turn into *leban*, which resembles our buttermilk, and is drunk in an acid state. *Leban* and dates it is said make a very refreshing and withal nourishing diet, and *leban* with a few dried leaves of wormwood has a cooling effect upon a hot day.

Another preparation of milk is *mereesy*; this is *leban* boiled until it becomes hard. When the operation is complete the result is a substance almost like a piece of chalk and, as it will keep well and retain its virtue for a year or more, it is readily seen how valuable it is to these people who for months may not have anything else to eat or drink. Owing to its cooling properties it is an excellent counteractant upon the heating qualities of dates, which form a great portion of their food. In the towns and villages *mereesy* is not so highly valued, for other drinks are more plentiful, but in the desert it is the one thing that is prized, and they who are fortunate enough to have laid away a goodly store are indeed lucky, for as the hot days arrive and milk and *leban* become scarcer, then *mereesy* is appreciated more and more every day. The way of using it is to take a piece and rub it between the

hands until it becomes a fine powder; this powder is then put into water and the beverage, and oftentimes the only food, is ready. It is for this reason that milk is never used in coffee among the Arabs, for they consider it a waste to be using two foods at once, and as milk can be preserved, in the form of *mereesy*, if there is any surplus at the time when it is plenty it behooves them to do so, for they know full well they will need it. The proffering of *mereesy* during the milking season, also of *leban*, is a very inhospitable action, and although the guest can not resent it in words he can in action and leave his host, and if it comes to the *sheikh's* ears there is often something to be said upon the subject, which as a rule is somewhat disagreeable to the host.

Throughout Arabia *mereesy* is well known and is in considerable demand, but it does not always go under that name. In the southern part and in the vicinity of Mecca it is called *muthir*, in west Nejd they term it *baggl*, while *thiran* and *buggila* are common names for it in other provinces. In the deserts that which may be termed the poor man's money is *samn*. It is a kind of clarified butter and is often used as a drink. With the nomads it is the one great article of trade, for with it they can barter for everything they need. The method of manufacture is simple indeed. A little skin bag called *sewily* is filled with milk and a woman shakes it upon her knees until the butter comes, after which it is melted over a slow fire and poured into large skins, called *akka*, *maaun*, *jurn* or *med'hunna*, that have been well coated with thick date syrup. The odour of *samn* when well prepared is very much like the blossoming vine, and,

unlike *mereesy*, the townsfolk are exceedingly fond of it. In the desert it is the health of man, and so firm are the nomads in their belief in the health-imparting qualities of *samn*, they say that it sweats through the very bones and enters the marrow. When *samn* is plentiful a daily diet of six or seven ounces is nothing unusual, but otherwise it is portioned out at the rate of about half an ounce per meal. The skimmings that are formed during the process of clarifying *samn* are considered a great delicacy, especially if a handful of meal is put into them, and none but the favoured need ever attempt to get it.

The name given to wine, the fermented juice of the grape, by the Arabs is *el-khamr*, but owing to their religion there is very little of it in evidence. In fact, it may be said that in the desert there are thousands of people who have never seen it and only a minute number have ever tasted it. Sometimes when they happen to have a little extra rice they will boil it, then add water and let it stand in the sun until it ferments. This drink they call *subia*, and when a little aged it will readily intoxicate; but the making of *subia* must be done secretly, and this is a difficult task indeed when it is considered that at all times of the day the flap of the tent is open so that he who wishes may enter. Along the coast or on the outskirts of the towns, where the land is more fertile and the climate more genial, the Jews have for ages raised grapes and made them into wine. Some of the vineyards are very large. Brandy is also made, but distilled liquors, however, have a very limited sale; and this is strange, for to Arabia is ascribed, by many, the discovery of distillation, and the word alcohol is distinctively

of Arabian origin. Where the fig grows in Arabia they often make wine from it, which is called *mok-hayt* and is a very pleasant beverage, but apt to be quite thick and somewhat too sweet.

In direct contradistinction to Arabia is the adjoining territory of Abyssinia. Here, instead of the hot arid plains and deserts, are rugged mountains and fertile valleys, vegetation is luxuriant, and the climate at all times of the year is congenial and healthy. The people, though, as a rule are but little removed from the savage and life among them is considered of little value. When and by whom Abyssinia was founded, no one can tell. History states that it is undoubtedly one of the oldest kingdoms in existence, and the Abyssinians claim it is the oldest; but whether this is so or not, the nation gives no evidence of progress whatever, and while it remains in the hands of its native rulers there is little chance for improvement.

With vegetation so luxuriant and grain of all kinds easily raised, it can readily be surmised that the people long ago solved the art of brewing, fermentation, and also distillation. Although the methods they pursue to produce their different beverages are crude and primitive, they are, nevertheless, effective and, for a country so backward in all that civilisation terms advancement, it is surprising the varieties of different intoxicating beverages they make and use. The great national drink of the people is a kind of beer called by them *bouza*. It is to be had everywhere and at all seasons of the year. As to its quality authorities differ; some say it is excellent and wholesome, while others assert the reverse.

In making it, the first operation is to grind the grain

called *dagusa*, a fourth part of which is kneaded with leaven and water. This is afterwards put into a jar, where it is suffered to remain for two days, and then baked into thin cakes, which are dried on the fire until they become quite hard. The cakes are then broken into small particles, and put into a large vessel full of water, capable of holding six times the volume of the grain. Powdered leaves of the *geshu* plant which have a harsh bitter taste, are then added. The remaining three-fourths of the meal is placed in a vessel over a slow fire with a little water, and kept constantly stirred until it becomes a paste; and as the water is absorbed or evaporated, a fresh supply is added, the stirring continued meanwhile until the entire quantity becomes black like a coal. The whole thus prepared, the crumbs, the mass, and the leaves are put into a large jar, and left to settle for a day; after which it is poured off into other jars that are well stoppered. At the end of a week it becomes strong and tart to the taste and is ready for use. If *bouza* is made with only a small quantity of *geshu* leaves it is very mild and will seldom intoxicate, but when a large amount is used, the beverage is exceedingly fiery and accordingly very rapid in producing inebriation. The making of *bouza* is given over to the women, and it is their duty to see that the men of the household are well supplied with it at all times. There are no restrictions placed upon its manufacture, and any one who has the necessary ingredients is at liberty to make as much of it as he sees fit. Of course it spoils very quickly, a week or two at the most being the length of time it will retain its virtue, but as it is so easily and cheaply made this factor is not of importance.

It is the custom of the land when a stranger visits it for the Ras or head man of the town to send to him a woman who understands her business to make what beer he will need while staying, and in case the visitor happens to be of an exalted rank the Ras will furnish the necessary material. Another beer, of which the people are almost equally fond, is *sowah*. This is concocted from the crumbs of *tef*, a kind of bread, and parched barley. *Tef*, however, is the staple food of the people and therefore they would much prefer to have it in a solid state rather than liquid, and, while *sowah* is very nice, the use of *tef* in its manufacture acts as a retardant.

Of the stronger drinks the most popular is *tedj*. This is a honey wine or mead, but although it has a simple name it is by no means as innocent as one would think. In fact when made by an expert it is very insidious and more than usually intoxicating. It is claimed that the smell of it alone is sufficient to produce drowsiness, and a story is told of the late King Theodore, he who gave Great Britain so much trouble, that whenever a European was to visit his court he would send the visitor as a present a jar of *tedj* of the maximum strength in order to test the qualities of his guest, and in no case did he find a person who could stand more than two very small drinks of it; one as a general rule was sufficient.

The manufacture of *tedj* is simplicity itself. To ten gallons of honey one gallon of water is added and this is allowed to ferment. During the period of fermentation leaves of the *geshu* are placed in it and in a few days the drink is ready. The keeping qualities are good and the liquor is greatly improved by age.

Tedj is the drink of the wealthier classes, and its manufacture is restricted to persons of rank and more especially to those who have been invested with the Order of the Shirt. According to strict Abyssinian sumptuary law, no male above eight years of age, from the lowest-born subject to the son of a Ras—the highest dignitary in the state—can wear any covering resembling a shirt over his naked body, from the waist upwards, unless that garment, which should always be of silk, is presented to him, in the first instance, by the sovereign. Once invested with this distinguished “order,” the person so honoured may wear a shirt of any material; from the finest velvet or embroidered silk down to the commonest calico. The wives also of those who have attained this rank were privileged to appear before the Emperor, in a judicial or other case, with their bosoms covered. The members of this order were not compelled to pay for the privilege of making *tédj*, but certain publicans who have obtained a special license to brew it pay the crown quite liberally. In the serving of *tédj*, Abyssinian etiquette demands that the host first pour a little from the bottle into the palm of his left hand, and drink it to show the guest that he need have no fear of its being poisoned.

The Abyssinians have two kinds of drinking-vessels; the cheaper one, used mainly by the lower classes, is made of straw and so closely is the straw woven that not a drop of liquor can escape. They are exceedingly durable, often lasting for years. The drinking-cup of the better people is made from the horn of a cow or steer, and while some are only plain affairs many are fine examples of art. They are highly polished and bands of gold and silver often encircle them, and in

some cases these bands are studded with valuable jewels. On state and formal occasions it is the practice to serve *tedj* in *brillas*. A *brilla* is a round glass bottle with a long slim neck, and an absurdly small orifice; it holds about a pint and somewhat resembles a wine decanter. Owing to the small throat it takes considerable time to fill them but on the other hand it cannot be said that the expert—and every Abyssinian is an adept—is very long in emptying it; the novice, however, finds it no simple task, for when the *brilla* is elevated above a certain angle the liquor refuses to flow, and again if the lips are too tightly closed over the neck the progress of the fluid is materially hindered. When the *tedj*-bearer comes around, after pouring a little into his left hand and drinking, he passes the *brilla* to the guest, who immediately takes a sip and then, placing his thumb over the mouth, he retains it until he has finished its contents, and calls for another or as many as he desires. There is no limit placed upon the number a man may drink and if he is overcome nothing is thought of it, excepting, perhaps, by the individual the next day.

At first sight the use of the *brilla* seems rather strange, but when it is looked into more closely it is seen these people have solved quite a difficult problem, and the practice shows a degree of niceness that one would hardly expect to find in a people of their character and environments. If there is any other country that has more flies in it than Abyssinia the traveller will do well to stay away from it. No matter in what part of the land you may visit there will be flies so thick it is almost impossible to eat without getting them in the food, and *tedj*, being made from honey, is

sweet and of course more than usually attractive to these pests. If the liquor was poured into a glass it would necessitate the immediate drinking of the whole amount and, even if that was done, the chances would be that a fly had managed to gain access to it before it had all gone down the drinker's throat. On the other hand with the use of the *brilla* all this annoyance and trouble is obviated. The *brilla* is held in the hand with the thumb over its mouth, and conversation proceeds with only a momentary interruption now and then, caused by raising the bottle to the lips.

These people also make a very fine quality of ale from barley. It is called *sava*. Like the beer it is potent and as a general rule too strong in alcohol to suit the European and American taste. It is told of a traveller who upon first tasting it and learning its name said if they would only add two letters, *ge*, he thought it would be very truthful and fully descriptive of its qualities and nature. But the drink *par excellence*, for inducing intoxication, is *marisa*. Crude spirits, gum-mastic, and muddy water are the ingredients, and the compound is so strong that half a glass is too much even for a confirmed toper if he be of European extraction. The natives, though, will drink several glasses before they are overpowered by its influence, which in order to overcome they must sleep from twelve to fourteen hours. *Marisa* does not, as a general rule, develop the fighting faculties, as it produces sleep too quickly; but if the subject is awakened before the proper time then there is apt to be trouble for those around him if he thinks that he can master them. When the servants and the

body-guard procure *marisa* then it is time for the traveller to pitch his tent and possess his soul with patience, waiting until all hands are asleep, find the jug containing the liquor, and spill its contents on the ground. By so doing only a day will be lost, and after they are awakened and have eaten a meal all will be ready to proceed.

Great quantities of *tedj* are distilled into *maiz*, and when this spirit has been laid away for several years it becomes a pleasant beverage indeed. Among the head-men or *Rasis* this is a common practice, and it is not at all unusual to find that it has been put aside for more than fifty years, and in some cases has been found in bottles that were of such a different style that the oldest people in the neighbourhood could not say when they were last in use. The better class are great sticklers for genealogy, and records of families of five and six hundred years are to be found in almost any of the old churches. So the tale of travellers coming across these finds of native spirits of long ago can be fairly relied upon. The marriage problem among these people is a very simple one, and the further in the interior one goes the more simple it becomes.

Mr. Augustus B. Wylde in his *Modern Abyssinia* says:

Woman's place in Yejju seems to be to please, and when she ceases to be a companion or to make herself agreeable, she is made to work, and some one else takes her place in the affections of her husband. A mother of a family is looked up to, and what she says and does is privileged; but a woman with no children, the moment she becomes a nuisance, is got rid of and I cannot but think that the men must be envied that they can so easily get rid of a female

that has no good word to say of any one that has the misfortune to live under the same roof with her. I am not mentioning this in any disparagement to the general run of the opposite sex, as many of them, bless them, are as kind and nice as possible, but only to show what a peaceful nice country Yejjū seems to be, with a splendid climate, splendid scenery, splendid vegetation and a bountiful supply of everything that man can want below. It has, however, peculiar customs that would certainly be a drawback for Europeans, and before the male sex can be thought to have arrived at man's estate they have to kill a fellow-creature; before they have done so, they can not have their hair plaited or wear any ornaments on their head of any sort, neither can they have any intercourse with women or enter into the married state. It is rather a drawback to the peace of the country, as when a young man wishes to marry he must bring a trophy to his young woman to show his gallantry. This is not difficult in the time of war, but when there are no disturbances in the country, raids have to be planned into the lower Danakil country with the object of killing men and looting cattle, and several young warriors will set out together, and if successful will return with what they require and many horned cattle and sheep and goats, and then festivities and marriages take place and the villages are the scenes of great rejoicing. Failing these raids, they will often plan the most cold-blooded murders; the young woman will arrange with the object of her choice to start some day and get near to some village a little away from the district, and the young man will hide in the bushes while the young woman will start horrible cries of distress, to try and allure some man to her aid, who will get speared in the back for his trouble; the pair of murderers will then return together. One never sees in Yejjū men going about singly on the roads or on a journey away from their district; they generally go either in pairs or in company with several others, and

always well armed. Life is safe enough near home, and it is generally the Christians that fall victims in their attempts to rescue the weaker sex. Yejju maidens are pretty, graceful girls, but I do not think that I would go to their aid no matter how long they cried. My Somali servants, being strict Mohammedans and saying their prayers the orthodox number of times each day, were horrified at the laxness of their coreligionists, and the whole time we were in this province they always remained close to camp, and our Christian escort always kept together.

It is very likely that the grape is indigenous to this country, for it is found almost everywhere, in the wild state. Not much attention is given its cultivation and very little wine, comparatively speaking, is made from it. Brandy—called *shambacco*—is manufactured quite frequently in some places and always finds a ready market, but the effect of the edict of Mahomet against the use of the juice of the grape is apparent, and until matters assume a different form there will be no change. Perhaps, too, the ease with which *bouza* and *tedj* can be made has something to do with this indifference, and another drawback is the fact that no barrels of any kind are made, and the question of storage is beyond their ability.

While the natives are acquainted with the use of metal for money, and at the same time appreciate the value of silver and gold when used as such, they much prefer to have small bars of salt perform this duty. The Maria Teresa dollars are to be met with everywhere, but in the matter of change some places will give seventeen bars of salt and others twenty. This peculiar custom makes the carrying around of small change a very laborious and cumbersome task as well

as uncertain, but if the traveller is at all anxious to get into the good graces of those whom he meets, and also at the same time save himself a lot of trouble, bars of salt must be handy and ready. When travelling the Abyssinian always carries with him two different preparations of barley, the staple grain of the country, aside from *tef*. The first, which is only barley flour roasted almost black, then ground to a fine dust-like powder, makes a very nourishing drink when mixed with water. It is known by the name of *basso*, and they who have occasion to use it pronounce it palatable and life-sustaining, being a food as well as a drink. The second, called *tello*, is a little more elaborate in its preparation and, to the white man, not quite as agreeable. The flour is first boiled; then, after all the water is squeezed out, it is burnt black and then ground. When *tello* is wanted, the ground flour is moistened in oil, and warm water is poured on the whole mass. The natives say that it is far superior to *basso*, and men can travel much faster and farther if they partake of it; and the reason, they say, that every one does not use it, is the difficulty of transporting the oil and the necessity of making a fire, which at certain times is not at all advisable, unless the escort is many and well armed, for perhaps some maiden would be anxious to get married just at that time and it behoves the traveller to be cautious.

Superseding barley in the estimation of the Abyssinians is their native grain *tef*, *teff* or *thaff*. It grows about thirty inches high on a stalk not much thicker than an oat straw and is smooth and jointed at regular intervals. The head has several branches, upon each of which, in the flowering season, are myriads of minute

crimson flowers, which eventually bear seed not quite as large as a fair-sized pin-head. However, in this case it is not the size that counts but the number, and so prolific is this plant, called by botanists *poa Abyssinica*, that it furnishes food for the millions that inhabit the country. *Tef* bread has an agreeable acid flavour that appeals at once to almost every palate, be it foreign or native.

When at home, the natives prepare for themselves *abrey*, one kind of which is sour and the other sweet. In the preparation of sour *abrey*, *dhurra* paste is allowed to become intensely acid. It is then dried and, when wanted, it is dissolved in water. To those who fancy a vinegar-like beverage sour *abrey* is very nice, but even with the natives it is not as popular as the sweet *abrey*. To make this, *dhurra* flour is carefully sifted, then a small amount of cold water is added, only sufficient to make a light paste. This paste is immediately rolled out into thin wafers and as quickly dried in the blazing sun so that no fermentation can ensue. The completed beverage is made by dissolving the wafers in milk, to which a little honey has been added, and the result is a most delicious and delicate drink. *Souf*, also the name of the plant, is another home-made beverage, which appeals more to women and children. The seeds are dried and pounded and then put into honey and water. The Mohammedans in this vicinity are very fond of it, especially when served as a sherbet, and on feast days, weddings, and other entertainments it is always to be had in plenty.

Whenever a bull is slaughtered there is an immediate demand for the gall, which is drunk with apparent zest and relish, as it is deemed a fine drink by many

of these people, and in the matter of eating, although the women, as a rule, are good cooks and thoroughly believe in feeding "the beast" so as to keep him in good nature, they much prefer their *brundo*, for so they call beef, raw.

Mr. Wylde writes of an occasion as follows:

A basket of the best white *tef* was given us and the feast with raw beef, the famous *brundo*, as it is called. We saw the living animals for the feast in the court-yard when we entered not an hour before, and here were lumps of them being brought in in baskets, warm but not quivering. The best parts are the loin and beef-steaks; the fillets which are the tenderest are kept for the old and nearly toothless men and women, not being considered warriors' meat. Whenever I go to an Abyssinian feast I always take another stomach with me in the shape of one of my servants, who squats down behind my chair, and I pass him all the wild beast's food and other things I cannot eat. To refuse the offer of raw meat is not polite, so it has to be received, but need not be eaten. I am so accustomed to see raw meat eaten that I do not mind it, but I well remember the first time I saw the bluish-red lump of smoking meat (it was very a cold day) brought me that I felt far from well. . . . These half savage Moslem plain men cook their meat and these half civilized Christians take off the sharp edge of their appetite with raw before they begin on other things; the only thing they eat with raw meat is the hottest red pepper, a good big tablespoonful being an ordinary accompaniment, so the pepper may help to cook the meat when it gets inside. The large bit of meat is held in the left hand; it is then placed to the mouth and a bit taken between the teeth, which is then cut off by a small sharp knife. As I did not eat *brundo*, and I was very hungry, I sent my servant out to bring me a piece of fillet of beef roasted over the embers, and in a few

minutes he returned with a delicious tender bit which Mulazzani and I eagerly devoured. We then had devilled bones red with chilli, which we had to scrape off, and it was even then too hot to be enjoyable; stews of chickens and kid with chutney made out of red pepper, pea flour, onions and fresh butter, not at all a bad dish; and then stewed *trongies* or shaddocks with honey and bananas, and the whole was washed down with many *brillas* of *tedj*. The cloth was then removed, not from the table, as it had none, but from around the platform. The aristocracy are always protected from the evil eye; their invited guests are not supposed to have anything so rude and as many as twenty of us were screened off. The bridegroom was about seventeen years old, and, as his father was present at the feast, etiquette prevented him from sitting down with us, and he had his meal in a private apartment at the back. Glasses of native spirit passed round, also champagne, brandy and other sundry European liqueurs, and we sat and watched the smaller fry being fed. They came into the room according to military rank and sat down in companies of about six, the higher officers nearer the platform, so in order down the room; the discipline was perfect, every one knew his place, and there was no crowding or pushing, a well-behaved and orderly crowd, whose behaviour might well be copied by people in England when they attend some large entertainment. I am afraid that a great many of our upper classes are a pushing lot, and these uncivilised Abyssinians would go so far as to call them rude and bad-mannered. A basket with a large pile of brown breads or *angera*, as they are called in Tigre, was placed before each group, and two of them were taken off the pile to serve as plates for the red pepper which was poured out of a large cow-horn, and for the chutney, which was taken out of a large jar with the hands, hands having been made before spoons; then large lumps or raw meat were brought in and given to the men and

the dinner commenced. Knives, daggers, and swords were used to cut up the meat and *tedj*-servers presented each guest with a *brilla*, and as soon as they were empty others were brought: so the feast went on, relays of guests taking the places of those that were finished.

CHAPTER XII

ETHIOPIA, SOUDAN, AND ZANZIBAR

ACCORDING to a very early tradition of the Greeks the Egyptians were indebted to the Ethiopians for the first impulse of their civilisation, but this contention is to-day denied and the reverse is said to be the true version. Ethiopia, however, must be classed among those ancient nations of whose earlier epochs we are profoundly ignorant. Geographically it is in the north-eastern part of Africa and south of Egypt. This situation is also true of Abyssinia and to determine the boundary between the countries is rather difficult. The habits also of the two peoples are very similar and it may be said they speak the same language. Like the Abyssinian the Ethiopian is a great lover of intoxicating beverages, and his capacity is almost beyond belief. His principle drink is a beer called *tullah* which he is at liberty to make as often as he pleases and as much as he has vessels in which it can be placed. Barley or *juwarree* is placed in a large circular shallow hole dug in the earth and in an exposed place. The grains are covered lightly with two or three inches of soil, and when completed the surface is gently sprinkled with water. In three or four days the

buried grain has sprouted. It is then carefully removed from the hole, when it is bruised between stones. Water is then poured on, and a decoction of the *geshu* plant is added. Fermentation ensues, on the fourth day; the vessel is then closed, and placed in the hut for two weeks or less according to the temperature, when it becomes fit for use. Its flavour is decidedly sour and to the uninitiated it tastes much like soap and water. *Tullah* is not strong in intoxicating principles and the normal white man would have a great deal of difficulty in consuming a sufficient quantity to produce even a semblance of inebriation, but the Ethiopian seems to be constructed upon different lines. Four quarts is to him only a taste, and triple that amount is often swallowed to produce the consummation desired. Nothing short of intoxication is at all satisfactory with these gentlemen, and a host that has not sufficient quantity of *tullah* to accomplish this end has no right to invite his friends to partake of his hospitality. *Tedj*-making, as in Abyssinia, belongs to royalty and in the aggregate the manufacture is the same. The Ethiopian, however, boils his *geshu* plant, making a strong bitter decoction, and on the third day, after fermentation has set in, he adds chillies and peppers and the jar is hermetically sealed with clay. When *tedj* is properly made by this formula the liquor when aged is said to be hardly inferior to a fine old cognac and, as it improves by age, the practice is to make it twenty or thirty years ahead of the time when it is to be used.

Mese is the name of another beer that the Ethiopian manufactures from *tef* bread and honey. Like *tullah* (this is also written *tella* by some travellers) it is low

in alcohol, but quantity ameliorates this deficiency and, therefore, there is no complaint. *Mese*, it is said, is a very wholesome drink, but its appearance and taste are against it. In Ethiopia whenever a servant serves either his master or a guest with any liquor he makes a cup of his two hands and some of it must be poured therein, so that he may drink it first; this is his perquisite, and also answers as a guarantee. Whenever any liquors are to be drunk in Ethiopia all matters of any moment must be laid aside, and words that would have given offence if spoken before drinking are accepted as merely banter under the genial influence of the beverage. The people are great jokers and lovers of fun, and chaffing and jesting form a goodly part of these bouts. On the other hand business of any nature is very repugnant to them, and they will if possible resort to their *wantcha*, their horn drinking-cup, at once, and if they get it there is no use in trying to have them talk business.

As in Abyssinia the current coin in Ethiopia is the Maria Teresa dollar of 1780, and it is surprising how many of these coins are to be found in these two countries. *Amoles*, blocks of salt weighing a pound, however, are the subsidiary medium of exchange, and as twenty of them equal a dollar the impossibility of carrying them in one's pocket is quite apparent. The Ethiopian is also fond of raw flesh, and every feast must have its *brind* or it is not a feast. An old description of one of these festivals is worthy of reading; after describing the slaughtering of the animal the writer says:

They were all assembled in the *zefan bet* or banqueting-hall and the noise made by the animal was a signal for the company to sit down to the table. There are then laid

before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, if I may so call them, about twice as big as a pancake, and something thicker and tougher. It is unleavened bread of a sourish taste, far from being disagreeable, and very easily digested, made of a grain called *teff*. It is of different colours, from black to the colour of whitest wheat-bread. Three or four of these cakes are generally put uppermost, for the food of the person opposite to whose seat they are placed. Beneath these are four or five of ordinary bread, and of a blackish kind. These serve the master to wipe his fingers upon; and, afterwards, the servant for bread for his dinner. Two or three servants then come, each with a square piece of beef in their bare hands, laying it upon the cakes of *teff*, placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or any thing else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men have the large crooked ones which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war. The women have small clasped knives, such as the worst of the kind made at Birmingham, sold for a penny each. The company are so arranged that one man sits between two women; the man with his long knife cuts a thin piece which would be thought a good beef-steak in England, while you see the motion of the fibres yet perfectly distinct, and alive in the flesh. No man of any fashion whatever, feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the steak and cut it lengthways like strings, about the thickness of your little finger, then crossways into square pieces, something smaller than dice. This they lay upon a piece of the *teff* bread, strongly powdered with black pepper or Cayenne pepper, and fossil salt; they then wrap it up in the *teff* bread like a cartridge. In the meantime the man, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it into his mouth, which is so full that he is in constant danger of being choked. This is a mark

of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger piece he takes in his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is thought to be. They have indeed a proverb that says, "Beggars and thieves only eat small pieces, or without making a noise." Having despatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his next female neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way, and so on until he is satisfied. He never drinks until he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones that fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form; both of his neighbours open their mouths at the same time, while with each hand he puts their portions into their mouths. He then falls to drinking out of a large handsome horn; the ladies eat till they are satisfied and then all drink together. *Vive la Joye et la Jeunesse*. A great deal of mirth and joke goes round, very seldom with any mixture of acrimony or ill-humour.

The balance of this feast is described with the freedom that existed more than a hundred years ago, but which to-day would be termed, at least, bad taste. The Ethiopians make great use of cow horns. As already shown they answer the purpose of drinking cups and other like purposes, and they also have them so large that they are used in place of pails and buckets. To quote from the same authority:

I have before mentioned that this chief had brought with him a quantity of large horns for the King's service. Some of this sort having been seen in India filled with *civet*, had given occasion to those travellers who saw them there to say, that the animal producing these large horns was a carnivorous bull of a prodigious size, inhabiting the interior parts of Africa. That no illustration of this kind may be wanting, a copper plate of this curious bull is,

I think, in some of the first volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions" The origin of the tale is believed to be in Bernier or Thevenot. It may, however, with great certainty, be relied upon, that no such animal exists in Africa, nor probably in the whole creation. The animal furnishing those monstrous horns is a cow or bull, which would be reckoned, in England, of a middling size; its head and neck are larger and thicker in proportion, but not very remarkably so. I have been told that this animal was first brought by the Galla, from near the Line, where it rains continually, and the sun is little seen. The extraordinary size of its horns proceeds from a disease that the cattle have in those countries, of which they die, and is probably derived from their pasture and climate. Whenever the animal shews symptoms of this disorder, he is set apart in the very best and quietest grazing place, and never driven or molested from that moment. His value lies in his horns, for his body becomes emaciated and lank in proportion as the horns grow large. At the last period of his life the weight of his head is so great, that he is unable to lift it up, or at least for any space of time. The joints of his neck become callous so that it is not any longer in his power to lift his head; in this situation he dies, with scarcely covering to his bones, and it is then the horns are of the greatest size and value. I have seen horns that would contain as much as a common-sized iron-hooped water pail, such as they make use of in the houses of England; but the Galla, who have a ready market for these of all sizes, generally kill the beast when his horns will contain something less than six gallons. Two of these horns filled with wine or spirits are carried very commodiously upon a woman's back flung over her shoulders.

The Ethiopian has a rather peculiar oven for baking his bread. It consists of two disks of earthenware about three feet in diameter. The dough is spread

upon the lower one which is placed upon the hot cinders and the upper one serves the purpose of a cover. In the hands of a good breadmaker they turn out very fair specimens of the baker's art, which, by the way, is the staple article of food throughout the whole kingdom. When first made these disks are of a bright red, but when greased with butter they acquire a glossy black colour; they are very strong and are quite heavy, but that matters little to the men, for it is the women who have to carry them, and also use them.

The grapes of Ethiopia are exceedingly fine and luscious and very prolific. Two kinds are grown in the gardens, one a large red species, the other white and somewhat smaller; they ripen in February. Some wine is made, but in comparatively small quantities, but a great deal of brandy, which they call *wazayasakara* and *zaweeetuaraky*, according to the locality in which it is made. The coffee plant or tree is indigenous to this country, and, although the natives as a rule do not use it as a beverage to any extent, they derive from the ripened berries a substance that they call *gullaboo*. This is a milky-looking pulp and is much used as a beverage. Another non-intoxicating drink is *chaat*. This is made from the leaves of a plant bearing the same appellation and takes the place of tea. Sometimes the leaves are only chewed, but the common way is to make an infusion of them in water and then add honey. *Chaat* is very bitter to the taste, but it is exceedingly stimulative, and therefore when beer cannot be had it is resorted to quite often.

The great drawback to the nation is the fast days that must be observed. In fact, to cite Major W. Cornwallis Harris, in *The Highlands of Ethiopia*,

One half the year, too, which is reserved for utter idleness, is sternly marked by an exclusion of all meat diet, under the fearful penalty of excommunication. Eggs and butter are then specially forbidden, as also milk, which is styled "the cow's son." Nothing whatever is tasted between sunrise and sunset; and even at the appointed time a scanty mess of boiled wheat, dried peas, or the leaves of the kail-cabbage, with a little vegetable oil, is alone permitted to those who are unable to obtain fish, of which none are found in any of the upland rivers. Besides Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the twelve months, which are observed as holy days, the fast of the Apostles continues eighteen days, that of the holy Virgin sixteen, Christmas seven, Nineveh four, and Lent fifty-six. During all of these, labouring men are strictly prohibited from every employment, and, as they desire their souls to be saved, are compelled to live like anchorites, to the serious diminution of their bodily strength.

Wherever the *dhurra* grows there is always to be found a beverage made from its grain, and as the soil and climate of Soudan are admirably adapted for the growth and cultivation, it is not a matter of surprise to find that the natives have acquired the art of turning the grain into a liquid. They call it *merissa* and in all purposes it is a beer, and like the beers of their neighbours, the Abyssinians and Ethiopians, it is very poor stuff. The taste for it must be acquired, and even when this has been accomplished the capacity will be found sadly deficient. Its manufacture is crude and simple and therefore it will not keep more than a day or two at the most. The receptacles in which it is made and carried from place to place are devised from the leaves of the *dhoum* palm. Of course, the making of these baskets, which are completely water-tight, as well

as the brewing of the *merissa* belongs to the duties of the women. The male Soudanese does not concern himself much about domestic affairs; in fact it may be said, in all truth, that he is utterly indifferent to what goes on under his roof so long as he can get plenty to eat and drink. A little more than a hundred years ago, or to be exact, 1795, the Sultan Abdelraham issued a proclamation against the use and making of *merissa* and placed severe penalties for disobedience. For a while the people accepted the affair as a novelty; it was something for them to talk about and relieve the monotony of their existence, but the newness dying out and they becoming thirsty, one and all began making and drinking their beer as if such a person as the Sultan did not exist, and for all the attention that his people paid to his commands it would have been a great deal better if he had not published them.

In a great many parts of the Soudan the *kola* flourishes luxuriantly. Perhaps this may be its original home, for it is a native of Africa. The people have for many years used the nuts in the place of coffee, making an infusion which they call *guru*. If possible, it is more of a stimulant than coffee, but it does not affect the people adversely, and its use, not being conducive to intoxication, should receive hearty encouragement. The Soudanese also understand the making of *bouza* but they prefer *merissa*, as it is more quickly made and just as good. From *dokn* (millet) flour, which is very coarsely ground, is made a paste called *kissery*, which is allowed to undergo a slight fermentation; when it is wanted water is poured upon it. *Kissery* is both intoxicating and narcotic and is only used at night. Of late years European spirits and wine have gained

a strong foothold in this country, seriously affecting the native manufacture.

Among some of the wild tribes intoxication is produced in a very novel manner and without drink of any sort. The savage who wants to get drunk seats himself upon a stone or log and begins shaking his head from side to side. He does it so violently that it would loosen the brain of an educated person, but with him, after a time, every symptom of inebriation is manifested and he is fully satisfied.

Viewed from the sea, Zanzibar presents a very pleasing sight: the glittering mosques reflecting the sunlight, the Sultan's palace standing in bold outline, and the white houses and round towers, amid the barracks and forts, form a pretty and attractive picture; but in the words of the poet "T is distance lends enchantment to the view." A close inspection of this gateway to Eastern equatorial Africa reveals a labyrinth of narrow filthy streets twisting and turning, through a dense mass of still filthier hovels, making, as Prof. H. Drummond says in his *Tropical Africa*, a "cesspool of wickedness, Oriental in its appearance, Mohammedan in its religion, Arabian in its morals, . . . a fit capital for the Dark Continent."

Zanzibar, however, has many redeeming features. Its soil and climate are both good, and where modern sanitary methods have been installed, and a proper thought given to the diet, the health has been found to be as good there as elsewhere. Vegetation is luxuriant and wherever the land is cultivated the returns are always profitable. The natives do not take kindly to any labour, and it is only through the instrumentality of the Europeans, and Americans,

that have settled there, that any improvements have been made. Naturally, living costs little and therefore the great incentive to labour is lacking. Clothing of the lightest kind is all that is necessary, and, for the indifferent person, Zanzibar is almost an earthly Paradise.

The palm-tree grows everywhere in tropical luxuriance and it naturally follows that palm wine is to be had in plenty at all seasons of the year. This wine, called by the people *tempu*, is as far superior to the common run of palm wine as a fine Burgundy is to an inferior claret. There is something in either the soil or climate—perhaps it may be both—which imparts to this wine a most delicious taste and a beneficial action when used in proper moderation. Visitors to this land, who have drunk *tempu*, are always loud in its praise, and, were it possible, they would import it, but like all wines of this nature *tempu* is an exceedingly poor keeper. In fact, it can be said in all truth that it will not keep at all, turning into vinegar oftentimes within a day. This tendency towards a rapid change, however, is no drawback to the natives, for, on the whole, *tempu* is not very attractive to them. What they want is *zerambo*, the distilled toddy and fixed or adulterated with lime, black sugar, and various roots and herbs, making it almost unpalatable and thoroughly pernicious, whereas, if left in its natural state and allowed to age somewhat, *zerambo* is by no means unpalatable or unhealthy. The growth of the *papaw* in and around Zanzibar is truly tropical. One year suffices to laden the tree with its golden fruit, which is eaten boiled or raw, and from the pips, or seeds, tasting very much like celery, the Arabs make a decoction of a sherbet

nature, that they call *cateer el massak* and of which they are exceedingly fond. It is not at all intoxicating, but its effect is such that it must be surmised rather than described. Another thing that the Arabs do in this country which is out of the general run is to extract oil from the seeds of cucumbers for salad purposes, and from reports by experts who have tested it, it is pronounced superior even to olive oil, both in respect to taste and wholesomeness.

On the main land of Zanzibar—properly speaking, continental Zanzibar—the liquors made are almost the counterpart of those manufactured on the island; they bear the same names and differ only in a degree of badness. The *zerambo* is here distilled with an admixture of *cashew*-nut, and being preserved in foul old earthenware pots it is almost sure death to any but those who have inured themselves to it by a careful education in its use. The foreigner if he becomes intoxicated by it and escapes death can count himself most fortunate. The free-born Arab would be disgraced for the remainder of his life if he was caught using it. They make two kinds of *tempo-tamu*; one is sweet and non-intoxicating, but it soon turns into *khali*, which is decidedly acid and quite inebriating. They also manufacture a beer, from *holcus*, which is named *pombe*. It is very light in alcohol and quickly spoils, though at some seasons it will keep as long as three days, but its qualities generally disappear in twelve hours. One particular trait of these people is the more or less humorous names they bestow upon intoxicating liquors of European make, and with which, by the way, they are all well acquainted. For instance if one of them should happen to be the possessor

of a bottle of gin, and he felt inclined to invite you to participate in its contents, instead of asking if you would like some gin he would ask if you would like to caress the "wuh safed" or in other words the "white one." In like manner these appellations are extended to brandy, wine, and bottled beer. Naturally the most important affair in the lives of these people is a wedding. It is this that enlivens their days and lightens their nights, for on these occasions every care is thrown to the winds and nothing but revelry and feasting is thought of.

To quote from Captain Richard F. Burton in *Zanzibar*:

The relatives of the bridegroom, as soon as he reaches the mature age of fifteen, having found for him a fit and proper mate, repair to the parents; propose a *mahr*, or settlement, varying according to means from \$15 to \$25, and obtain the reply ancipital. The women then visit one another; the answer emerges into distinctness, and all fall to cooking. In due time Coelebs receives, as a token of acceptance, a large *siniyyah*, a tray of rice, meat, and confectionery, a "treat" for his friends, forwarded by the future father-in-law. The feast concludes the betrothal. Either of the twain most concerned is still at liberty to jilt; but in such a case, as usual throughout the Moslem East, enmity between the families inevitably results. The wedding festivities outlast the month. There are great "affinities of gossips"; *tympanum et triudium*; hard eating and harder wetting of the driest clay with the longest draughts of *tembo k'hali*, of *pombe* beer, and of the maddening *zerambo*. Processions of free women and slave girls, preceded by chattles performing on various utensils of music, perambulate the streets, singing and dancing in every court. At length the Kazi, or any other

man of letters, recites the *fatiheh*, and the two become one, either at the bridegroom's or at the bride's house. The women are present when the happy man enters the nuptial chamber, and they always require to be ejected by main force.

CHAPTER XIII

AFRICA

LEAVING Zanzibar and travelling south, one comes to that part of the continent better known as East Africa, the great centre of attraction to every explorer, missionary, and traveller. Thousands have gone there and volume after volume has been written about it and its people, and even now, with all these facts recorded, but little is really known. There still remain hundreds of miles to be explored, in which undoubtedly there will be found many strange people, for this has always been the case, and until every part is known to the white man no one can surmise what is in store for the next hardy adventurer. But of one thing it can safely be predicted, that he will find an intoxicating beverage and people who are always ready to use it. A great number of our good people decry the taking of wines and liquors into these lands, claiming that they lead the ignorant native into trouble and temptation, seemingly forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that long before the white man and his black bottle ever penetrated into the wilds, these people made their own liquors and became intoxicated, had their quarrels and fights and, strange as it may seem, survived the ordeal and repeated it at the first opportunity. One of the

leading tribes of this region is the Giryamas. These people are now quite well known, their habits and practices have been repeatedly described and their folklore has been studied and written upon exhaustively. They are great consumers of their native beers, *pombe* and *tumbu*, of which the following is almost a literal translation of a verbal description telling how they are made:

One begins by putting the grain into the mortars with water; and at daybreak you put [it] into leaven and leave [it] until it has stayed two days, then you go to see it; if you find it has not yet shot out shoots, you then put water upon it again and it again stays two days, until when you go thus it has shot forth shoots, it has become malt; then you take it out and spread it in the sun, and at last when it is dry and you grind it, it has become a seasoning, and then if it is to be for *tumbu* (a kind of pap-like beer), one puts it in [the pot], and if not, it is for beer.

When the brewing is completed, says Mr. W. W. A. Fitzgerald in his *Travels in East Africa*,

some of the liquid is poured out at the gates of the town, at the roots of the chief trees, and on the graves within its walls, and a prayer accompanies the act: "That he may proceed to drink, and when he is intoxicated let him sleep, and not revile his companions, nor engage in quarrelling, so that when he rises up from here he may rise up with the fumes out of him; let him sleep that the drink may not excite quarrels."

Another strange fact about these people is that almost every man among them is a Freemason. Mr. Fitzgerald must have had unusual facilities granted him, for he gives his readers quite an exhaustive review of their ritual. He says:

Coming next to the curious custom of Freemasonry, prevalent amongst this tribe, the system of initiation is called *K'ambi* after its most numerous divisions. The preliminaries to the *Habasi* (First Degree) are: (1) *Uhoho*, infancy. The *muho*, child, is not yet sufficiently grown or cannot yet afford the fees to become a candidate. From the latter cause there are many grown up "infants" in *Giryama*. (2) *Umondo*, the Candidature. Negotiations have been entered into by the child's father for his initiation into the first grade, the *Habasi*. (3) *Uhora*, the having been declared free of the *first degree* (*Habasi*), follows in due course, and the youth takes his place among the *Ahoho* • *a Haba-si-ni*, children in the *Habasi*. He is now allowed to have his share in the division of the fees paid by the *Umondo* for their candidature, which consist of flesh, beer, etc. He and his companions are called *Nyere*, and are still under the care of their hierophant, the *Muhagizi*, who completes this stage of his teaching by putting them through a course of medicine, teaching them simples and spells (but not charms or *fetishes*—*pengu*), in the woods, where he takes them and shows them every medicinal herb. While engaged in this study, the initiated receive the name of *Ahoho a Miha-so-ni*, Children in the Simples.

The preliminaries to the full status of the k'ambi.—There are four ceremonies of initiation to be passed before an *m'giryama* can enjoy his full status as a citizen; each is named after its ceremonial dance. (1) *Gawe*, the Distribution or Partition—that is, into those who may and those who may not wear the full-sized loin cloth. The mysteries last six ritual "days" of twelve hours each, which are practically three ordinary days. The *Giryama* daytime is divided into ten *mirongo* or decades, which are, however, only imaginary divisions. The hierophant of the *Gawe* is called *M'Kuzi*, as if to say, the Initiator of the greater Mysteries, and the Mysteries themselves are called *Mwandza m'kulu*, the greater mystic drum. The candidates

Ku-tsindza rigo "flay the Great Skin" (?), *i.e.*, they are shown the *Mwandza* by the initiator. This drum, with its strange roaring bellow, is used to excite the superstition of the common people. (2) *Sayo ra K'oma*, the clapping of the shades (the ancestral ghosts), is a dance which lasts only one day. The hierophant is called simply *Mwenye Sayo*, the clapping man. There seem to be no special names for the officers in the succeeding steps. (3) *M'ng'aro*, Shining, is the same in the duration of its ceremonies as the *Gawe*. It receives its name from the fact that the candidates are entirely smeared with clay, which gives them a weird appearance. (4) *Kirao* lasts for the same period as the *Gawe* and *M'ng'aro*. In this dance the bodies of the initiated are reeking with oil. They vie with one another in the amount of their fees, and the one who surpasses his companion is entrusted with the keeping of the ritual drum, peculiar to this class—a long bamboo closed at the end with a tight skin, and beaten rhythmically with a pounding motion upon the ground. This drum they call their *musichana*, or "young woman."

The man has now become full of the *Second Degree*, the *K'ambi*. He may assume the *luwoo* or armlet, denoting status, at the *Nyambura* dance, and sit in the *M'oro* or parliament, where he is usually content to listen to his elders, and learn the tricks of rhetoric. His ambition now is to become a member of the *Azhere*, Elders. These may deliberate on smaller judicial questions in their own district (*lalo*), but are really nothing but a social club. They are privileged, during their sitting, with inviolability of person, and they may confiscate any goat, fowl, or ox that comes in their way, or any beer or food of any description, if so minded. They carry such articles off to their *bandari*—the *Wava*, club-house, of their district. They even confine persons who intrude upon them, until the offenders can ransom themselves; and no one who is introduced to them is allowed to salute them, nor do they salute one another in

the ordinary manner. In the woods their drunken howlings often make night and day hideous, and altogether the people are becoming tired of them, as they grow less useful to the state. (2) The *Fisi*, Hyena—the inner circle of all, very select. The chief of the *Azhere a Fisi ni* is the *M'kuzi* (see under *Gawe*, above). The members of the hyena inspire great terror, as they are the depositories of the most potent spells and oracles.

Of course these details are only mere outlines; the rites and ceremonies, being of a secret nature, cannot be described, and one is led to wonder how and when these savages became invested with their knowledge.

Although beer is what can be called the national drink of these people they still have another, *uchi* by name, made from the cocoanut, wild date, and *hyphæne* palm. The cocoanuts and wild dates are macerated and allowed to stand for a few hours, then the toddy is poured on. It will soon ferment and it is exceedingly heady, but the effects are almost nil, the fumes leaving the system during the sleep. The cost of making *uchi* is its drawback, for it is only the wealthier natives that own palm-trees, and they, like their white brethren, are not prone to letting other people enjoy their possessions without some kind of compensation.

The grape-vine is known to these people under the euphonic appellation of *mu-ganga-lungo-m'bomu* and the fruit *ganga-bungo-ze*, but, strange enough, this fruit is not edible and, as far as the natives are concerned, almost useless. They have many peculiar customs, and like other primitive races sneezing is thought to be fraught with more or less danger. "The practice is when a man has sneezed for him to immediately name some of the members of his family, begin-

ning with his father (*e.g.* 'I am the son of S. and S.1') or any ancestor or relation whose name comes easily to the tongue. People present are wont to say politely, 'Chamba u mwana wa nganya laha!'—'If thou 'st son of such a one, swear (by his name) '1'"

Another tribe some miles away on the river Tana is the Pokomos. These people also understand making beer, but as honey is very plentiful and therefore cheap they manufacture a beverage which they call *tembo la asali* and, notwithstanding, the fact that it is very intoxicating, they drink enormous quantities of it and with, apparently, no ill after-effects. In the year of 1860 a hardy explorer of the name of John Canning Speke penetrated into the very heart of Africa. Three years later he returned to this same country with Captain James Augustus Grant, and it was through their pioneering that eventually the Uganda protectorate was established and new possessions added to the British crown. At first the discoveries were not much thought of, but as time passed it revealed truths of value far beyond even the most sanguine expectations. The country is rich in almost every thing that man needs, its climate is mild and salubrious, and the people, of whom there are several millions, are comparatively speaking easy of management. Of course they are savages, but this fact will soon be lost sight of, for they are readily amenable to the influences of civilisation, and are quick to perceive and adopt methods and manners which they think will be of benefit to them; at present writing some fifty new tribes have been found and their habits and mode of living studied, both scientifically and socially.

Wine and beer were found common among them all, and many grew tobacco and knew its use, viz., chewing, smoking, and snuff-taking. Among the Banyoro, beer, called *omwenge*, is made from *eleusine*, called by the natives *ruimbi*, and it is their favourite beverage. By the admixture of certain leaves an extra amount of alcohol is developed, causing it to more readily intoxicate. They drink great quantities of it and drinking bouts between families and friends are everyday matters. Sometimes these bouts end pleasantly, but that is the exception rather than the rule. It is said that when this beer is carefully prepared and is perfectly fresh and free from the leaves of the *ruimbi* it is fairly palatable and quite nourishing, but unless it is specifically ordered the maker always uses the leaves.

Sir Harry Johnston in his *Uganda Protectorate* gives many interesting details regarding these people, and his search into their folk-lore has brought to light many fine stories and traditions. As an example of what these people think and feel, the following will give a little insight. The story is called *Kaweka and Nakaweka*.

A man once lived at Ganga, near Kampala, and he had a son who never ate any food. The son's name was Kaweka. Another man, on the other side of Ganga, had a daughter who never ate food. Her name was Nakaweka. One day Kaweka heard this, and said he should like to see the girl. The girl on the same day heard the story of the boy who did not require any food, and she said she should like to see him. Kaweka travelled round the district and came to the girl's house. He found her at home, and he said "Otya." She replied "Otyano," and asked him into the house. She did not know who he was, but she went to

the banana garden and pulled some fruit, and when it was ready she offered it to him, and he declined, saying that he never ate food. He then asked her to eat it herself, and she said she never ate food. And in this way they guessed who each of them was. Then her parents came in and the usual ceremony was gone through, and the marriage was completed. When the bride was brought home her father came to visit her, and food was prepared. Everything was ready but beer, and Kaweka proposed to go to the village to buy some; but his bride persuaded him not to go, as she feared something would happen to him. He did not go, and he remained at home many days. One evening he heard drums beating in the village, and heard the dancers and singing, and he insisted upon going, promising that he would not be long. He went, and a fight arose, and Kaweka was speared and killed. When the news was brought to his wife she wept for many months and refused to be consoled. One night, as she was crying in her hut, Kaweka returned from death and asked her, "Why do you weep so long and bitterly?" "Because I loved you so much," she replied. "Then if you loved me so much, will you come with me now?" "Yes, yes; I'll come," and she died. It has now become a kind of proverb in Uganda: "Tokabye okuzukiza Kaweka wa Ganga"—that is, "You cry as if you wished to wake Kaweka of Ganga."

At their weddings they have a song which is sung just before the feast the words of which are as follows:

Weroboli
Bwotya emundu olizimbawa wompa mailo
Nkuloza ayisa omwenge ajagana
Abatalina nte mulinywaki
Mulimu atasiba nte
Balinywaki.

The translation reads. "Choose what you like.

If you are afraid of fighting [guns], where will you build? If you give me an estate, I will think of you as one who distributes beer and swaggers. You have not cows; what will you drink? There are some who have no cows; what will they drink?" If the reader will notice the word following *omwenge* (name of the beer) in the original and then turn to the translation and get its meaning he will see quite a similarity between the slang phrase *a jag on* and *ajagana*, which means to swagger. Is it accidental, or could the word have been brought here by some slave and through his pronunciation the phrase constructed?

Palm wine is another common beverage among these various tribes, and, although the making of it is essentially the same, it bears a different name in almost every county, if such these divisions can be called. For instance the Turkana call it *nyaoh*; the Suks, *kohmat*; the Karamojo, *negwie*; the Somali, *ghamri*; the Masai, *en naishu*; the Bari, *yawa*; the Nandi, *maivek*; the Tuken, *maiyeuk*; Dorohboh, *komiat*; the Acholi, *ja-luo*; Lango and Aluru call it *kono*; the Avrikaja, *odra*; the Logbwari, *ewa*; the Mudu, *fi*; the Makarka, *buda*; the Lendu, *ada*; the Monfu, *amvu*; the Bambute, *odoh*; the Kibira, *libo*; the Lihuku, *ngaka*; the Kumba, *lunganda*, *luwanga*, *lusesese*, and *mwenge*; the Mangala, *upohtoh*, *manna*; the Ilingi, Bomangi, Abudja, and Abaluki, *mamana*; the Obukonjo, *obuabu*; the Orunyoro, Oruhimas, and Igizii, *amarwa*; the Ruanda, *enzoga*; the Kabwari, *malua*; the Luganda and Lunyara, *omivenge*; the Lurimi, *amalua*; the Lukonde, *gamarwa*; the Lusohkwia, *kamarwa*; and the Kikuyu, *njohhi*.

A number of these tribes are quite skilful in pottery

manufacture and specimens of their art on exhibition in the British Museum show fine workmanship and considerable artistic ability. Sir Harry Johnston gives a number of photographs of different pieces, among which, in particular, is a beer-pot that in outline and symmetrical proportions is truly graceful. Sir Harry says of it: "I give a photograph here of a beautiful piece of pottery made by the Bahima in Ankole, with a basket-work stopper. The clay has been blackened with plumbago, and attains a beautiful shiny gloss. It has been deeply incised with a graceful pattern."

Basket-work has also become a fine art with some of the tribes. In fact vessels are made so close that they are used for the transportation and keeping of all liquids, especially milk and beer. They also understand the art of smelting and iron-working and in many ways have proven themselves to be a superior race of savages. Quite a number of the tribes have made farming profitable, while others are large cattle-raisers, and it is among these people that banana beer, called *emototo* and *mead-na moqa*, is to be found in plenty, extending their lists of intoxicating beverages. In the drinking of banana beer a tube instead of a cup or glass is used, for in its manufacture pieces of the pulp and rind are allowed to float about in it and a tube is found to be most convenient. The Baganda, who make and also use large quantities of this beer, display exquisite taste in the making of their tube, which in the first place is only a hollowed cane, but with the use of many-coloured straws and fine close plaiting the tube becomes really a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is of these people that Sir Harry predicts that eventually

“they will produce schools of pottery in the same manner as China and Japan.”

Among some of the pastoral tribes the drinking of blood fresh from the wound is an every day occurrence. Some fresh and even sour milk is mixed with the blood to give a larger portion and also to make it more palatable. At first sight this drinking of blood from a live animal may be somewhat repulsive, but it must be borne in mind that salt in some parts of the protectorate is an exceedingly scarce article, and it is only through this animal substance that the young warrior can obtain enough of the mineral for the sustenance of his well-being.

While all hands are as a general rule allowed to drink as much of their various intoxicating beverages as they desire, on the other hand, only old men and women are allowed to smoke tobacco, and some of the elder men take tobacco mixed with potash as snuff. The Lumbwa people have put tobacco to a strange use. They macerate the leaves and put them into a goat's horn, into which a sufficient quantity of water is poured. When wanted for use they close one nostril with a finger, then tilt the head on one side, and then pour the liquid tobacco-juice out of the horn into the other nostril. Both nostrils are then pinched for a few minutes, after which the liquid is allowed to trickle out.

In hunting and warfare these people, Andorobo, Kamasia, Naudi, and Masai, use poisoned arrows, and so powerful is this toxic that a slight scratch is only necessary to produce immediate death; but although it kills game it is only the part in the immediate vicinity of the wound that is unfit for eating. Even the blood is free from it, for as soon as the animal falls he is

bled and the blood is drunk at once. The poison is derived from a small tree—*acocanthera schimperi*—the leaves and branches of which are boiled. The liquid is then strained and cleared of the fragments of leaves and bark. They continue to boil the poisoned water until it is thick and viscid, by which time it has a pitch-like appearance. The poison is kept until it is wanted on sheets of bark. After they have finished preparing the poison they carefully rub their hands and bodies free from any trace of it with the fleshy, juicy leaves of a kind of sage. The poison is always kept high up on the forks of trees out of the reach of children, and the prepared arrows are never kept in the people's huts, but are stored away in branches. Naturally among the pastoral tribes milk is very plentiful, but, strange as it may seem, the people, as a whole, are averse to its use in the fresh or sweet condition. They much prefer it sour, claiming that in this stage it is more healthy. They also mix it with *alot* that has been allowed to stand for three or four days, asserting that this liquid imparts very valuable properties to it in the way of salt. This may be true, but the smell of it is enough to deter any white man from drinking it, so all we have is the native's word as to its efficiency.

In several parts of the country the grape-vine is found growing wild and in some cases the grapes are exceedingly tasty. The people gather and eat them, but do not seem to know anything about making wine from them, or if they do they fail to practise it. Some few of the tribes indulge in cicatrisation, while others tattoo and a number file their teeth to sharp points and otherwise disfigure themselves. In their marriage and procuring of wives the methods employed are

similar to those of other savage nations, that is, the wives are bought. In the case of the Bakopi, which is illustrative of the rest, the procedure is as follows:

A man has generally ascertained that his advances will be favourably received before he makes any definite move. If he meets the girl, he asks permission to speak to her elder brother or uncle, and if she consents the peasant buys two gourds full of beer, and repairs to her father's house. The brother or male relative meets him at the entrance to the enclosure that surrounds the house, takes the beer, and conducts the suitor to the girl's father. As soon as the beer is disposed of, the father mentions certain articles that he would like as a present, possibly 10,000 *kauri* shells, a goat, a bundle of salt, and a few strips of bark-cloth. The suitor then retires and does the best he can to obtain the quantity of each article mentioned. If he is a rich man, he will not take long, but in any case he must not return for the bride before three days. This is the period universally allowed for making her ready—that is, shaving her hair and anointing her all over with oil. After a lapse of an interval ranging from three days to a month and a half, the suitor returns with the shells and other things, probably costing, all told 18s. to 20s. These things are given to the father of the girl. At the same time, the suitor must not have forgotten to bring a small calabash of beer for the bride's sister. When these things are handed over, a party is formed at the father's house and all proceed to the bridegroom's house, beating drums and singing. The afternoon, evening, and night are spent in dancing and drinking beer. In the morning the party separates, and the ceremony is finished, the bride remaining with her husband.

Sir Harry Johnston further adds:

The wife's mother is under a serious ban in Uganda.

She must not enter her daughter's house and she must not speak to her son-in-law. Should they meet accidentally on the path, she must turn aside and cover her head with her clothes. If her wearing apparel is not sufficient to cover her head, the exactions of etiquette may be met by sitting on the haunches and covering the eyes and part of the face with the open hands. When the son-in-law has passed, she may go on her way. She may pay a visit to her daughter, but she cannot enter the house. She remains twenty yards off; the daughter goes to her, and they sit and talk. If the son-in-law is indoors, and not in view from outside, the mother-in-law may shout "Otya" (that is, "How dost thou?") and the son-in-law may answer her from the inside of the hut; but it would be a *gross* breach of etiquette either to carry the conversation further, or for the mother-in-law to look in at the door, or her son-in-law to glance at her from within the hut.

When a wife has presented her husband with a second son it is considered a great event, and there is a special drum-beat to announce the fact to all whom it does and does not concern. This drumming is called *ntujo*, and a joyful husband may keep it up at his own door for a period of a month. The *ntujo* is a signal to all his friends to come and rejoice and drink beer with him. A wife who has borne a second son must be presented with nothing less than a new piece of bark-cloth costing at least 1s. 4d., as a recognition of her achievement.

In the matter of eating, there is one feature that penetrates into every tribe; the women are not allowed to eat the same articles of food as the men, and a married woman can not eat that which is allowed for a single one. In some of the tribes, men of certain names can not eat certain foods; for instance if a man is named *Katenda* he can not partake of the lung-fish, or if his name is *Mayanja* he must not eat of the flesh of sheep, and if his name should happen to be *Luanga* he is forever debarred from eating

the flesh of the otter. Muganda women cannot eat fowls or mutton, but if she is a single woman and living in her own house she may eat eggs; when she is married eggs cease to be a part of her diet. Without exception every tribe is fond of music and dancing, and many evenings and nights are whiled away in these pastimes, and rarely is their beer omitted.

The great dividing line upon the eastern coast of Africa is the Zambesi River. For more than a century it was the Mecca of almost every adventurer in that part of the continent. To those who began their task of exploration in the south, the Zambesi was their northern goal, while they who entered the country in the north made the river their southern boundary. Although the river was known many centuries ago and is to be found upon the early maps, the first white man to explore its whole length was David Livingstone, between 1851 and 1853. Since then, however, this river has perhaps received more attention than any other stream of its size in the world, and every turn and twist is almost as well known as our own Hudson River. The people, too, along its banks have been the recipients of much attention and study and, while they are savages, it must be admitted that on the whole they are quite interesting. In many of their habits and practices they greatly resemble the tribes in the north-east, as, for instance, in Abyssinia. The making of honey into mead is a prerogative of royalty and, in like manner, the restriction is found to exist among the Marutse, with this difference, that the latter tribe's king gets *all* the honey and, if he chooses to have it made into *impote*—for such is the name they have given to their honey-beer—there is rejoicing. In the

shape of *impote* the people may have an opportunity to taste the honey they have gathered, but the chance is small, for this beverage is only occasionally distributed by the king, except at festivals and feastings, and then only to the more select whom he invites to attend these festivals.

To make *impote* the formula is something as follows: A pint of honey to a gallon of water is fermented by a kind of balm, called *moer*. This mixture is made by pounding two kinds of berries, and preparing it with the larvæ of bees. By putting this *moer* into the pot it is brewed in about eight hours, when the *moer* or sediment settles to the bottom, and the brew is poured off. The honey being now fermented, a vinous and acid taste is imparted to the brew, not unlike hock, though not quite so potent. The effect of *impote* upon the native is quickly discernible, and more especially if he happens to be smoking at the same time. On the other hand, to those that are accustomed to the use of grape wine to even a moderate extent, *impote* has no effect unless drunk in very large quantities. Further south and also towards the west this embargo upon honey is not met with and the people are at liberty to do with it as they please. In the manner, too, of serving *impote* there is great similarity with the Abyssinian custom. The king's butler is the first to partake, but instead of pouring it out into the palm of his hand or drinking from the same cup he fills a goblet, and then clapping his hands, a ceremony of respect, he sits before the king and drinks the contents of his vessel. He then fills another and hands it to the king, who on this occasion only takes a small sip or two, passing it to the queen, who always sits at

his left. She likewise only tastes and immediately returns it to his highness, who presents it to his honoured guest sitting at his right. The rest of the gathering are then served by the lesser servants, but only the guests of the king are allowed to touch their lips to the royal cup.

The Marutse also make several kinds of beer and some of it is of excellent quality; that made of Kaffir-corn and called *matimbe* is remarkable for its alcoholic strength and the facility with which it can intoxicate the drinker. It is considerably stronger, or heavier, than German or English ale, and, in some cases, when carefully prepared is almost as inebriating as a weak spirit. *Matimbe*, however, is not often made, as the process is slow and tedious in comparison to making *butshuala*, also made from Kaffir-corn. *Butshuala* is the national or more properly speaking the universal drink of all these people, and the quantities they consume of it are only limited by the amount of grain they can afford to lay aside for its making, and not by the ability of the drinker, for according to good authority this is something no white man has yet been able to ascertain. In this respect the Marutse seems to be without limit: no amount of *butshuala* is too great for him to attempt and the attention that he will give to the completion of his task is thoroughly commendable, on the ground that he will not leave any to lead his brother or neighbour into temptation.

Another beer they make is called *morula* and is pronounced to be pleasant and invigorating. It greatly resembles a nicely made cider in taste, but is somewhat more inebriating. Being made from a wild fruit, of the same name, it can only be manufactured

at certain seasons of the year, and therefore it has not the popularity of *butshula*, although in every respect it is much superior and just as easily manufactured. Wild fruits of all kinds are used by these people for the purpose of beer-making and a list of their beer beverages would only be a catalogue of their indigenous fruits.

In the matter of cleanliness these people are far superior to the average savage, not only in personal but in domestic habits. Bathing is essential to them, and they will often risk being snapped up by crocodiles rather than remain unclean. In cooking they are also remarkably neat and tidy. Their utensils, made either of pottery, wood, or gourds, are always carefully washed after using and are in a condition that would satisfy the most fastidious. The men, as a general rule, are the ones who make the necessary utensils and some of the specimens of their handiwork show more than average ability. Given a log of wood and a red-hot rod of iron he will soon transform the log into a bowl that would be considered creditable among those whose implements were more varied and suitable.

Leaving the Zambesi River and travelling south the explorer again finds himself among people that differ entirely from the Marutse, and he is soon aware, too, that the country has changed and in many respects he feels he is in a different land altogether; yet no matter where he may travel he is sure to find that connecting link, beer. In this case it is made from a grain called *lebelebele* and the beer bears the name of *omaruf*. Like *matimbe* it is very heavy, but *lebelebele* is a grain that will ferment quickly on a hot day, so *omaruf* becomes a common beverage in this part of Africa.

Another tribe, the Namaquas, have conquered the art of distillation and with the aid of an old iron pot, an inverted kettle, and a rusty gun barrel they manage to make a liquor called *moretla*—from the berry used—that is exceedingly ardent and extremely vicious. But it is just this kind of drink that these people most love. Beer to them is of very little use; of course it will do when nothing stronger can be procured. They are just the reverse of the Marutse, being idle, prodigal, and most thoroughly dissolute. When sober they are abject cowards, but while under the influence of liquor they become perfect fiends and no crime is too revolting for them to commit. They also make a kind of *impote* and by the use of a root of a certain plant resembling the cucumber they render the drink very intoxicating.

Still another tribe make a beer called *bujaaloo*. The Damaras also make great use of two berries, *mogoma* and *moretloa*. These they pound together and then pour cold water on them and in a few minutes the beverage is ready for drinking, and a very palatable draught it proves to be. If, however, it is allowed to stand for an hour or two the decoction will ferment and become slightly inebriating, but it is then too acid even for these people. Among the Makalakas honey is a staple article, not only of food, but of drink; they are plentifully supplied with it. That species with which we are all more or less acquainted, made by the same kind of bees that live in America, they call *nuchie*, and in the hollows of old trees and in cavities between rocks sometimes immense quantities are found. When this happens there is great rejoicing and also plenty of mead. A different kind of honey is that produced by a fly called *nonongora*, and while the honey is thought

to be superior the insect itself is an awful pest, the corner of the eye being its objective point, and should it succeed in reaching this part of the face the victim will suffer severely for seven days. They build their hives always in the hollows of decayed and fallen trees or in a rotten horizontal branch, and instead of depositing their honey in combs, like the common bee, they place it in a compact mass of oblong globules, some sections of which are devoted to the brood, and other sections as reservoirs for the honey, but are not receptacles for the larva. The eggs are deposited in clusters or bunches, against the sides or roof of the chamber. They are perfectly transparent, and when nearly ready to burst, the insect can be plainly seen through the yellowish shell, at which time they are only a little larger than the head of a good-sized pin.

Owing to the superior quality of this honey the natives rarely use it for the making of mead, reserving it for food and using *monga*. This *monga* is found in and around ant hills and of course always in the ground; it is not as good as that of the *nonongora* bee and by some it is even thought to be inferior to *nuchie*. Another kind of honey is the *masse*. This is made by a stingless but biting bee, and holds a fair place in the estimation of the people. *Tobo* is another name for *monga*.

Along the streams in this part of Africa there are to be found many evergreen trees, some that bear fruit and others that are barren. Among the former is a kind called *mokuchou*, from the fruit of which the natives prepare a most delicious beverage of the non-intoxicating order. It bears the name of the tree—*mokuchou*—from which it is made. In this part of the world the traveller often finds that the people with

whom he happens to be have for food many things which at first sight seem objectionable; eventually when circumstances have forced him to partake of their viands, he discovers that his surmises were wrong, as was the case of Mr. James Chapman, F.R.G.S., who in his *Travels* gives a very interesting account of the white ant and how it is prepared for food:

During the day, having ascertained that Lechulatebe remained behind to take his dinner, and having nothing provided for mine own, I took possession of a pot of *lintloa* or white ants, which was prepared for the chief; and, having dined upon a portion, I gave the rest to the slaves. Hunger will create an appetite for strange viands; and it was after suffering, on another occasion, three days of starvation, that, driven by necessity, I learnt to eat and to relish the insect, and to be grateful to Providence for having made it a means of human subsistence. Those that have eaten the locust prefer the white ant. The mode of catching these insects is various. I observed it a short time after this when, travelling in advance of my waggon, and being overtaken by a storm, I had taken refuge in a Bushman's hut. During the day I had noticed different members of the family tying together bundles of dry bark six inches in diameter, and smaller bundles of a kind of plant, which they had at first split in two, or others made of reeds, but had no idea for what purpose they were intended. The rain ceasing, I again started, travelling till dark, when we made a fire, upon either side of which my Bushman guides and myself lay down to rest. It was dark and cloudy when, about nine o'clock, happening to be moving, I saw a great many bright lights dancing about in every direction, and could not conceive what caused it. I thought that, perhaps, some natives had lost a child, and were seeking it with lighted torches. But asking my guide, who spoke a few words of Sechuana, what it meant,

he replied *Ba Chuma L intloa* ("They are hunting ants"). I could not understand how they could hunt them at night, and, to satisfy my curiosity, followed the light. On arriving at a large ant hill, fifteen feet in height, I found against the slope of it a hole about two feet deep and one wide. Just below it was planted one of the large bundles of dry bark, in a splendid blaze; the Makobas, all expectation, made small holes in different parts of the ant hill, and, having inserted in each some buffalo-dung, a ceremony which they call "medicine," they slit one of the smaller bundles, and, using it for a torch, proceeded in search of another ant hill while I remained to watch progress. For a few minutes the ants, whose wings are twice the length of their bodies, attracted by the fire, came floundering out of the hill, and so continued down the slope, till they lodged in the holes. The stream increased until they literally rolled over each other and filled the hole, many of them losing their wings. One of the Makobas now stirred them up, breaking their wings and disabling them; he then put them into a bag, and waited for the hole to fill again. Two or three large pailfuls were generally obtained from each hill. Having then planted a torch beneath the hole by other ant hills, they left them to be filled as before, and went in search of more. By this simple process they obtained myriads of these insects in a very short space of time. Having first dried them in a kiln and winnowed them they are again dried in the sun, after which they are fit for use. The white ants are only taken at one particular season, the beginning of the summer rains; and after the earth has been once wetted, they make their appearance when first attracted by the light. If the natives are aware that the season has arrived, and no rains fall, they may be seen all day carrying buckets of water to wet the ant hills. These insects eat only grass. I have frequently been an interested observer of their sagacity, and particularly of the manner in which they assist each other in their

labours. Before rains, they are most sedulous in their exertions to lay in a stock of food. In the neighbourhood of dwellings they are considered a scourge, destroying all wood-work, papers, etc.; but the queen, having an abdomen of immense proportions—two inches long and half an inch thick—in comparison to the thorax, which is like that of another ant only, is unable to move herself, and is located in a cell, having many entrances, by which the rest feed her. The queen ant once killed, together with the king, who is generally found near her, the rest all die.

The world over, water has ever been thought necessary for the purpose of quenching thirst, and that no substitute would answer for any length of time. Yet in this strange land of strange things, it is no uncommon occurrence to meet people who never, from one year's end to another, indulge in it to slake their thirst. The juicy roots of many plants give them the liquid they require, and also impart more or less nourishment. Sometimes, too, there are certain fruits that have juice enough to satisfy, and wherever these are to be found the natives are chary in their use of water in its natural state. Among the roots the traveller will soon become acquainted with is one called *lerush*. This contains a remarkable quantity of a water-like fluid that has a very satisfactory effect upon a dry and parched throat. Furthermore nature has made this root easily accessible, as it is found only a few inches below the surface of the earth, and is dug out with a pointed stick. Melons too are a valuable factor, but, although in some respects similar to our own watermelon, they are as a rule decidedly inferior, being much smaller and lacking in flavour. There is only one kind of this fruit to be found, yet it is so susceptible

to extraneous influences that many explorers have been led into the belief that the variety is somewhat extensive. This peculiar difference is produced by the quality and kind of fertiliser used, and, strange as it may seem, the taste and flavour of the melon is entirely changed. One kind of fertiliser, the most common to be found, imparts a flavour that is so bitter to the white man that, as a general thing, one taste of the melon will last him for the remainder of his stay in that part of the world. The natives, however, seem to relish this bitterness, and claim that, as far as slaking thirst is concerned, it is most effective. Perhaps they are right, but when a white man eats a piece of it he requires a quart or two of water to get the taste out of his mouth, so in his case there is not much saving of the water supply. On the other hand if a little care is used in the selection of the fertiliser, the melon is quite sweet and juicy, and proves very satisfactory to the traveller if not to the natives. Besides the roots and melons, nature has also provided a wonderful supply of juicy fruits that ripen at different seasons, so, on the whole, when all is considered the abstaining from water is not at all strange, and neither is it a hardship to those who practise it.

While it may be easy for man to go without water, animals, however, must be supplied with it, and the Bushmen certainly have a most ingenious method of producing this necessary article. They select a damp spot, but where no amount of digging would produce a pint of the fluid; then by inserting a tube of reed, with a bunch of dried grass at the end to act as a sponge, to the depth of a couple of feet or more according to their judgment, and applying the mouth they

can soon suck two or three pailfuls. Maybe, it was some slave brought to our Southern States who, being acquainted with this practice, showed it to our early settlers, and they applying the same principle would sink a headless barrel in the sand near the sea-shore and thus by capillary attraction obtain a supply of fresh water of a fairly good quality. The late General Benjamin Butler while in command at Ship Island used this method successfully, and gave his troops an abundant supply from where it was said no water could be obtained.

In many parts of this country south of the Zambesi River the grape-vine is found growing in all its primitive luxuriance, its vines almost covering and often reaching to the tops of large trees, but the natives give it little attention, the fruit being so poor and small that it does not pay even these people to gather it.

Aside from the universal habit of beer-drinking that all these African tribes have, there is another just as deep-rooted and as commonly practised habit, and that is their predilection for perfuming themselves. The young and old of both sexes have a great fondness for perfumery and its presence is soon made known to the visitor. Sometimes what they use is beyond the appreciation of the white man's nostrils and is apt to produce just the opposite effect from that intended. The musk of the pole-cat is considered a very fine article of scent among some of the tribes, and the white man always finds it more agreeable to be on the windward side of his neighbours when they have succeeded in killing one of these little animals. Again other tribes use herbs and different plants with remarkable success,

and some of their products are exceedingly pleasing. The Damaras call the plants that they use for this purpose *bucho*. They are first dried and then reduced to a powder and in this shape are carried with them at all times.

When the missionaries had penetrated into the heart of Zululand, and had also been tolerated to a certain degree by the natives, they found that the Zulus had a beer that almost compelled them to praise it rather than to censure, for unlike the beer made in their own countries this beverage had the positive value of food. It is known by three different names, according to locality. The most popular appellation is *outchulla*, the next is *ubuchwala*, while the last is *ejeeki*; but no matter what the name, the beer itself ranks very high in the estimation of all who have ever partaken of it. It is made from a kind of millet, the grain of which is not as large as a small pin-head. This grain is evenly spread out on a mat, then covered by another mat, made for the purpose, which is slightly moistened with water. This will readily cause the grain to sprout, and when this has proceeded long enough it is ground between two stones and then allowed to dry in the sun. The final operation consists in the addition of water and boiling it, and it is in this part of the process the skill of the brewer—if so he may be called—is manifested; for if too much or too little is used the quality of the brew is injured, and if the duration and intensity of the boiling is not carefully watched the whole product can be easily ruined beyond redemption. This, however, seldom happens, for none but those who have a thorough training in the art of beer-making are ever allowed to make it, for the grain is too precious

and scarce to experiment with. The effect upon the consumer is only slightly stimulating when drunk in reasonable quantities, and it is furthermore highly nourishing, enabling the drinker to perform hard and continuous labour. In fact for many years *outchulla* was the only food allowed the soldiers in the morning, being in truth their breakfast, and how well they subsisted on it, the war annals of England can tell more forcibly than any other authority. If *outchulla* is used immoderately it is more stupefying than intoxicating, for an abnormal quantity must be consumed and the victim is more water-logged than otherwise. Of course the fermentation generates alcohol, but the amount is so small and so weak it is hardly computable. The simple method of manufacture shows at once that *outchulla* can hardly be classified among the intoxicating beverages, yet withal the Zulu, when he sets out to become intoxicated upon his home-made beer, seldom fails in his attempt. He generally begins early in the morning, and towards night, if the beer holds out, he has consumed enough to make him stupid. Twenty or thirty quarts is the average amount, and when this has been drunk their stomachs are distended beyond all comfort, and when standing their paunches resemble a round bowl the mouth of which is placed against a flat block. The colour of *outchulla* is light brown, its taste is slightly acid, and when cool, as in the early morning after standing out of doors during the night, it is decidedly refreshing.

When milk is plentiful the Zulu, however, depends more upon *maas* than he does on beer for his subsistence and, as it is made both for drinking and eating, a short description is here given. It is most delicious and

is made in the following way: Fresh milk is put into a calabash, and allowed to stand until it turns sour, when the whey is run off through a little hole in the ground. More milk is then added until the calabash is full. The thick white milk, now almost of the consistency of gruel, is put into an earthenware milk pot. This is the drinkable *maas*. The completed article which is a food is made by the addition of mealies which have been boiled, dried, and pounded between two large flat stones and the prepared milk poured upon them, after which it is allowed to stand for several hours, when with the addition of a little honey or brown sugar, to take off the rather acid taste of the milk, it is ready for use. The white man as well as the black soon becomes fond of *maas* and is ever ready to partake of it when opportunity offers. In some parts of Zululand this preparation is called *amass* and is rarely, if ever, served with mealies. In other parts it is called *amasi* and, as no two people can see the same thing at the same angle at the same time, a quotation from *Zululand*, by Rev. Lewis Grout, in respect to *amasi* is worthy of reproduction. He says:

Their *amasi*, or thick milk, is made by pouring sweet milk into the *igula*, a large bottle-shaped calabash, where it soon undergoes a kind of fermentation, or acidulous chemical change, from being leavened, as it were, by a little which was left for the purpose when the previous mess was poured out. The whey which is generated by the process is first drawn off and used as a drink, or as food for the little folks; then comes a rich white inspissated substance, which is neither curd nor bonny-clabber, nor buttermilk, nor anything else but just that light, acidulated, healthy, and to most persons very acceptable, dish which the natives call *amasi*.

In many respects the Zulus are remarkable people, undoubted savages though they are. In warfare they have more than once shown themselves to be no mean foe, as England can testify, but it is in their private life they show much that is worthy of a more enlightened race. Throughout the length and breadth of their land not a crippled or deformed person can be found; neither is there an idiot, for as soon as the child is born it is inspected carefully, and if in any way defective it is not allowed to live; this practice also extends to their animals. Twins are also under a ban, only the larger and stronger being allowed to live. Marriage is a very important event with the Zulu, and it is said that in the whole land there are only two subjects of conversation, viz., cattle and marriage. Other things, such as war and hunting, may be talked about, but before long the drift will turn towards these important features, and truly a marriage ceremony in Zululand is no easy affair; in fact, as Captain W. P. Ludlow says in his *Zululand and Cetewayo*:

A Zulu marriage is a most elaborate and complicated affair, attended with extraordinary ceremonies, some of them of a questionable nature. The *ukuxona*, or love-making, having been accomplished, the next step for the bridegroom to do is to settle with the father regarding the number of cattle to be paid for her. The number varies from five to ten; even fifteen are given if the *intombi* or girl, is unusually fat and comely. When the cattle have been handed over, in whole or in part, preparations are made for the wedding. The girl shaves all her head except a tuft at the top, which she adorns with red clay and grease, and sticks a feather in it, which is an equivalent to our engagement ring. Her father gives her a blanket,

beads, and other small presents. These preliminaries having been accomplished the day of the wedding is fixed by the bride, which she is supposed to keep a secret from the bridegroom, but, as one may well imagine, he is sure to find it out, and is never found unprepared. The father now kills a goat with great ceremony, and offers it as a sacrifice to the ancestral spirit of the family; while doing this he prays to the spirit, asking that the girl may be fruitful and happy, for if she does not bear children he is bound by law to refund the cattle he received for her. The time has now come for the bride to start out for her new home, but before doing so a quantity of beer is made and a beast killed in order that she may not go hungry. The bridal party also carry a supply of food with them. As they approach the bridegroom's *kraal*, they form a procession and commence singing. In their songs they extemporise all manner of things in disparagement of the bridegroom, his *kraal*, and all that belongs to him. This is called *ukugremutshela*. The bridegroom and his friends, who come out to meet the bride, repay them in their own coin with interest. Very often both parties exceed the bounds of good taste, and say such hard things of one another that a general fight ensues and *knob-kerries* are freely used. After the *ukugremutshela* is over, they retire for the night, the *intombi* being accommodated with a hut along with her relations and friends. Before daylight next morning, the bride and her friends proceed to the river, or "sluit," where they remain until mid-day. The guests sit down by the river and eat the food they have brought with them. When that is finished a further supply is sent by the bridegroom. At noon a messenger is sent to call them from the river side, when the young men of the bride's party go to the *kraal* and report to the anxious swain that his bride is coming. The old women follow and also report the bride's approach; then come the bride's mother and her intimate friends; finally the bride

herself arrives with her companions chanting a song. The whole company now dance, and the bride selecting two girls from the bridegroom's *kraal* dances with them alone. When the dance is finished the bride kneels before her future husband and says "Ngitole," that is "adopt, receive me," at the same time addressing him by the patronymic. He looking towards the company says, "Do you adopt us?" The bride now jumps up quickly and tries to run away, but the bridegroom's friends are all on the alert to prevent her, and if one but touch her she is deemed caught, and returns. If, however, she gets away altogether, as is sometimes the case, the bridegroom must pay a fine to her father or brother. After this the dance is again resumed, by both parties. At the end of it the young warriors step out and *keta*, that is, show off their powers of jumping about, as if killing an enemy, working themselves into a frenzy of excitement, all the company applauding vigorously. When the war dance is over all return to their huts, except the bride, to eat and drink. She, however, sits down outside her hut, on a mat which she has brought with her. The mother of her husband, or some other elderly female of the family, approaches and daubs on her a piece of fat to anoint her body. She gets up, and again pretends to run away, and pretending to dislike the smell of the fat she rubs it off against the gate of the *kraal*. She now returns and receives a piece of fat from the bridegroom, and a little child being brought to her she anoints it, and kissing the fat gives it to her husband, who also kisses it. She then lies down, and, when the bridegroom is not looking, attempts to run away for the third time. While she has been lying on the ground a beast has been killed, the gall of which is sprinkled over her. This beast is killed with much ceremony by one of the men belonging to the bridegroom's family. If he kills it with the first stab of the *assegai* he has done well, but if not, it is forfeited to the bride's father. When the

beast is dead, the friends of the bride approach and put a string of beads upon it, reaching from the head to the tail. This is said to "close the wound," but why, or how, it is difficult to see. Indeed, for many of these strange customs the Zulus could give me no explanation whatever. The meat of the beast is now cooked and eaten, after which, the bridesmaids are obliged to "goma," that is, say which of the bride's male relations they like best. On the morning of the third day the bride accompanied by her maids goes to the river to wash. A little girl is sent to call them, when they return to the *kraal* and ask for the *unkeke* or goat given by the bridegroom. The ceremony is now at an end, winding up with a general beer-drinking and more eating of meat, when the bride's relations and friends take leave, and return to their respective *kraals*. On the fourth day the bride gives away all her beads to the young women at her husband's *kraal*, and if she is rich she will make them a present of a goat in addition. When a chief has several wives he calls his favourite his "incosygaas" or chief wife, and her son succeeds him and is heir to the greater portion of the property. If he has many wives there may be several favourites, the two next in favour to the "incosygaas" being called his right and left hand wives; the children of these latter are entitled to a small share of the property. Marriage between first cousins, it may be added, is strictly forbidden.

This frequent anointing of the body with oil and gall, although in a case of marriage it may be more or less ritual, is nevertheless a necessity. Zululand is infested with two kinds of ticks, both minute and troublesome. Their bite poisons the flesh to such an extent that most painful and irritating sores break out which often remain for months and years, and the scars will never disappear. These insects do not like

oil or grease, and the natives knowing this keep their bodies smothered with it at all times, thereby protecting themselves from injury.

For many years that part of Africa just north of the equator and spreading west towards the Atlantic Ocean was a region that greatly appealed to the cupidity of the European. It was known that in this vast territory there were millions of people, and if they could be taught the use and appreciation of European-made goods an almost limitless market would be created; and, accordingly, there was a movement, under the excuse of exploration, to develop this part of Africa, which was then known as Negroland and was inhabited by Arabs and natives, or perhaps more accurately speaking the Mohammedan and the pagan, neither of which had any toleration for the Christian. Hundreds of different tribes inhabit this region between Lake Tsad on the east and Timbuktu on the west. This territory is comparatively well known at present, but fifty years ago the white men who had succeeded in passing through it were few indeed. It was a dangerous country in which to travel, owing to the perpetual wars that were going on among the different tribes. Robbers and freebooters were more common than friends, and between these two dangers one had to be cautious. It was also found that, although the Koran forbade the use of intoxicating beverages, the Mohammedan here, in this part of Africa, differed from his brothers across the sea and ocean only in capacity and willingness to imbibe; he being a little more ready and having a better appetite for such articles of pleasure.

The first beverage to be met with in this part of

Africa is a drink called *giya*, and a most deceiving beverage it is. To properly classify *giya* is somewhat difficult, for it is neither beer nor whisky, yet it partakes largely of both. In respect to its use, it must be admitted that it would come under the head of beer, but in regard to strength of alcohol it exceeds any beer made in civilised countries. The chief ingredient is *impee*—a kind of sorghum—the stalks of which are macerated, then water is poured on them with a goodly supply of juice from the *krunka* tree added, in order to increase the fermentation. A small glass or two of *giya* will not produce intoxication but a few more will, and the effect is felt for hours. The peculiar feature about this *krunka* juice is that the tree which produces it exudes the liquid naturally. The tree is large and very common, and in consequence the continual dropping of its sap makes it very annoying to travellers, for it is a difficult matter to get it off the clothing, and if left it will rot the cloth where it fell. It is also claimed that it will eat the hair from a horse's back or side if not removed in a few minutes.

Over in the Waday country they have three liquors made by distillation; the most popular is *bilbil*, and a more fiery drink would be hard to find. The second is called *akebesk*, and resembles our common gin in every respect except in the flavour. The third and also the cheapest liquor is called *hal*. This is used mainly by the poorer classes, and is not quite as ardent as the preceding two. In the Bornu country, adjacent to Waday, fermented liquors are more in demand. The two principal ones are *amderku* and *sza*. *Amderku* is made by steeping ripe dates in water, then adding the native meal, after which it is squeezed through a cloth.

When it has stood for three or four days in a cool place it is ready for use and makes a pleasant beverage, and only slightly alcoholic. *Sza*, however, makes up for this deficiency, as it is extremely intoxicating; it is made from *durrah* much in the same fashion as *giya*, although its fermenting principle is kept a secret. A very common beverage all through this country is *akraiheme*. It is not inebriating, as it is only sour milk and water, but it is said to be wholesome and refreshing, especially on a hot day. Further along towards Timbuku, *rejira* is much esteemed, and is also intoxicating. It is made from cheese and dates. The natives take very kindly to this combination, but white men never try it more than once.

Among the Songhaya, *dakno* is the favourite drink; it is beer-like in character, but how it is made the people refuse to tell. Another beverage made in this neighbourhood is *uzak*, a very cooling and refreshing drink and only intoxicating when allowed to ferment. It is manufactured from the seeds of the *karengia*. These seeds, by the way, are a great matter of inconvenience to every one that comes in contact with them. They are covered with fine hair-like spines that enter the skin and cause troublesome sores. Every one, native as well as foreigner, carry with them pincers to pull out the spines; yet withal the plant itself is of great value, making nutritious food for cattle and *uzak* for man. *Fura* or *ghussub*-water, is another preparation which travellers often find. In fact, it may be said that in some localities it is the only substance of existence at certain seasons of the year. Its component parts are meal and milk made either thick or thin according to the taste of the maker. In the district, if so it may be

called, of Molghoy they make a beer from *guinea-corn*. It is called by the natives *komil* and according to all reports it is an inferior article, although quite intoxicating. In looks and taste it resembles our common beer when it is very "muddy." The people of the locality, however, place great store by it and make and use large quantities.

Here in Central Africa as well as in the other parts of this wonderful continent are to be found succulent roots that will enable man to live without water. In this part, these roots are called *katakirri* and are about the size of a man's two fists. The pulp is like our common radish, only more succulent and softer, while the juice is milky in colour and taste. It is both food and drink, and it is said a man can do a hard day's work with nothing but this root to sustain him. It is not a difficult matter to find them, for the indication above ground is a single blade about ten inches high; but it sometimes requires much labour to secure these roots, as they are often a foot or more beneath the surface. Near to Timbuktu there grows a plant called *byrgu*. It is an excellent food for cattle of all kinds, and the natives also manufacture from it a nauseatingly sweet beverage which they call *menshu*. It is not intoxicating and, while is it undoubtedly nourishing, its sweetness is too intense for the average European or American, and this can be extended also to *byrgu*, *maddi*, and *goreba*, beverages of a similar nature, made in other parts of the land.

In this part of Africa the marriage (*niga*) ceremonies fill a whole week. The first day is dedicated to the feasting on the favourite *makia*, a sort of sweet-meat made of rice with butter and honey; the second to the

tiggra, a dried paste made of millet with an immense quantity of pepper; the third to the *ngaji*, the common dish made from sorghum, with a little fish sauce, if possible; the fourth day is called *liktere* from the taking away the emblems of the virginal state of the bride. *Larussa*, the fifth, the bride is placed on a mat or *bushi*, from which she rises seven times, and kneels down as often; this is called *bushiro* or *buchiro genatsin*. The next day, which must be a Friday, her female friends wash her head while singing, and in the evening she is placed upon a horse and brought to the house of the bridegroom, where the final act of the ceremony is performed.

Honey, too, is more or less plentiful and, of course, with their liking for sweet drinks this ingredient could not be overlooked. They call their preparation *dolo*. It is of the nature of mead, but, owing to the insertion of certain plants, is far more intoxicating. *Dolo* spoils quickly and so has to be made fresh almost every day. North of Timbuktu they make a beer called *libo*, but, aside from its appearance and horrid taste, it has no features to recommend it but weakness, being only a little stronger than water. *Degue* is a soup-like drink made from millet and, unlike *dolo* and *libo*, will keep for some days if it is not exposed too much to the direct rays of the sun. *Murger* is another soup-like drink, and according to an old authority

it is made, I should imagine, as follows: you take a pint of brack water (brackish is not salt enough), and you carry it for two or three days in the sun in a *gurbah*, formed from the skin of an old he-goat, well cured with pitch. When it has reached the consistency of good thick soup you boil it in a pot to condense the flavour. You then

add several onions, a quantity of garlic, a handful or two of Arab pepper, and any kitchen refuse which may be handy.

In the desert there grows a rather small palm which, if tapped in the trunk in a manner similar to that pursued in America with the maple trees, exudes a sap called *lighmi*, which is refreshing and sustaining. It has to be drunk, however, within an hour or two from the time of tapping, else it will spoil. It rarely ferments, so *lighmi* can hardly be said to be a palm wine.

Almost directly south of Timbuktu and bordering on the Gulf of Guinea are the countries known as Dahomey and Ashanti. Comparatively speaking the two places are small affairs, yet, little as they are, they are great sources of trouble and bloodshed. Internal strife is always rampant, while the white man has more than once felt the severity of their anger. On the other hand, when an *entrée* has been secured into their midst, and if at the same time the visitor is under the protection of the king, he finds he is among agreeable and obliging people, simple, and of course primitive in their way, but withal hospitable and quite ready to be of service. Their first act of greeting towards a stranger is to give him a drink of water "to cool his heart." After this formality is over, spirits of all kinds domestic and imported are offered, for the people are great users of liquors and if they are at all wealthy foreign wines, brandies, rums, and whiskeys are always to be found in their houses. Rum, however, is their favourite beverage, and the way they can consume it is simply wonderful. As with numerous nations it is the custom of the host to taste of everything he offers his guests, but in the case of the "white man"

it is not considered a breach of etiquette if he passes his glass to his servant, he, the white man, merely touching his lips to the glass.

In drinking to the health of the king the first drink is always water. Then the liquor is turned out into a glass, which is given to the toaster only; he then proceeds to spill a little of it on the ground, and while the rest of the company are on their knees with their foreheads in the dust he drinks the fiery fluid and the glass is turned bottom up to show there are no heel-taps, which would be a gross insult to his majesty. When, if one should be so fortunate as to have the honour, drinking with the king, the affair takes a different turn. The king merely touches his lips to the water and throws the rest upon the ground, at the same time, with his back to his guest. Then both guest and king arise, and as the glasses are raised to the lips a large piece of cloth is held between them so that the guest may not see the king drinking. A person must stand exceedingly high in his majesty's favour if he will drink with him without the intervention of the cloth, and when he does so the favoured one receives the benefit of this condescension throughout the whole kingdom. Very "strong names"—in other words powerful titles—are given him by the populace and he is the direct recipient of much favour and attention.

During many of the state receptions and entertainments given by the king, there may be seen an attendant who commands a great deal of notice: this person is no less than the king's drunkard and his capacity for rum is something marvellous. At the right moment he presents himself to his sovereign and kneeling down

opens his mouth. In his case the mouth is more like a cavern, so large is it, and the king begins emptying every bottle within his reach down the fellow's throat, who complacently swallows it and looks around for more. Sometimes the fellow may get three or four pints, then again the quantity may not exceed a quart of raw rum, but no matter how great or small the amount is, he is expected to get away with all that is given to him, and it is rare indeed to have him cry "Enough." In the making of the native beer called *pitto* the women excel, and they turn out a most excellent article, in no way inferior to that made in Europe and America, and according to several recent travellers decidedly more healthy. *Pitto* is made similarly to European products except that it has no fermenting principle added, and therefore it will not last or keep for more than three or four days at the most. This want of a fermentative, however, does not detract from its intoxicating qualities, for *pitto* is very heady and three or four good-sized glasses is all that a stranger should partake of, especially the first two or three times. Palm wine, too, is found here in great quantities and varying qualities. While in Dahomey the popular name for the common kind is *canna*, but the universal name all along the coast of Africa either north or south for many miles is *quaker*. How and why this appellation was bestowed no one seems to know, yet it is to be found in the works of some of the earliest explorers. The tree from which it is drawn is much smaller than the other palms; in fact it is almost a dwarf and perhaps this may account for the name, but, be this as it may, *quaker* is without doubt a very superior article. In fact it is the only kind of

palm wine that their majesties of Dahomey, Ashanti, etc., will condescend to use, and even the natives will pay double price for it.

In Ashanti palm wine is called *fufu ensa*, and these people have in their folk-lore quite a neat little legend as to how palm wine came to be discovered. Mr. George Macdonald tells the story in *The Gold Coast Past and Present* ; he says:

Palm wine is the national drink of the country and its discovery is related in the following manner: The Fantis were once marching through the forest, headed by a very famous hunter called Ansah, who was accompanied by his dog. One day when out hunting, the dog led him to a fallen palm-tree, which had been uprooted by an elephant, and a great hole bored in it by his trunk, in order to enable him to drink the juice. The hunter noticed that the sap was still flowing from the fallen tree, but being afraid of tasting it himself gave some to his dog, and the next day, finding that the animal had suffered no ill effects from the experiment, he returned to the forest and drank a great quantity of the juice himself. Its pleasantness induced him to take more of it than he should have done; he became intoxicated, and lay in the forest in a drunken sleep until the next day, much to the alarm of his followers, who thought he was lost or had been captured by an enemy. On coming to his senses again he resolved to take some of the sap to the king, and filling an earthen pot he conveyed it to the king's house, and explained its origin and effects. The king, anxious to test the truth of his story, drank too freely of the juice and was soon reduced to a similar state of inebriety as the hunter had been the day before, and slept soundly. The people, thinking Ansah had poisoned the king, killed him in their rage before he had time to explain. In time the king recovered his senses, and, hearing

what had been done to Ansah, ordered his executioners to be put to death, and in honour of the hunter named the new drink *ansah*, now *ensa*; and in order to distinguish it from the rum imported, which was also called *ensa*, the word *fufu*, meaning white, was added to it, so that *fufu ensa* now means palm wine, and the story related is supposed to account for its discovery.

That great use of this discovery has been made by the people no one can deny, and if the tales of certain travellers can be relied upon, their liking for it and their capacity is almost beyond comprehension. One traveller by the name of T. A. Bowdish tells of a party named Oudmata, a member of the king's council, who would drink three pots, equalling fifteen gallons, before going to bed. If Oudmata was only good pay would n't he be a splendid customer! In this part of the world it is the big drinker who has the respect of his fellows, but big drinking does not mean getting drunk, and, therefore, one had to be more or less immune from the effects of alcohol, to withstand these bouts. In drinking palm wine it is deemed a luxury to allow the liquor to run over the beard, and many pride themselves on the adroitness with which they can draw this ornament of the chin through the fingers while wet. The drops are usually caught by a boy with a bowl, which he holds kneeling, and these precious tricklings are swallowed with much evidence of pleasure.

They have several non-intoxicating drinks and the peculiar feature, in reference to these beverages, is the fact that while they are used for the purpose of quenching thirst they also act as a food. The best and finest of these is *akansan*. It is made from maize which has been soaked in water over night, then

ground between two stones. It makes a wholesome, cooling, and very nutritious drink, but it requires education in order to acquire the taste, for at first it tastes sour and soap-suddy; this disagreeable feature, however, soon passes away and before long quite a liking for it has been established. Another drink of somewhat similar character is *ahan*. It is, though, inferior to *akansan*. In this region there is grown a plant which the natives call *sisnah* in the interior, and on the coast *sambala*. Europeans have given it the name "miraculous berry." The bush much resembles our common currant, but the fruit is a great deal larger, and has a good-sized black stone. According to the natives if a man should eat one or two of these fruits and then drink vinegar he would not be able to distinguish the vinegar from ordinary water, and should he eat one in the morning it would flavour his food for the rest of the day. The truth is, however, that the berry is nauseatingly sweet and the taste will remain in the mouth for several hours.

A little further south on the west coast of Africa is a region known as Angola, and a truly interesting country it is. For a long time it belonged to Portugal and several parts still remain in her possession. Palm wine is here known as *bicho* and there are many who claim that when obtained in its purity it is superior to the celebrated *quaker*, but this condition is a difficult factor, for the natives if not watched very closely will add water in order to increase the volume and thereby their profits also. If they find they are being watched and that they can not manage to adulterate it otherwise, they will partly fill their calabashes with water before ascending the tree, for adulterate it they will

if possible. When first drawn *bicho* is refreshing and strengthening, but in an hour or two it becomes intoxicating and only a small quantity can be drunk with any degree of safety.

They also make an excellent quality of beer called *ualla* in the district of Ambriz, and *garapa* in the rest of Angola. It is made from our Indian corn, which, by the way, is grown extensively in many parts of Africa, and *bala* or dry *mandioca* root. The corn is first soaked in water for a few days, or until it germinates. It is then taken out and thinly spread on clean banana leaves, and placed on the ground in the shade, where it is left for two or three days. At the end of that time it has become a cake or mass of roots and sprouts. It is then broken up and exposed in the sun till quite dry, then pounded in wooden mortars and sifted into fine flour. The dry *mandioca* roots are also pounded fine and mixed in equal parts with the corn. This mixture is now introduced in certain proportions into hot water, and boiled until a thick froth or scum rises to the surface. Large earthen pots called *sangas* are filled with this boiled liquor, which when cold is strained through a closely woven straw bag or cloth, and allowed to stand for one night, when it ferments and is ready for use. It is slightly milky in appearance, and when freshly made is sweetest and not disagreeable in taste, but with the progress of fermentation it becomes acid and intoxicating.

This is an exceptionally fine district for the grape, but wine-making has never been attempted, most likely through the policy of Portugal in restricting this industry, so as not to retard the sale of her home-made wines. *Munguengue* is the name of their most

popular non-intoxicating beverage. It derives its name from the fruit from which it is made, the pulp of which is pressed upon some sugar or molasses to which is added water.

A very singular custom is common to these natives. When a relative or other person visits them, a dish of *enfundi* or *pirao* is prepared, and should there not be a bit of meat or fish in the larder (no uncommon circumstance, by the way) they send out to a neighbour for the "lent rat," as it is called. This is a filled rat roasted on a skewer, and it is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of the *enfundi* on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavour; but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest particle of it, as this would be considered a great crime and offence, and would be severely punished by their laws. It is supposed that the host has duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, and has performed the rites of hospitality, in presenting his guest with meat and *enfundi*, though he has not tasted a morsel of the former, which is returned intact to the owner from whom it was borrowed.

A little farther along the coast they have another nourishing drink called *agiddy*, made from a native plant. Some of the natives make it quite thick, almost to the consistency of gruel, while others use it in a liquid form, yet such is the nature of *agiddy* that consistency does not seem to affect its value, one being fully as nourishing as the other. The Jagas have two different intoxicating liquors of their own manufacture: *pombe*, which is palm wine, and *hela*, a kind of ale, made from *massanbalas*, a tuberous root. *Hela* is much stronger than the average beer and will keep somewhat longer, though after a week or two it becomes too acid

to drink. Here, as well as in the eastern part of Africa, any beverage made from honey is under the direct jurisdiction of the chief or king. The honey drink is called *casoulo*. It is made with palm wine and honey and drunk before it is twenty-four hours old. It is very palatable, though fully as intoxicating as our brandy, which in effect it much resembles. Although *casoulo* is easily and cheaply made, it must be admitted that, on the whole, little drunkenness is to be met with among the natives, yet they seem to consume great quantities of it whenever they have the opportunity.

Another intoxicant is *olunco*, which is more wine-like than any other beverage to be had in this part of the continent. It is made from a plant bearing the same name, and the method and process is kept a close secret by the women, for it is considered that only a woman can make good *olunco*. It is in this vicinity, or near by, that when a young lady sees a young man who she thinks would make a suitable husband, she forthwith despatches a messenger to him requesting him to send her a pair of his trousers that she may put them beneath her pillow and dream over them. After she has had several dreams, and if they seem to portend a happy future she makes known the result to the fortunate fellow, and marriage quickly follows.

In the Cameroons, or that part of western Africa which at present belongs to Germany, the traveller is apt to meet with a class of natives that seem to thrive on fighting. At first, when the white man began his explorations into their country they did not oppose him with more than ordinary opposition; but after a little, as the whites began to be more numerous, the natives became more and more belligerent, and to-day

the only way to retain even a resemblance of peace is to have a goodly-sized army always in the field. The natives are good fighters inasmuch as they use their own methods; they seldom come to an open battle but will strike a few effective blows in the dark, as it were, and then hasten with all speed to the mountains, where it is almost impossible to find them, only to sally forth again when they receive information that some village or hamlet has been left poorly protected. When the white man first became acquainted with them he found that, aside from their fighting propensities, they were quite an ingenious people, ready of wit, much given to display, but not quite as hospitable as some of their neighbours.

In the use of home-made beverages they equalled the other tribes, differing, however, in one particular: they always looked for an excuse to partake of their *malafu*—which was either palm wine or the juice of a kind of sugar-cane fermented, and sometimes both palm wine and cane-juice mixed; so they would say “Paramatar o bicho,” which in a literal translation means “To kill the worm.” By this they mean the Guinea worm, to which all dwellers in hot climates are more or less subject. It has not been shown that alcohol is very much of a remedy, but the excuse is just as good as some that we hear in more civilised countries. Another feature was found, that stamped these people as being somewhat unique. When any of their rulers became too tyrannical to please them they sent him word to “go to sleep,” which meant that the recipient of the message should kill himself by any method he might think best to employ, and if he was found alive twenty-four hours after receiving the message they would

save him the trouble. No one, no matter how high in authority he might be, could disregard this message, for it came from the people, and it was they who in the end did the ruling.

The Cameroons are well acquainted with the art of beer-making and succeed in manufacturing a very good specimen called *oli*, which is produced from *agbado*, a kind of maize, that is macerated for three days until germination takes place. It is then spread on leaves for fermentation, sun-dried on mats, and bruised. Mixed with cold water, in a pot, it is well stirred for two hours, and boiled for at least twenty-four hours. It is then allowed to stand for a day and night, when it is again boiled for several hours, and afterwards strained, cooled, and stored in calabashes. From the root of a plant called *gajanlas*, they also concoct another intoxicating beverage. It bears the name of the plant *gajanlas* and, while its inebriating effects are soon manifested, it is also medicinal in its action. Colic and disorders of the stomach are soon relieved and cured by *gajanlas*. The method of manufacture is exceedingly simple. After the roots have been gathered and dried in the shade they are pounded in a mortar, then put into a pot and cold water is added and the whole is allowed to boil very slowly for a day. When cool, it is set in the sun until it ferments, after which it is stirred two or three times, then allowed to settle and is ready for use.

Further along the coast, palm-trees grow more luxuriantly and also are more diversified. In fact, their variety becomes quite extensive and, as with our grapes, there is a great difference in the quality of wine which can be made from them. The species that is in

the highest favour produces a wine called *masongoi*. This wine is declared by travellers and others to be fully the equal of any grape wine made in Europe or America. It is low in alcohol, when fresh has an exceedingly pleasant flavour, and acts more as a tonic than a stimulant on the system. *Mosombie* ranks second in the estimation of the natives, though it only differs from *masongoi* in being a little more acid to the taste. *Maba* is a very sweet wine, and yet withal a most pleasant beverage. It does not cloy the palate and it leaves the mouth clean. *Kriska* is the weakest of all the palm wines, and for loss of appetite it is almost invaluable. It is said that two or three drinks of it will give a person a most voracious longing for food and even the commonest diet will be relished. Another species, more peculiar, has received the English name of *pardon*, from the fact that, while it is not much of a wine, still it is better than none.

Palm wine, however, is a salable article and belongs to the people that own the trees, so the more unfortunate have to resort to other methods for inebriating refreshments, and accordingly they make *caura*, a highly intoxicating liquor. It is derived from a kind of native plum which is bruised and allowed to ferment in cold water. *Jinjindi* is made from a root of a plant of the same name. Freshly gathered roots are put into a small fire until they are almost charred. They are then pounded with the bark of a tree, the name of which the natives refuse to reveal, until they reach a certain stage. They are then immersed in water and all hands take turns in stirring the mixture constantly for two or three hours, for it is by this agitation that the basic principle of the beverage is liberated. After

the stirring has been pronounced complete, the liquor is put aside in the shade and kept as cool as possible during its period of fermentation, which is generally finished in three or four days. It is now ready for use and a most wholesome and pleasant beverage it proves to be..

A little farther east another tribe makes a delightful and intoxicating effervescing drink which they call *in-singin*. Like *jinjindi*, it is extracted from a root, but every particular is carefully guarded from the white man. The only thing he is allowed to know about the beverage is that, being acceptable to the palate, one taste calls for another. This tribe also makes a beer, from maize and a tuberous root, which is exceedingly ardent. They call it *baambu*. *Metamba* and *embeth* are the names of two wines drawn from different trees in a manner similar to that used to extract wine from the palm. Further along the coast they have two other kinds of palms from which wine is derived, one called *pali*, the other *bordan*. These wines are quite unique and are very dissimilar. *Pali* must be drunk in the morning, while *bordan* is not good until after sundown, yet these trees grow side by side and to the casual observer look much alike.

In the northernmost part of this country *pomby* is what they call their beer. It is made from roots and Guinea corn, and when fully ripe is exceedingly high in alcohol. They manufacture it on a rather large scale, considering their storage facilities, and keep it for some length of time, as according to their judgment it is not wholesome until it becomes sour and acid. Perhaps they may be right, but nevertheless it is, as a rule, too much for the white man's taste and stomach.

Returning to the coast we find there are many people who, while they do not exactly object to the drinking of ardent spirits, prefer something milder. So they drink *ekko*, which in many respects resembles a meal gruel, possibly being a little thinner. It is drunk so hot that the novice would probably blister his mouth, yet the regular *ekko*-drinker never complains except when it is cool, for then it thickens and also loses the peculiar flavour of which he is so fond. Here, as in other parts of Africa, nature has provided plants so full of water that man need never, if he so decides, partake of spring or river water. In this case it is the banana-stalk, and so well is it provided with fluid that many hundreds of the natives exist upon it entirely and use nothing else to quench their thirst.

Whenever there is a council, or as the natives call it, palaver, there is always served a dish called *obbe*. This dish somewhat resembles the Hindu's curry, but is far inferior in delicacy of flavour and piquancy. Like curry it is composed of various ingredients such as fish, flesh, and boiled fowl, with *yam* or *koko*, and flavoured with *shalots*, ground cocoa-nut, *malaguetta* and other peppers, plenty of okras or gumbos, and lastly, but by no means least, refined palm oil, which, as the French say, gives the "gout." In this condition *obbe* is not to be despised, but when *affitti* or *ogiri*—certain kinds of sauces—are added wads of cotton should be inserted in the nostrils, for bad *assafætida* has no stronger effluvia.

Away on the extreme southern end of Africa there exists to-day a place called Cape Colony, and seldom has a land so remote from civilisation seen the strife and contentions which has been the lot of this small area

to witness. For many years this part of the country was known as the "Cape of Good Hope," but in 1806, when the British established a large colony there, the territory received the name of Cape Colony, and has been known by it ever since. The Cape proper was discovered by Bartholmew Diaz the Portuguese navigator in 1486 and by him called the Cape of Storms, which in the light of subsequent events seems now to be the most appropriate. Peace and quietness is never more than a matter of a few days. If the natives, or black men, are in repose then the whites become restless. The Dutchman and the Englishman it seems cannot dwell in harmony in this part of the world. The climate is good and the soil is much beyond the average in fertility. A few years ago the Cape government, anxious to ascertain the real truth and condition of its soil for the purpose of grape culture, sent to Austria for Baron Karl von Babo, a leading expert in viticulture, to visit them and examine their resources. His report was that the vineyards he found growing were more than six times as productive as those of Europe and eight times as productive as those of Australia. The quality too of the grape was in no wise inferior to those raised elsewhere, and if proper care and attention was given to the industry the Cape product should have a commanding place in the market of the world. Perhaps this condition may account for the lethargy so apparent here. Nature is so kind and abundant that exertion is not necessary and what is the use of labour if one can live without it? For a while Cape wines had a considerable sale in Europe, but as time went by their popularity diminished, and now the demand is small indeed. Distillation too was an im-

portant feature, but, as with the grape, little care was exerted, for any length of time, to produce an article worthy of consideration. Quick sales and large quantities have been the governing factors, with the result that a most vicious substance has been put upon the market.

From peaches, which are exceedingly plentiful, the farmers would distil a liquor called *cango*. In a certain sense it was a brandy, but owing to the crude method of manufacture, and the carelessness in handling the fruit before distillation, every kind, good, bad, or indifferent being mixed and no attention given to it as it was undergoing the process of making, the result was a most fiery and burning drink. As a rule it can be said that the makers refused to drink it, considering it only good enough for the native black men who, by the way, will work all day for a good-sized drink.

From a plant called the *sweet reed* (*holchus saccharatus*) the celebrated Cape Smoke and Natal rum is made. Cape Smoke when carefully manufactured is an excellent liquor, but to get the best quality it becomes necessary to search high and low—very little being for sale, for the simple reason that the farmer who will give his attention to it will retain the liquor for himself, and after making what he requires the still is loaned to the natives working for him and who are allowed to run it to suit themselves, with the usual result.

Quite a few years ago an old lady brought into this community a specimen of the prickly pear plant. It was growing in a common earthenware pot and at the time was a house or window plant. By some mischance or other—the story at this point is lacking in detail—the plant was put out of doors, where every thing was

congenial to its existence. It rooted quickly and spread so fast that to-day it is a serious menace. So rapid has its increase been that natives are employed exclusively to rid the land of it, and the cost in the aggregate is no mean figure. After the plant had been growing a year or two and had become quite prolific, a farmer bethought him to macerate and distil it. He did so and much beyond his expectations he succeeded in producing a liquor so far inferior to the worst specimens of *cango* and Cape Smoke that he at once put it on the market. It is called *dop* by the people, but why no one can tell, but for everything that is bad in the way of liquor *dop* seems to excel. Some people who have tried it for burning purposes say that the odour emitted by the flame is so vile that it will drive one out of the room, yet withal *dop* finds a ready market and quick sales.

Among the Kafirs, and more especially when Cape Colony was young, there was made a beer called by them *chuala*. It was similar in character to that made by their brother tribe the Zulus except that on occasion the infusion of a certain root would be mingled with the brew at the time of boiling; this made the beer more heady and a less quantity of it was needed to produce intoxication, but it should be told that it was only at the time of war or hunting they used the infusion. These people also made, at that time, a wine which they called *gagahoguah*. It was derived from a berry and was most noticed for its strong intoxicating qualities, and mildness of taste, which is said to resemble a weak lemonade. Another drink made from honey and roots was *gli*. The roots were reduced to a powder by rubbing one against the other, then cold

water and honey was added and the whole was allowed to ferment over night. Two small drinks of *gli* it is said were sufficient to put even a well-seasoned toper under the table, yet on recovering from its influence no ill effects would be felt. These drinks are now, for the most part, obsolete and are only to be met with among the natives who are far enough away from the influence of civilisation not to be able to obtain the white man's liquor, of which they seem to be fond, and for really no good reason. The liquors they can make at little or no cost have the advantage of being pure and will produce intoxication quicker and more effectively than any the white man makes, but the native would barter his cattle for *pontac*, his name for Cape wine, Cape Smoke, and Natal rum, and then proceed to drink it as fast as he can rather than make even a luteful of *chuala*. They are a queer people, these Hottentots, and nothing exemplifies it better than their wedding customs, which instead of being an occasion for jollity and feasts they have thoroughly reversed. No drinking of any kind is allowed at these events. Neither is dancing nor singing tolerated, and the sight of a musical instrument would suddenly terminate the whole affair.

CHAPTER XIV

MOROCCO, MADEIRA, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS

THE present-day attitude of the Moor towards the advancement of civilisation is one of lethargy to say the least, yet a few hundred years ago they threatened to overrun Europe; but they are a people who cannot oppose aggression very long, and they accept the result of defeat with more composure than would be expected of a race who, at the outset, display such fiery frenzy. Being followers of Mahomet they are of course fatalists, and consequently "what is to be will be" and nothing else need be considered. They are, as a whole, quite faithful adherents of the precepts of the Koran as regards the use of alcohol, and this is more especially true of the higher and lower classes. That they all use more or less of intoxicants they will not deny, but it is done strictly in private and within their own doors, so to the world it matters not. Sometimes on special occasions they may openly indulge, or a few chosen and trusted friends may gather and make a night of it. When this happens every one is fully expected to get just as drunk as possible, for, as alcohol is not considered a medicine or a thirst-satisfier, the only use to which it can be put, in their judgment, is to drink enough to produce stupor which is to be followed by a deep

sleep. Accordingly, with this idea in mind it is no wonder they are not, as a rule, at all particular as to what they drink, so long as it is ardent and fiery. This is particularly true of their *mahayah* or, as some prefer to write it, *mahia*, a liquor distilled from figs and drunk almost upon the day of manufacture. It is a fearful drink to those who are not accustomed to it, tasting, as one authority says, like liquid fire, and he adds, "It seems strange to me that a man could drink enough of it to become intoxicated, for one small drink of it so burnt and parched my mouth that it was sore for several days."

On the other hand, when *mahayah* has been kept for three or four years it becomes an exceptionally fine liquor, possessing all the good qualities of the best sorts made in Europe and America. The most common beverage in this land of the Moors is *samit*. It is made by taking grapes and pounding them and then boiling the whole mass—skins, seeds, stems, pulp, and juice—until it is reduced to about one half. This is allowed to stand and ferment for a month or more, when it is skimmed and bottled. The process of boiling is sufficient, so says the Moor, to remove the injunction of the Prophet against wine, for he spoke only of the simple fermentation of the grape. Another common beverage is *usuph*. It is very cheap, and furthermore it is very poor, being hardly more than water in which a few raisins have been soaked. Sometimes the taste of it is strengthened by the addition of a little sugar, but, no matter how good it is said to be, the fact remains it is always insipid and never satisfying to the average traveller. Necessarily, the manufacture, or, as it is termed, *dethtyle*, of grapes into wine and brandy

is in the hands of the Jews, for it is considered "harami"—evil for Mussulmans; yet in almost every town or hamlet there are to be found one or two distilleries where grapes may be brought and wine or brandy made from them for a certain amount of the product to pay for the labour.

The Moor is a good liver and believes in variety and quality, but aside from a few of the most staple articles of diet, the rest of the cuisine is generally too sweet for the European taste.

There is one sweetmeat in this ancient land that it behooves all strangers to abjure. It is made from butter, honey, nutmegs, cloves, and *kif*, and it is the latter, *kif*, that renders it dangerous. De Amicis says of it:

Stimulated by curiosity, I had more than once asked him to give a dose of *madjien*—a little, not enough to make me lose my wits, but enough to let me experience at least one or two of the wonders he related. The good doctor at first excused himself, declaring it was better to try it at Fez; but he yielded at last to my entreaties, and the experiment was made at Zeguta, when, much against his will, he finally presented me with the wished-for morsel on a small plate. We were at table, and, if I am not mistaken, the two artists shared it with me, but I do not remember how it affected them. It was a soft paste of violet colour and smelt like pomatum. For about half an hour, from the soup to the fruit, I felt nothing, and chaffed the doctor for his timidity. But he only said, "Wait a bit!" and smiled. Presently I was conscious of a feeling of great hilarity, and knew that I was talking very quickly. Then I laughed at everything that others said, or that I said myself; every word seemed to me to be the purest wit and humour: I laughed at the servants, at my

companions, at the figures on the plates, at the forms of the bottles, at the colour of the cheese I was eating. Suddenly I was aware that my wits were wandering, and I tried to fix my thoughts upon something serious. I thought of the boy that was to have been bastinadoed in the morning. Poor boy! I was moved with compassion. I should have liked to take him to Italy, educate him, give him a career. I loved him like a son. And the caid too, Abu-Ben-Gileli, poor old man! I loved the caid like a father. And the soldiers of the escort!—all good fellows, ready to defend me, to risk their lives for me, I loved them like brothers. I loved the Algerines also, and why not? and what a race. We are all brothers; we ought to love each other; and I threw my arms around the neck of the doctor, who was laughing. From this delight I suddenly fell into a deep and vague melancholy. I remembered the persons whom I had offended, the pain I had inflicted upon those who loved me, and was oppressed by poignant remorse and regret; I seemed to hear voices in my ears speaking in tones of loving reproach; I repented; I asked pardon, I furtively wiped away big tears that were in my eyes. Then there rose in my mind a crowd of strange and contrasted images that vanished as quickly as they came: forgotten friends of my childhood, words of a dialect unused for twenty years, faces of women, my old regiment, William the Silent, Paris, my publisher Barbara, a beaver hat that I had when I was a boy, the Acropolis at Athens, the bill of an innkeeper at Seville, and a thousand other absurdities. I remember confusedly the amused looks of my companions at table. From time to time I closed my eyes, and opened them again, unconscious of the passage of time, and ignorant whether I had slept or not. My thoughts sparkled and went out like fire-flies, intricate and inextricable. At one moment I saw Ussi with his face lengthened like a reflection in a convex mirror; the vice-consul with his visage a foot in breadth; all the others attenuated, swollen, contorted, like

fantastic caricatures, making the most impossible grimaces and I laughed and wagged my head, and dreamed, and thought that they were all crazy, that we were in another world, that what I saw was not true, that I was ill, that I could not understand what had happened, that I did not know where I was. Then all was darkness and silence. When I became myself I was in my tent stretched on the bed, and the doctor, standing beside me with a candle in his hand, was saying, with a smile, "It is over, but let it be the last, as it was the first."

In the mind of the Moor there is no place on this earth that equals Fez, the capital of Morocco. The ancients, too, had a wonderful reverence for the city and great was their admiration for the Wad-El-Jubar or River of Pearls. They claimed for its waters as many and as varied virtues as some of our mineral water men claim for their springs. It would cure the stone, soften the skin, make active the liver, destroy insects and perfume the clothes, and would render sweeter (if drunk fasting) the pleasures of the senses, and it also contained stones of uncomputable value. The city itself was the seat of learning and often the faithful would make a pilgrimage to it, instead of Mecca.

Directly west from Morocco and only a few miles out in the ocean is the island of Madeira, known the world over as the land of the wine. Its mild climate and elevation make of it an ideal home for the grape, and the Portuguese who settled there were not long in taking advantage of this fact, and before many years had passed away the products of their vineyards were known and appreciated wherever wine was drunk. The vineyards are planted mainly on the north side

of the island, though some are to be found at Porta da Cruz and Fayal, and several very noted vineyards are in existence on the south shore; among them the Netto, right under the cliffs. This vineyard was the result of a landslide, part of the cliff falling away, and is noted for its fine Malmsey wine. In 1852 the *oidium* made its appearance; then a few years later the wine-making industry almost came to a stand-still, owing to the ravages of the *phylloxera vastatrix*. Fortunately, however, for them, it was found that the American vine was fully proof against this insect and the industry has revived remarkably. The principal varieties of wine-making grapes are the following in the order named: *verdelho*, *malvasia*, *bual*, *sercial* (confined mostly to the neighbourhood of *Paul do Mar*) and *tinta*. It is said of the *verdelho*, that it is the same grape that produced the celebrated *verdea* of Tuscany.

The method of transportation from the interior to the coast is primitive. Goat-skins are used for the receptacle, with a strap so arranged that it comes across the forehead and in this fashion the new wine is carried. Sometimes as many as fifty men will be seen all in Indian file with the filled goat-skins resting on their backs and shoulders, and the sight is interesting indeed to the visitor. The list given above is only the principal varieties. There are some eighteen other kinds also, but the first-mentioned are the most popular and withal the most successful. Beer and porter—*cerveja* and *cerveja preta*—are made on the island and some is thought to be of good quality and quite wholesome. Of course rum is manufactured, for there are many estates entirely given over to the raising of sugar-cane. Madeira is remarkable for being the first place in the

western hemisphere in which the sugar-cane was cultivated. In commemoration of this fact the city of Funchal adopted five loaves of sugar for its coat of arms, and of late years sugar and cane spirits have been the leading export articles grown and manufactured upon the islands.

Two other groups of islands in the eastern Atlantic are also well known throughout the world as wine producing countries. The first group, the Canaries, had at one time, during their period of prosperity in vinification, as fine a reputation for its wine as that which the Madeiras bore. This is more particularly true of England, where for some unknown reason this wine found a most congenial market. English literature is replete on the subject of Canary wine and, while the experts were not at all agreed upon its intrinsic worth, the people at large demanded it and consequently it commanded good figures. The greatest popularity of these wines was reached in the seventeenth century and the wine, in particular, that was held in the highest appreciation was *sack* and the writers from Shakespeare down always had a good word to say for it; and perhaps with reason, for it is not to be supposed that they would write upon a subject of which they were ignorant, and especially where it most likely was served to them by their hosts and friends. Of this word *sack* in its application to wine, much has been written, for it has often proven a stumbling-block to many; and whether it is a corruption of the French *sec*—dry—or Spanish *seco*, meaning the same and with which the Portuguese *secco* and also Italian *secco* and Latin *siccus* are identical in meaning, cannot be determined. It may have come from Xequé, a good-

sized town in Morocco where a wine of this nature was largely produced and considerable of which found its way into Europe; or else from being made from half-dried grapes as was frequently the practice, both on the islands and mainland, or from the skins, *sacks* or bags, in which the Spaniards and Portuguese preserved and also often transported their wines. Again the theory is advanced that it is derived from the Spanish *sacco* or Latin *saccus*, which means a bag manufactured from linen and was often used by the more particular vintners for the purpose of filtration, for this was a habit of the ancients, and therefore a sack wine meant a wine that had been clarified through a bag or sack. Still another theory is that the Japanese term for their drink, *saki*, is accountable for its use, but the whole affair will most likely forever remain a matter of mere conjecture, or of hypothetical assumption.

An essential factor that had a great deal to do with the taste for these wines were the barrels in which they were shipped. These were made of a native wood that imparted a pleasant and agreeable flavour to the wine and therefore rendered its imitation more difficult. As with Madeira, so it was with the Canaries, the *oidium* and *phylloxera* wrought havoc with the vines and although wine is now being made there it has not reached the zenith of its former glory. The best wine it was claimed came from the island of Teneriffe, but the other islands of the group furnished much that was sold as Teneriffe.

CHAPTER XV

PALESTINE

WHEN Moses from his lodge in the wilderness sent his emissaries "to spy out the land" which had been promised to his people for their future home we find, in Numbers xiii., 23, "They came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff," and it was unto this land abounding everywhere with vineyards that the children of Israel were sent. To trace their career and the enlargements of the vineyards through the medium of the Bible is not the purpose of this work; suffice it to say that in a short time and during the period of the Jewish occupancy of the Holy Land the wines of Palestine became famous to all the world. Of necessity their popularity is not as great now as it was then, but their prestige has not entirely deserted them and statistics show that no inconsiderable quantity is exported into Europe every year. If the use of wine is permissible in any land, surely Palestine is that country, for really good wholesome drinking water is a commodity seldom met with. Even the wells and springs of so-called living water are as a rule not only unwholesome but at times almost unpalatable. The general character of the wines in Syria and Palestine

is very light in alcohol and decidedly acrid to the tongue, in fact, it is only a little less acid than vinegar and some travellers are still in doubt as to which was served them. For, although assured that it was *nebid*, wine, this statement was all they could depend upon; taste and smell proclaimed it vinegar, but then, you know, many strange things are met with and done in strange lands. Mrs. Mackintosh in her book *Damascus and its People* gives the following account of the vintage as she often witnessed it:

The month of August has come, the month of the first ripe grapes; and we must away to the vineyards, for the Syrians have a saying "Aw-wal-ul-anabwa akhir-ut-teen," "The first of the grapes and the last of the figs are the sweetest and best." The people of Damascus think no grapes equal to their famous "Tears of Mohammed," long, narrow white grapes; but in August the city is very hot, and none of the villages around can boast fresh cool air at this season; not even Helbon, though it is three or four hours' ride up the mountains. It is a dirty miserable village nowadays and the people rich in nothing but grapes. The country to the east of the Jordan is now desolate, though still beautiful in its desolation. Near Safad and Es Salt, or Ramoth Gilead, there are still abundance of grapes, which the people at the latter place make into raisins; but the fine old vineyards of Heshbon and Elealeh, Sibmah and Jazer, are gone, because the land is without inhabitants. At Ain Jiddy, the Fountain of the Goat, the ancient Engedi on the western shore of the Dead Sea, we search in vain for grapes, though we still see traces of vineyards with their rock-hewn cisterns.

On the west of the Jordan, where the land is far more thickly inhabited, we still have vineyards in abundance, and no nation wishing in the present day to spy out the land need send farther than Eshcol for bunches of grapes

such as Europe can hardly equal. In Hebron, a little to the north of Eshcol, we might see, perhaps, the most carefully kept and well arranged vineyards in the land; but at this season we will not tarry in the south, even to see the vine-clad mountains near Jerusalem and Bethlehem, but will seek one of the highest villages in the Lebanon, where if we like we can "smell the air" and eat grapes all day long. At first, people who have never seen a vineyard, or only the vineyards of Italy, may be disappointed; they will probably picture to themselves rows of large vines, trained on trellis-work, with beautiful bunches of grapes hanging down over head, a long series of beautiful arbours; but the vines in Syria are on terraces on the mountain-sides, row above row, row above row, stretching for miles around some of the villages. In the Lebanon, they are left trailing on the ground, or in some places propped up by pieces of stick when the grapes are ripening, that they may not be spoilt by touching the ground.

In some parts of Hermon, where the soil is very stony, the vines are trained over rows of stones, which have been piled up on purpose. Of course in cities or towns where a single vine may be grown in a garden, or the court-yard of a house, it is allowed to grow much larger than the vines in the vineyards, and is trained against the wall, or over trellis-work, to form an agreeable shade. The vines in the vineyards are pruned carefully, and are seldom allowed to grow large; but they are planted at short distances, and cover the whole face of the ground. To people living in the country, they are always a pleasant sight; for they remain fresh and green when all the rest of the vegetation is withered and scorched with the summer heat, when not a blade of grass is to be seen, and when we search in vain for a handful of wild-flowers. Such large districts in the Lebanon are covered with vineyards that we might travel for days from place to place visiting different grape-villages and learning a little here and there about the different kinds of

vines, and about the duties of the vine-dressers. The people will tell you that there are seventy kinds of grapes in the land, some red, some black, some white, some tinged with pink, like a maiden-blush rose, some hard and substantial, some soft and luscious, some full of stones, and some with the soft stones, the kind from which Sultan raisins are made.

In some parts of the country we find the vineyards carefully walled in, and with a well-tower in the midst, as in the days of old—for example, in the neighbourhood of Hebron and Damascus; but in other places of the Lebanon they are little more protected or divided than the corn-fields.

Such is the case at B'hamdoon; where, perhaps, we cannot do better than settle down for a little while, if we want to watch the whole work of the vineyards. Here we shall find plenty of kind friends and neighbours, for at the time of grapes all the houses in the village will be full. During the greater part of the year, some of the people are away on business of different kinds, living with their families in other places; but at the grape harvest, every one that owns a little strip of vineyard will try and return home for a while to gather in the fruits of his land. I cannot say it is a very pretty village, for there is, I believe, but one tree in the place, but the air is good, and the whole mountain-side is given up to vineyards, which belong to the people—some have large vineyards, some small. We shall find most necessaries, such as meat, eggs, and cheese at the village shop, but fruit in all probability we shall not have; but very early in the morning no doubt presents of grapes and figs will come in, and the puzzle will be, how can we dispose of them all? We shall be invited to spend hours in the vineyards; and while the good women are attending their vines and gathering their grapes, they will fill our laps with the choicest bunches, and when we leave will insist on our carrying home some pounds more. If we

leave the village behind, and ride away among the hills, near the distant vineyards, we shall have to tell the same story. People will run out to meet us with bunches of red, green, or white grapes till sometimes we are obliged to watch the kind donors out of sight and then feed our horses with fruit which in London we could have sold for a good many shillings.

As we go about the vineyards, there is one person whose acquaintance we are sure to make; and that is the *natur* or watchman. We shall see him, gun in hand, stationed on one of the highest points of the vineyard; whence, perhaps, he can see the whole side of a hill. At a certain distance there will be stationed a second, and then a third if the vineyard is extensive; and their duty, though not laborious, is unceasing. They must be always on the watch by day and by night to prevent thieving by man or beast; and their shouts may be often heard, announcing to one another that a party of peasants or travellers are coming that way. Should any real danger threaten, they immediately call to their fellows for help. Strong, active young men therefore are usually chosen for this office; for a lazy, sleepy watchman would never do. Now and then the *natur* had a mud tower or hut for his station; but generally on the Lebanon he is satisfied with a little tent of leaves to protect him from the sun by day, and the dew by night. I believe our good friends at B'hamdoon would tell you that the owners of the vineyards generally make some arrangement with the watchmen. He undertakes to watch the vineyard for a certain proportion of the fruit; and thus he has an interest in the prosperity of the vineyard.

Rich men, who perhaps have vineyards in different parts of the country, make a similar arrangement with the vine-dressers, and after the harvest of grapes send their *wakeel*, or agent, to reckon up with their servants. We must not think that the watchman's office is by any means a

sinecure. Probably, if he did not keep a good look-out, we should hear of people coming quietly by night and lading their donkeys from their neighbours' vineyards for next day's market. If the *natur* is not troubled by the visits of dishonest peasants, the wild beasts have no qualm of conscience about feasting on the sweet products of the vineyards. No sooner does the sun set than the mischievous jackals, or *binat wawee*, as they are called in Syria, begin to make merry, in their gloomy fashion, in the fields and vineyards around almost every village. They swarm like mice, and scream and howl and wail so that the sound of their chorus can be heard from far, and has been compared to the wailing of a thousand infants. The watchman must do all he can to keep them away, and he has all kinds of devices for the purpose. You will often see an empty oil-can hung on a tree, and a stone or bit of iron hung on the same branch, so that every breath of wind may cause them to knock together; sometimes the *natur* will paint pieces of rock white to frighten them in the pale moonlight, or he will fix up some kind of a scarecrow or will fire off his gun at intervals, while he must also keep moving about himself; they will give him little rest, and he must give them none, and if possible drive them off to seek food in some other quarter—for they eat carrion as well as fruit, and they love to dwell among ruins. They always go about in packs, and are very often mentioned in the Bible, though in our English version they have the strange name of dragons.

The naughty little foxes, too, are very fond of grapes, and sometimes we have noticed their holes just outside of the vineyards, but they go about singly, and not in packs like the jackal. Perhaps the animal the *natur* dislikes most of all is the wild boar, which is found in most parts of the country and does terrible harm to vineyards, not only by eating up both the grapes and young shoots but by tearing up the plants and feeding on the roots. The great Syrian

bear, too, does not despise a feast on grapes when he has a chance; but there are not a great many bears now in Syria, except on Mount Hermon and in the higher parts of Lebanon.

We must be careful how we wander about the vineyards, for the watchmen not unfrequently set traps for the wild beasts, and our donkey or our little dog may be caught in one of them. If these men are the sworn foes of thieves of all kinds, they are always very kind and hospitable to any tired traveller who may pass their way, and whom they will be sure to regale with a fine bunch of grapes: perhaps they will beg him to rest in their little tent of leaves, glad to break the monotony of their solitary watch by a chat on the latest news. The time of grapes lasts from the beginning of August to Christmas, but September and October are the two busiest months in the vineyards. In some of the villages men and women will go out in companies to gather the ripe grapes and pack them in boxes, and an hour or two after midnight the muleteers may often be seen wending their way with their grape-laden mules through the mountain paths and down to the nearest market town, where they will dispose of capital grapes at three, four or five pence a *rattle*, a measure equal to five pounds and a quarter. As day after day we watch the long rows of mules leaving the vineyards, each carrying from one hundred to two hundred pounds of grapes, we cannot help wondering at the bountiful supply, and yet vast tracts of ancient vineyards are now lying in waste.

We must remember at this season grapes form a great part of the food of the people. They are eaten at almost every meal by rich and poor, and you may often see a labouring man sitting at the roadside making his simple dinner of a couple of native loaves and a pound or two of grapes. Towards the end of September the women will begin to make their raisins by preparing a smooth, flat place in the vineyard, and spreading out their grapes to dry. At

intervals they sprinkle them with oil and ash-water that they may not shrivel up too quickly. This is always rather an anxious time, for about the middle of September generally occurs two or three days' rain, and should this not come till after they have spread out their raisins, many will be spoilt. Foolishly, it always seems to us Europeans, they pick off the grapes from the stalk, so that, though they make excellent raisins, their appearance is spoiled, and they would not be thought much of in a London market. They in their turn think our plan very improper, and that it is almost dishonest of the seller to weigh in the useless, worthless stalks. In old times people in the East seem to have thought differently. Like the grapes, raisins form an important article of food, and every wise house-keeper, if she has a large household to provide for, puts in her winter supply in the autumn. We have very often found it wise to carry a bag of raisins with us on a journey, for when growing weary and faint with a long, hot ride, it is often reviving to eat a handful of them; indeed they sometimes seem to act like a charm.

After all, the great business during grape harvest is the making of wine, and *dibs*, or molasses. About the end of September great quantities of grapes are gathered and brought to the wine-press, which always consists of two vats, an upper and a lower one. Into the upper, and larger one, the grapes are thrown in great quantities, and a certain quantity of *hawara*, a kind of earth, is sprinkled over them. Then two or three men with naked feet jump in and begin treading out the grapes; the juice flows out through a hole into the lower vat, clarified sufficiently from all impurities by the *hawara* which was sprinkled on the grapes and which causes the sediment to sink to the bottom. If bottled immediately, and well corked by an experienced person, this juice can be preserved for some time, and even brought to England and sold as unfermented wine. As a rule the juice is carried to the house and placed in *khawabeh*

or large earthenware jars, and left for about forty-eight hours, till, by placing the ear to the mouth of the jar, a bubbling, whistling sound is heard, which tells that the process of fermentation has begun. Then it is placed on the fire and boiled till the quantity is somewhat reduced. If a very strong wine is desired, the fermentation is allowed to continue for eight or ten days. Sometimes a kind of wine is used that is not boiled, but this is made from grapes which have been spread out for ten days in the sun.

Dibs, or molasses, is made by boiling down the juice of the grape to about one third, or one half, of its original quantity, so that it becomes as thick as honey. Did the people only know how to refine it, it would far surpass the best golden syrup. *Dibs* is much used by the natives, who purchase it in the autumn, and store it up for their winter supply. The skins and stones are cleared out of the upper vat and thrown out as rubbish; and then a fresh supply of grapes is thrown in and the treading begins afresh. It is a busy, merry time, and many are coming and going—women, children, and grown men all have their share in the work; and strange indeed would it be to find one sad, solitary man left to tread the wine-press alone.

I wish I could leave the last and worst use of the beautiful grape unmentioned; but I must add that quantities of fiery arrack are distilled every year from them, and drunk in ever-increasing quantities. The Mohammedans, who are forbidden by the Koran to drink wine, say that no mention is made of arrack; and many, even in Damascus itself, now drink to excess. The intoxication produced by arrack is of a violent nature; and the poor man maddened by drink is a dangerous enemy to meet in a narrow street, for he knows not what he does.

Besides arrack, which is more often called *raki* by the people, they make another intoxicating beverage called *mastic*. It is distilled from the pumice—that is

the refuse skins, stems, and seeds of the grape after the juice has been expressed. Then gum mastic is added, also fennel or anisette. Properly mastic is a Turkish drink and it was through the Turk it was brought into Syria or Palestine. Naturally the quality of mastic differs considerably, and it must be admitted that which is made in Palestine is of a very low order, yet exceedingly ardent and wonderfully effective. When, on occasion a son is born, a drink called *mughleh* is prepared and presented to all comers. It is made from pounded rice, and different spices, poured into small bowls, and almonds and nuts are sprinkled over the surface. On the other hand if a girl child is born, no *mughleh* is either made or served, but weeping and moaning is indulged in for forty days.

In the Hermon mountains there grow two plants from which a most wonderful tonic beverage called *zallua* is made. What *zallua* cannot accomplish, it is hard to say, for it is an universal panacea, although a beverage. *Ribas* sherbet is also a great favourite among all classes, having decided medicinal action upon the system. It can only be made in the spring, when the stalks are young and tender. From a species of bilberry called by the people *unnayb*, another beverage is prepared which is known by the same name, viz. *unnayb*. It is quite acid to the taste, but not at all intoxicating unless allowed to ferment, which is very rarely done. The ancient method of piling stones in heaps and swathes so that the vines could be trained over them, left, when the vineyard ceased to be profitable or was destroyed, a most endurable monument. The people generally call these mounds "teleiat el 'anab" or grape-mounds, though in some places they

are referred to as "pujum el kurum," which, being literally translated, means "vineyard heaps." They are to be met with almost everywhere, but they abound in the neighbourhood of the Negeb, or South Country of the Bible. They are also plentiful in beautiful Jaulan on the high road from Banyas to Damascus.

The people of Palestine, regardless of religion, are all great believers in the potency of *philtres* and countless numbers are made and consumed every year. Jewels, or perhaps more correctly speaking rare stones, are often used in these decoctions, making of them an exceedingly costly draught. The *akik*, a species of carnelian, is a much-sought-for stone for this purpose, as it enters into one of their most favourite and popular *philtres*. Of course in a land like Palestine fruits of all kinds attain a perfection seldom met with elsewhere, and of all the fruits, if so it may be called, that travellers extol, first are the watermelons of Jaffa and Napolose. From an exceedingly rare volume, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century, we take the following:

For a similar reason a few words may be allowed concerning the watermelons of Napolose; because, although the name of that species of fruit is familiar, nothing can be more rare than the fruit itself in a state of perfection. Watermelons are found upon most of the shores of the Mediterranean; but no one can be said to know anything of their excellence who has not tasted them in the Holy Land. Those of Napolose and Jaffa attain a degree of maturity and flavour so extraordinary that the watermelons of Egypt, Cyprus, Rhodes, of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and Sicily, do not appear to be the same sort of fruit. Something as yet unnoticed in the nature of the soil is

necessary for the favourable growth of this plant; for it is evidently not owing to peculiarity of latitude. Its medical property as a febrifuge has only been admitted of late years. The physicians of Naples have used its fruit with success even in dangerous cases, but perhaps that which might afford a cure in one climate would, from the different quality of the fruit itself, be deleterious in another.

It is quite evident from the above that the writer had a longing for melons almost equal to the Southern dandy, and never missed an opportunity to test and try them. Of late years some enterprising Germans have established a brewery in Jerusalem and from all reports its products find a very ready market. The thing that strikes the traveller with most force is the remarkable number of old people, especially among the Jews. A man of one hundred years of age is not considered so very old, and even a hundred and ten or fifteen fails to excite more than a passing remark. When asked to what they ascribe their great age, they reply, the treatment they receive at their birth, which is repeated bathing and plunging into as strong a brine as it is possible for salt and water to make. As a celebrated Jewish doctor and lecturer says: "We are thoroughly pickled just at the time when it will do us the most good, and that it is effective we have only to point to our surviving ancestors; and when I am at home in Jerusalem, with my children, we have under one roof six generations, my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father, myself, my children, and their children. Of course we marry very young. I was only fifteen when I married and my grandfather was still younger than that, but we live long and enjoy life to the last minute, except when a girl is born."

While it must be admitted that the Holy Land as a place of business, as we of America are apt to judge, is somewhat behind the times, yet withal when one views the locality from an Oriental standpoint Syria assumes considerable importance. Her export business is steadily increasing, especially in olives and nuts of various kinds, and also oil, of which it may be said that Palestine furnishes the best. The great drawback to this land is the lack of improved machinery and implements. As already shown in the matter of the wine-press, it is the same to-day as it was thousands of years ago when Moses selected men from each of the tribes in the wilderness "to spy out the land." The people as a whole are great respecters of primordialism and are opposed to any change in manner, custom, trade, or agriculture, and therefore to introduce into their community anything like an improvement is an exceedingly difficult task, most apt to be followed by failure. Innovations are not sought after, and when they do come they get a cold reception, for they are considered disturbers of the peace.

In one respect, however, the wine-makers show quite a spirit of enterprise, for, as is the case in almost every place where wine is made, the name of the locality is given to the wine and it is known as such. For instance, wine from Lebanon is called Lebanon wine, but in many private instances these wine-makers are not satisfied to have their output lost in the mass, so, as with us, they give them distinctive names, of which the following is a fair example—*khamrard-ul-mihad* which, being translated, means (wine) of the land of promise. This is not only a very popular wine in Syria, but its fame has reached America, where con-

siderable quantities of it are sold or otherwise dispensed. Another wine that is to be bought here is *abneit-el Harmette*—"daughter of the vineyard." Both of these wines, it is claimed by the importers, are made in the vineyards situated only a few miles from Damascus, and their importation became necessary when the priests from that locality came to America and established churches here. Perhaps in the whole category of vinous nomenclature no better name than *nebeez mourzeil el-heroume* can be found; in a sense it is a short name, for the natives can pronounce it quickly and easily, and it means "the wine that drives away the trouble," a very appropriate name and of which, judging from a Syrian standpoint, the wine is worthy. In the same class is *nebeez mashroub el-nana*, "the wine that bears happiness with it." Then there is *zahrette-el-aneib*—or the flowers of grapes. It is said of this wine it has the largest sale of any private brand in the country and owing to its popularity is extensively counterfeited, so that in order to obtain the genuine the traveller must go to a reliable merchant. Sometimes the same thing happens even in America. *Beint-el-han*, meaning "the virgin of joy," is also to be found in reliable hotels, and closely allied to it is *fatate el-kaif*, which rendered into English means, as near as the translation can be brought, "the daughter of a nice time." A more lengthy reading of the name is "the playful daughter of a good host." It is said that when Mahomet drank of *kamr el-sebhaly*, he was so pleased with it that he at once granted to his followers the privilege of partaking of this particular brand. Naturally the people of Syria weave quite a romance around this wine and the occasion; for, as is well known,

the Prophet distinctly forbids the use of wine in any shape.

The above are only a few of the many brands that the observing and learned traveller will meet with in his journey through this ancient and interesting country, but they are sufficient to impart an insight into the manners and learning of the people. In ancient Syria or Palestine palm wine, called in Hebrew *siker*, was made in great quantities, and it is this *siker*, some authorities claim, that is known in the Bible as "strong drink."

CHAPTER XVI

EGYPT AND NUBIA

PROBABLY there never has or never will exist another country of so much interest to mankind in general as Egypt. From it we get our earliest records of antiquity and civilisation. Its many monuments erected thousands of years ago give to us, in their hieroglyphics, the first crude efforts of our ancestors towards a written language, which knowledge has become in recent years almost invaluable. For it is to this alone we owe what knowledge we have of this far-distant period. Being primal in its origin and, consequently, devoid of all rules of language as it is understood to-day, it of necessity depicts only that which the people considered the most important topics, their habits and requirements. The scope was limited and was of a decided local character, but nevertheless the many specimens of their handiwork which are in existence show us that the period was one of considerable activity.

The oft-repeated picture of the vineyard and the wine-press proves that the ancient Egyptians were very fond of wine and that they devoted much time and labour upon their vineyards. The kings themselves took an interest in the work and many of them

owned extensive and costly vineyards. In some cases their summer palaces were surrounded by their gardens, in which the grape predominated. Training the vines over trellis-work was the usual method. Rows of columns, supporting wooden rafters, would divide the vineyards into numerous avenues. These columns were frequently coloured and were ornamental as well as useful. Again, other vines were allowed to grow as standing bushes, while many were trained so as to form a series of bowers. The figurative hieroglyphic used by the people to signify a vineyard is like a large inverted letter U, having three supports in the inside and dotted all around. It is surmised from this fact that the most common method of training the vine was either in bowers or in avenues formed by rafters and columns. As a general rule, the vineyards were inclosed by high walls and frequently they had large reservoirs attached for the purpose of irrigation. Birds were a great annoyance then as now, and boys with slings were hired during the vintage season to drive them away.

The wine-press was primitive in the extreme and simply consisted of a bag, in which the grapes were placed and squeezed by means of two poles turning in opposite directions, a vessel being placed beneath to receive the dripping juice. In other parts of the country they used a press also consisting of a bag supported in a frame, having two upright sides, connecting with beams at their top. The bag was placed horizontally, one end fastened, the other passing through a hole in the opposite side, and was twisted by means of a stick turned by the hands. In upper Egypt the foot press was more in use. According to the sculptures

some of these presses must have been exceedingly costly and very large, for they are highly ornamented and appear to have been made in two parts.

The after treatment of the wine is the same as of to-day. The must was allowed to ferment and when fermentation had ceased it was put into *amphoræ* and stored away. Judging from the view-point of the sculptures, the consumption of wine in ancient Egypt must have been great. Added to this are the writings of the ancient authors, many of whom take occasion to censure the people for their immoderate love of excess. During the Twelfth Dynasty, a region called Aaa, in Tenu, is stated to have had more wine than water. Thotmes III. in the Statistical Tablet describes the wine in the presses of Tsaha as being like waves. Not only were great quantities of wine made in Egypt, but according to Herodotus, twice every year a large importation was received from Phoenicia and Greece. There were no particular restrictions in regard to its use: every one, man or woman, could drink wine whenever and wherever they pleased, and according to ancient authorities it must have been plentiful and cheap. The late Karl Richard Lepsius, professor of Egyptology at Berlin, stated that there were four kinds of wines during the fourth and subsequent dynasties, as follows: white wine, *arp hut*; wine of northern or lower Egypt, *arp meh* or *xeb*; southern wine, *arp ras*; and fishing or fisherman's wine, *arp hem*. The wines of the latter period as described by Pliny and others are as follows: Mareotis, coming from a district of that name and also called in their descriptions *ut*. This wine was much praised by several of the ancient writers and from all accounts was

the favourite of the people. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson in speaking of this wine says:

Its superiority over other Egyptian wines may be readily accounted for, when we consider the nature of the soil in that district; being principally composed of gravel, which, lying beyond the reach of the alluvial deposit, was free from the rich and tenacious mud usually met with in the valley of the Nile, so little suited for the culture of delicate vines; and from the extensive remains of vineyards still found on the western borders of the *arsinoite nome*, or *fyoom*, we may conclude that the ancient Egyptians were fully aware of the advantages of land situated beyond the limits of the inundation, and that they generally preferred similar localities for planting the vine.

Strabo in his last book (xvii) says that the Mareotis wine was remarkable for its keeping qualities, instances being known in which it had been kept for a hundred years. Athenæus was divided between Mareotis wine and another that came from Tenia and called Teniotic; of the former he says, "The Mareotic grape was remarkable for its sweetness." He describes the wine as follows: "Its colour is white, its quality is excellent, and it is sweet and light, with a fragrant smell." Of the Teniotic wine he says:

Its colour is pale and white, and there is such a degree of richness in it that when mixed with water it seems gradually to be diluted, much in the same way as Attic honey, when a liquid is poured into it; and besides the agreeable flavour of the wine, its fragrance is so delightful as to render it perfectly aromatic, and it has the property of being slightly astringent. There are many other vineyards in the valley of the Nile, whose wines are in great repute and these

differ both in colour and taste; but that which is produced about Anthylla is preferred to all the rest.

Speaking of the wine of Coptos he said that it was wholesome and that invalids might take it without inconvenience, even during a fever. Pliny also describes two more wines. The first was called *ecbolada* and, to judge from his description, it was aphrodisiacal in character; the second was known as *sebennytic* and he ranks it among the choice wines of Egypt. It was made of three different grapes—a Thasian, the *aethalos* and *peuce*. Of the Thasian grapes he writes, "They excel all others in Egypt for sweetness and medicinal effect."

The Mendesian wine came from Lower Egypt and Clemens of Alexandria describes it as being a very sweet wine. Palm wine, the modern name of which is *lowbgeh*, was also common and plentiful. *Lowbgeh* when fresh resembles a young white wine, but after fermentation it is exceedingly intoxicating.

Undoubtedly Egypt or the Egyptians were among the first people to use grain in the making of a beverage. In the lowlands where grain was extensively cultivated it can be readily surmised that such pleasure-loving people would not long remain in ignorance of the possibilities that were in grain as a beverage. During the Fourth Dynasty, which according to M. Mariette was 4235 B.C. and to Prof. Lepsius 3124 B.C., beer, then known as *hega*, was a common beverage and was made from red barley, *bet tes'er*. There were two kinds of this beer, one very alcoholic and the other quite mild. Aside from being beverages both were used extensively as medicines. Later on when the Greeks and

Romans began to visit Egypt, the Greeks bestowed the name of *zythus* upon these beers and to-day they are known to the modern Egyptian as *booza*. During the *zythus* era, if so it may be termed, there was a lively rivalry between different localities as to the excellence of their output. Hops were not known to these people, so they resorted to the use of such plants as the lupin and the skinet and sometimes different roots were used, and one in particular that came from an Assyrian plant was in much demand for that purpose. At this period, if credence can be given to such authorities as Aristotle and Athenæus, *zythus* was made exceedingly strong. In fact some of it was much stronger in alcohol than many of the wines. The neighbourhood of Pelusium was given the credit for producing the finest beers, both the above authorities mentioning this fact.

Another beverage of an ardent nature that is still very popular in Egypt is *horaky*, sometimes also called *araki*. In a sense this drink can be said to be the national tippie, for all sects partake of it alike, the Christian and Jew publicly and the Mussulman in private and also in greater quantities. *Horaky* is made from dates in the following manner: Ripe dates are immersed in a suitable quantity of water, in which they are allowed to remain for several weeks, during which period they have been stirred several times every day, and have thus undergone the process of fermentation. The resultant liquor is distilled. An ordinary copper caldron with a narrow mouth forms the retort, which stands on a few stones placed round the fire. The head of the still is formed by a large earthenware jar, such as is used for carrying water, a so-called *balas*, the handles of which have been sawn off, and which has been cut away

at the mouth so as to fit that of the caldron exactly. Towards the top a round hole has been pierced in the side of the jar, and in this hole a straight hollow piece of dry sugar-cane is inserted horizontally instead of the ordinary worm. Near the extremity, this horizontal piece is intersected by a similar vertical piece, the lower end of which enters the receiver, a copper vessel of moderate height closed at the top by a pad. The receiver is kept cool by being placed in a wide vessel sunk in the earth and filled with water which is constantly renewed. The gaps and joints are stopped with rags and dough. The pieces of cane especially are wound round with rags several times. A great deal of the spirit of course escapes. The joints cannot be often enough cemented. There is always some new hole out of which the spirit bursts, not unfrequently taking fire in so doing. At first there is nothing agreeable about this liquor to the average American, for in taste it greatly resembles the strong smoky whiskies from Ireland and Scotland, but after a few trials this dislike disappears and if the liquor has been aged, it is pronounced excellent.

There is one wine in Egypt that not only are the Muslims allowed to partake of but they, if they so choose, can make it. By all people it is called *zebeeb* and it is simply an infusion of raisins or very dry dates, allowed to slightly ferment, just sufficient to impart to it an acid taste when it is drunk. The Prophet himself was accustomed to drink it, but he never allowed it, so it is said, to be more than two days old, for after this period it becomes more or less intoxicating and therefore is not fit for the faithful to consume.

The modern method of making *boozeh* or, as some

write it, *booza*, is to crumble barley-bread very fine, mix it in a proper amount of water, then strain it, and let it stand until it has thoroughly fermented. Simple as this process is, it develops a very strong alcohol and therefore is exceedingly intoxicating. There is another method of preparing this beverage, but as one of the ingredients is more costly, namely wheat, it is not often resorted to, for *booza*, it must be understood, is a drink of the poorer classes, and is seldom if ever met with outside of the lower quarters and among the fishermen.

Among the better classes at the termination of a home dinner it is the custom to end the repast with a ladleful of *khushaf*. This is made by boiling raisins in water to which a liberal supply of sugar has been added and then, when cool, rose-water is mixed. To the American and European *khushaf* is very insipid and altogether too sweet. Of course it is not intoxicating and neither is it warming. The most popular, however, of the non-intoxicating drinks throughout the country are sherbets in various forms. These are to be found in every household and are also peddled about the streets by *sharbetlee*, or sellers of sherbet, and in the market-places. The commonest and cheapest is made of bread-crumbs thoroughly dissolved in very sweet water. This is called either *sharbat*, *sharbat sukkar*, or simply *sukkar*. The one that is held in the highest esteem is *sharab el-benefseg*. It is of a green colour and is prepared from a hard conserve of violets. The violet-flowers are first pounded in a stone mortar and the juice and all is boiled in sugar with just enough water added to keep it from burning. When the boiling or cooking is complete, it is poured

out into shallow pans and allowed to harden, and when wanted for the purpose of making sherbet pieces are broken off and dissolved.

The name of *zebeeb* is also given to a sherbet made of raisins, and in this respect the wine *zebeeb*, the sherbet *zebeeb*, and also an intoxicating confection of the same name are apt to be confounded, and lead the unwary into mistakes. Wine, as we know it, is more often spoken of as *mudam* and therefore can be easily distinguished from *zebeeb*. *Erk soos* is another cooling beverage that is sold on the streets at so much per cup, but this cannot be properly termed a sherbet, for it is nothing more or less than a strong infusion of licorice-root. *Kharroob* made from the beans of the locust-tree is another very popular drink, while *sharab et-toot*, made from mulberries at the time when they are ripe, is considered to be not only an excellent drink but withal wholesome. *Sharab el-hommejd* is most common in the country districts and among people who have gardens, as it is prepared from common sorrel, though among the better classes in the cities it is often found, for farmers bring in the plants and sell them at the market. *Leymoonateh*, or *sharab el-leymoon*, sounds very nice to our ears, and when we partake of it we at once recognise an old and familiar friend, for *leymoonateh* is lemonade, only somewhat sweeter than we were, or perhaps are, in the habit of drinking it. *Amberee* or *rosolio* is an intoxicating cordial-like drink made from raisins, and the true Muslim will often use this instead of wine, for the Koran did not interdict its making or use. It is hardly necessary to add that in comparison *amberee* is several times more potent than *mudam*.

The general method of serving sherbet is in covered glass cups, commonly called *kullehs*, containing about three quarters of a pint. These cups are often ornamented with gilt flowers, in a very pretty arrangement; others have conventional designs also in gilt.

The *kullehs* are placed on a round tray, and covered with a round piece of embroidered silk, or cloth of gold. On the right arm of the person who presents the sherbet is hung a large oblong napkin with a wide embroidered border of gold and coloured silks at each end. This is ostensibly offered for the purpose of wiping the lips after drinking the sherbet, but it is really more ornamental than useful, for seldom are the lips allowed to touch it.

The *sharbetlee*, or street seller of sherbet, does not always confine himself to the sale of sherbet alone. In fact he has several other beverages which often find a more ready market. *Teen meblool*, or, as some prefer to call it, *belah meblool*, is an attractive drink made by steeping figs and dates in water. *Shalab*, made of water, wheat, sugar, and a little cinnamon or ginger, and boiled, also has its advocates who, if they have been fortunate and earned or begged enough, will readily buy it. *Soobiva*, made from the seeds or pips of the *abdawalwee* melon, or rice, if the seeds are not procurable, slightly moistened and then finely pounded, after which they are steeped in water, which is then strained and sweetened with sugar, ranks also very high among a certain class. Ginger is another substance that enters greatly into these different kinds of drinks and perhaps, owing to its warming qualities, is considered beneficial.

Although the date-palm does not furnish a wine

directly, as in the case of the palm-wine tree, it does give forth an insipid juice. This the people turn into a kind of honey and then dilute it and allow it to ferment. The beverage is known as *dipse* and, when somewhat old, is exceedingly ardent, yet withal it is quite agreeable to the average person. Although, properly speaking, rose-water is not a beverage, yet in the Orient it often figures as an ingredient in their different drinks. Perhaps a short description of its manufacture as followed in Egypt may not be amiss.

The annual culture begins in the early part of May, when the soil, after having been twice ploughed, is divided into square patches, varying in size to suit the fancy of the planter, and slips or cuttings are placed in holes two or three feet apart. These patches are then covered with earth which is kept constantly moist, till the young shrubs begin to appear above the surface, when irrigation is carefully but steadily reduced and the bushes gradually attain their normal height, from two feet to two feet six inches. At the end of December all the shoots are cut at the surface of the ground and a resumption of irrigation follows lasting for thirty or forty days, when the budding and full blowing of the flowers takes place. Early every morning and while the dew is still on them the young flowers are gathered and are at once placed in an alembic, where distillation ensues for six hours. The water is then drawn off, and, being slightly yellowed with other water in which roses have been infused, is ready for the market.

In a comparative sense, the art of wine-making in modern Egypt is almost lost, for while many vineyards are to be found little of their fruit is used for the purpose of wine-making. During the last week in June unripe grapes (*husum*) are pressed, as the juice from

grapes in this stage makes an excellent sherbet, and at this season the drinking of fruit acids is almost a necessity. What wine is made is manufactured during July and August and this is almost invariably of an inferior quality.

Undoubtedly the most common feature of all Egypt is the *sakkas* or water-carriers with their *kubeh* or goat-skin filled with water from the Nile, slung across their back and which they empty for the large sum of two cents even after carrying it a mile or two. Another common sight is the *hemalee*; he too peddles water from the Nile, but unlike his compatriot he has an *ibreek*, a porous earthenware vessel which lowers the temperature of the water. Ofttimes he scents his water with *moyet zahr* (or orange-flower-water) prepared from the flower of the "naring," an orange most bitter to the taste. He does not do this as a rule, but only for his better and steady patrons.

It may be said in all truth the only beverage at meals in the greater part of Egypt is water from the Nile. The Egyptian as a rule drinks very little or no water while dining, but immediately after takes a very large draught. Water is drunk either from an earthen bottle or a brass cup. The water-bottles are of two kinds: one called the *dorak* and the other *kullek*. The former has a narrow and the latter a wide mouth. They are made of the same kind of earth as the *ibreek*—grey in colour and very porous—and cool the water deliciously by evaporation, especially when they are placed in a current of air. The interior is often blackened with the smoke of some resinous wood, and then perfumed with the smoke of *kafal* wood and mastic, this being used last. A small earthen vessel (called *mibkharah*)

is employed to contain the charcoal in performing these operations, which is required to ignite the wood and the mastic, and the water-bottle is held inverted over it. A strip of rag is tied round the neck of the *dorak*, at the distance of about an inch from the mouth, to prevent the smoke-black from extending too far on the exterior of the bottle. The bottles have stoppers of silver, brass, tin, wood, or palm-leaves; and are generally placed in a tray of tinned copper, which receives the water that exudes from them. In cold weather china bottles called *jarrahs* and *demigans* are used, as the former ones make the water too cold to drink.

Before either drinking or eating every person is expected—if he be of the faithful—to say “Bismillah” (“In the name of God”), and as soon as he has finished he says “El-hamdu-li-llah” (“Praise be to God”). These words he must say every time he drinks during a meal, whereupon all present say “Heneean” (“May it be productive of enjoyment or benefit”) and the drinker replies “Allah yehenneek” (“God cause thee to have enjoyment”). Perhaps it is this antiphony that makes them so abstemious in the use of all kinds of liquids at their meals, for the mouth must be clean of food before the word can be spoken. While on the subject of Nile water let us quote from C. B. Klunzinger, M.D., who says in his *Upper Egypt*:

Feeling thirsty we let down a pitcher with a cord into the stream. Before we set it to our lips, however, all kinds of considerations crowd upon us: the water is turbid and muddy; we have already by means of the microscope detected in it animalcula, small crustacea, and minute worms; we have seen cattle bathing in it, and men washing

their bodies and their clothes about our vessel, and emptying various matters into the stream; the carcass of an ox is floating past with a raven on it and pecking it; and such ingredients have been received by the stream from the whole of the immense country above. Shall we drink a mixture of the filth of the whole of North Africa! We venture; the Son of the Son has done so before us, and all his sons continue to do so up to the present day, and are quite healthy notwithstanding. And indeed it is pure nectar; the soft cool water so refreshes us that we quite agree with the natives of the country, especially those from the desert, who consider a draught of Nile-water one of the greatest blessings the world can give.

At certain seasons among the many pests that this land is heir to is the mosquito, and, although one can become more or less hardened to its sting and humming, its larvæ in all kinds of water make drinking rather a precarious undertaking. All water must be carefully strained in order to rid it of these worm-like beings and herein does the cotton cloth of the native garment excel, for he simply uses his coat-sleeve as a strainer and passes on his way rejoicing, for no matter where he may be he is sure to have his strainer with him. Aside from the water of the Nile, good drinking water is scarcely to be found in any part of Egypt, though throughout the country there are innumerable wells, some of them of great depth. El Makrizy tells of the well called Bir el-Halazum (the well of the Winding Stairs). He says:

This well is a wonderful work. Oxen turn a machine at the top, and raise the water from a reservoir in the middle; and other oxen at the middle raise the water from the bottom; and there is a way down to the water, by which

the oxen descend. It is all excavated in the rock; there is no masonry in it. It is said that its bottom is level with the Birket el Fil. Its water [was] good. I have heard a *sheykh* relate that, when the well was first excavated, the water came forth sweet; but that *Karakush* or his agents, wishing to obtain a more abundant supply, deepened the excavation, and there came forth a salt spring, and changed the sweetness of the water. It has two shafts, of which the upper one is about 24 feet by 15 in width, and about 155 feet in depth; the lower part is not quite so wide, and is about 125 feet deep; therefore the total depth is about 280 feet. The bottom being a few feet below the level of the Nile (when lowest), it seems that the water of this well is derived from the river, but that it passes through a soil impregnated with salt. At the top of it is a *sakiya*, by which the water is raised to a reservoir at the top of the lower shaft, where there is another *sakiya*, which raises the water from the bottom. Around the upper shaft is a stairway, separated from the well itself by a wall of rock, which has apertures for the admission of a little light. The steps are very low, and nearly worn to an inclined plane. The lower shaft has also stairs to the bottom, but without any wall or railing next the well.

In the matter of eating and feasting the modern Egyptian is in nowise behind his brothers in the other parts of the Orient. One would think they simply live to eat, and where they put the different viands of a dinner, among the better class, is often a matter of wonder. Dr. Klunzinger describes a dinner that he attended only a few years ago:

The guests [he says], arrange themselves on a carpet round the tray, usually in companies of ten to twelve,

never thirteen. If the company is too large for one table similar arrangements are made in other parts of the room as may be required. A servant goes round to each guest with a vessel of water and all wash their hands, or at least have water poured over the tips of the fingers of the right hand. They all then lay their napkins across their knees, and turn up the right sleeve. The left hand hangs down by the side, and is kept dry for drinking or for other incidental purposes. To-day the dinner is Turkish (*alla turka*), that is, one viand is brought after the other. The menu is a long one. Were the dinner after the Arabic fashion, according to which all viands are laid on the table at once, so that the guests may help themselves at pleasure, there would not be room for the great variety of dishes. A large bowl of soup being served, the host, after squeezing into it the juice of some green lemons or citrons the size of walnuts, and, pronouncing the word "Bismillah" ("In the name of God"), dips his wooden spoon into the bowl and is followed by all the guests. In traversing the distance between the common dish and the mouth many a drop and solid fragment fall upon the table and cakes of bread. In the well-spiced soup lies a bit of boiled meat or a fowl, which the master of the house now takes out, and offers in pieces to his guests. They show, however, no great relish for it; for already a colossal breast of mutton stuffed with chopped flesh, onions, rice, raisins, almonds, and hazel-nuts is beheld in the hands of a servant in the background. Scarcely is it placed on the metal plate when all the guests fall upon it with their right hands. Each tears off a piece of the flesh, which has first been boiled soft, then roasted. When it is found rather tough the guests sitting opposite one another begin pulling at the same piece until it gives way. In a few minutes the breast bone is stripped of flesh, and the precious stuffing lies dispersed over the dish, from which the diners convey it

to their mouths by means of wooden spoons. This common practice of all eating out of one dish, and using the hands in doing so, usually appears to Europeans one of the most barbarous usages of the East. Yet the same practice was followed by the ancient Egyptians, who were a people of refined and formal manners, as well as by the Jews. To the Oriental, on the other hand, it seems barbarous in Europeans not to wash their hands before and after eating, although the utmost care and nicety are often insufficient to prevent them from being greased. The breast of mutton serves as a foundation, and is followed by a number of trifles, such as vegetables of different sorts, and onion sauces with small pieces of flesh—usually, as among the ancients, small legs of mutton with the bone. These are brought in on small plates, and each guest takes what he can get, either by dipping a piece of bread into the dish or by forming a sort of pincers with his piece of bread, so as to be able to seize on some of the solid contents of the dish. Some farinaceous article, roasted macaroni, vermicelli, or pastry now appears. We have already seen perhaps six different dishes. Our appetite is quenched, and after the farinaceous course we would like to rise; but we have not yet even reached the beginning of the middle of the banquet. Dish still follows dish, butcher-meat alternating with farinaceous preparations. The master of the house offers us, with exclamations of delight, a fowl's leg prepared with quite extraordinary skill. The other guests also encourage us to eat, offering choice morsels to us as well as to one another; but the climax is reached with the sweet tart (*sanieh baklawa*). The whole of the worshipful gourmands salute its entry with a delighted Ah! How wonderfully does it lie imbedded in the deep pie-dish. The use of knives to cut it up is forbidden, but the host digs out a great hole with his fingers, whereupon all the guests plunge in their fingers at the

breach and tear out fragments of the firmly baked composition, until the whole artistic structure falls in ruins. The ancient Egyptians adopted at their feasts another way to remind the feasters, in all seriousness, of the transitoriness of everything earthly. At this stage of the feast servants used to drag round the room the image of a mummy. We have now struggled on to about the middle of the banquet. The small plates again appear, and gratify our palate with a continually ascending scale of excellence and sweetness. Greatly do we regret having so soon spoiled our appetite. We are becoming giddy with our exertions, but we are not yet at the end; for a huge, massive and juicy roast still remains to be vanquished. Even experienced guests, who have prepared themselves for the sumptuous repast by fasting from early morning, and have cautiously climbed up, step by step, sit despairing and exhausted before this object of Titanic magnitude. The company at last hasten towards the close of the repast. Several plates now offered are mercilessly rejected and the *pilau* of steamed rice, which invariably concludes the feast, is placed on the table along with a cooling sweet rose-scented jelly. To crown the whole the guests now take a good supply of this delicate preparation into their well-crammed paunches, and then each after the other rises with a "Thank God" (which serves as grace after meat as the "Bismillah" does for a grace before meat), and makes his way as quickly as possible to the washing vessel. The host is the last to rise, as he was the first to make the attack. The foundation of the feast is always mutton. The animals are slaughtered for the purpose on the day of the entertainment, not the day before, and if possible in the house itself in spite of the prohibition of the government. No important feast can be held without animals being specially slaughtered for the occasion, for the consumption of flesh is then so considerable. By the

ancient Egyptian mutton was not relished, perhaps was not eaten at all; and their numerous flocks of sheep were kept chiefly for the wool. Beef and flesh of geese, which at the present day are slightly esteemed, formed, in ancient times, the basis of Egyptian banquets, which were then at least as lavish and frequent as they are now. At the grander entertainments a turkey appears on the table instead of a goose.

It will be noticed that the doctor does not claim that this was a grand entertainment—in fact it was only a little private affair—but to give the reader a somewhat better idea the bill of fare is appended :

1. Rice soup. 2. *Dol a mahshi*: stuffed breast of mutton (see above). 3. *Bamieh burani*: the *bamieh* fruit (*hisbiscus esculenta*) boiled and roasted entire with flesh and a great deal of clarified butter. 4. *Kauirma* (Turkish): roast meat with whole onions. 5. *Warak mahshi*. In making this dish vine or cabbage leaves are filled with pounded leaves of the same sort, minced meat, onions, rice, and pepper, and fried with clarified butter. 6. *Kunafa* or vermicelli. A dough of water and flour not very tenacious is pressed through a perforated mould, which forms it into worm-like threads. It is then fried with clarified butter, then sugar and drippings are sprinkled over it, and lastly it is boiled above a coal fire. 7. *Moluchieh*. This is a mucilaginous vegetable resembling spinach, and is prepared for the table by boiling with flesh meat. 8. *Kufta* or meat dumplings. Minced roast meat, rice, and onions are made into little balls and fried with clarified butter. 9. *Batingan kuta*: tomatoes boiled with flesh. 10. *Semak makli*: fish baked in oil. 11. *Sambusek*. Dough made with flour and water is rolled out into round flat cakes, on which is placed minced roast meat with rice; half the dough

is then folded over, and the edges are then pressed together. The whole is cooked by baking. 12. *Kabab*: small pieces of flesh roasted on a spit. 13. *Jachni*: roasted meat with onion sauce or made into a ragout. 14. *Fakus mahshi*. The soft contents of the *fakus* fruit, which is of the gourd family, are taken out of the shell or rind and mixed with minced meat and the other ingredients mentioned in No. 5, and then replaced, when the whole is boiled. 15. *Batingan iswud mucharrat*. The black *batingan* fruit (fruit of the egg-plant) is cut into small pieces, and added with onions to broiled meat and boiled. 16. *Sanieh baklawa* or sweet tart. (See above.) A number of flour cakes are placed in the dish, and between each pair is spread a layer of butter. Honey is spread on the top one, and the whole is baked in an oven. 17. *Salk*: beet boiled with flesh. 18. "Milk-rice": rice and milk with some water and clarified butter boiled, to which are afterwards added sugar and rose-water. 19. *Mumbar mahshi*: pieces of intestines filled with the mixture already mentioned more than once and boiled. 20. *Kabab bi dema*: meat roasted on a spit with a plain sauce. 21. *Ful achdar*: green horsebeans (both pods and kernels) boiled with flesh. 22. *Lahma muhammara*: a large roasted joint (see above). 23. *Balusa*: sweet jelly; sugar boiled with water and farina, to which honey and rose-water are added while cooking. Almonds are afterwards stuck in the jelly. (See above.) 24. *Pus mufalfal*, Turkish *pilau*: steamed rice saturated with clarified butter. (See above.)

After dinner the Mussulman washes himself only with pure running water, and does not splash about in a basin. A servant pours water upon the hands of the guest from a large metal basin having a spout, and generally of an elegant shape. The dirty water falls into a large metal basin, having a broad rim and perforated bottom, through which the water passes into a cavity at its base. The

utensils are exactly like those which were in use among the ancient Egyptians. Much soap is employed, but they do not use it properly, for they allow the lather to be washed off the hands before it has time to act upon the skin. The mouth is next carefully cleansed inside and outside, and all this goes on quite openly in the dining-room. The unused cakes are now collected, and the numerous crumbs on the table and floor are carefully gathered up. Bread is reckoned by the Mohammedan a sacred gift of God, which should not be wasted; and if he finds a small piece of bread on the ground he will pick it up and kiss the hand in which he holds it. Last of all the metal table is removed. The company, who, without any breach of propriety, give frequent indications of satiety by loud eructation, again take their places on the carpet before the wall-cushions, and conversation is resumed under the influence of the *chibouk*. The attendants now have their turn for dining (of these there is no small number, inasmuch as each of the guests brings along with him his own servants, slaves, and dependents), and during their dinner no one disturbs them except for some pressing need. At last, when the servants have satisfied themselves, coffee is brought in; and from this time the company have no more peace, for they all begin to feel uneasy in the stomach. The most important of the guests give the signal for breaking up. All seek for their slippers, which lie about the threshold of the door, and depart to their homes overburdened in stomach but with brain quite clear. Each guest is preceded by a servant carrying a large lantern, and is accompanied on his way by the host, for every step taken for the sake of a guest is accounted a step in the ascent to paradise.

The Egyptians are great eaters and of necessity must have good cooks, for, although, as a whole, their

cuisine differs greatly from that of the Occident, it is in nowise deficient in variety. They also like display, and the preparation of large dishes has always been an achievement of which they were more or less proud. Abdallatef, or as it is sometimes written Abd-ul-latef, a celebrated physician and traveller born at Baghdad in 1162, gives a graphic account of a pie that he once saw, while he was travelling and studying in Egypt. This was in the latter part of the twelfth century and shows that the old habits were still in vogue.

It was an enormous pie [he says] and made and composed in the following manner: Thirty pounds of fine flour being kneaded with five pounds and a half of oil of sesame, and divided into two equal portions, one of these was spread upon a round tray of copper about four cubits in diameter. Upon this were placed three lambs stuffed with pounded meat fried with the oil of sesame and ground pistachio-nuts and various hot aromatics, such as pepper, ginger, cinnamon, mastic, corriander-seed, cumin-seed, cardamon, and nutmeg, etc. These were then sprinkled with rose-water infused with musk; and upon the lambs and in the remaining space were placed twenty fowls, twenty chickens, and fifty smaller birds, some of which were baked and stuffed with eggs; some stuffed with meat, and some fried in the juice of sour grapes, or that of limes or some similar acid. To the above were added a number of small pies, some filled with meat and others with sugar and sweet-meats; and sometimes the meat of another lamb, cut into small pieces, and some filled with cheese. The whole being piled up in the form of a dome, some rose-water infused with musk and aloes-wood was sprinkled upon it; and the other half of the paste first mentioned was spread over so as to close the whole; it was then baked, wiped with a sponge, and again sprinkled with rose-water infused with musk.

Abdallatef does not say for whom this piece of pastry was prepared, but undoubtedly there were only to be present a very small number, for notwithstanding its size the people then were, if anything, greater consumers than they are to-day. Another authority—Taki el-Din 'Ahmed ibn 'ali el Makrizi—an Egyptian historian who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, describes quite accurately a feast that was given on the festival following Ramadan to the inhabitants of Cairo by the Fatimee Khaleefehs:

At the upper end of a large saloon was placed the *sereer* (or couch) of the monarch, upon which he sat with the Wezeer on his right. On this seat was placed a large round silver tray filled with various delicacies of which they alone ate. Before it, and extending nearly from the seat to the other extremity of the saloon, was set a kind of table or platform (*simat*) of painted wood, resembling a number of benches placed together, ten cubits or about eighteen or nineteen feet in width. Along the middle of this were ranged twenty-one enormous dishes, each containing twenty-one baked sheep three years old and fat, together with fowls, pigeons, and young chickens in number three hundred and fifty of each kind, all of which were piled together in an oblong form to the height of the statue of a man, and enclosed with dry sweetmeats. The spaces between these dishes were occupied with nearly five hundred dishes of earthenware, each of which contained seven fowls, and was filled with sweetmeats of various kinds. The table was strewn with flowers, and cakes of bread made of the finest flour were arranged along each side; there were also two great edifices of sweetmeats, each weighing seventeen hundred weight, which were carried thither by porters with shoulder-poles, and one of them was placed at the commencement and the other at the close

of this sumptuous banquet. When the Kaleefet and the Wezeer had taken their seats upon the couch, the officers of state, who were distinguished by neck-rings or collars, and the inferior members of the court, seated themselves in the order of their respective ranks; and when they had eaten they gave place to others. Two officers distinguished themselves at this feast in a very remarkable manner. Each of them was to eat a baked sheep and ten fowls dressed with sweetmeats and ten pounds of sweetmeats besides. This they accomplished and as a reward received a large quantity of food from the feast and were also presented with a large sum of money. One of these officers had been taken a prisoner at 'Askalan; and after he had remained there some time, the person into whose power he had fallen jestingly told him that if he could eat a calf belonging to him, the flesh of which weighed several hundred weight, he would emancipate him. This feat he accomplished and thus obtained his freedom.

Now, if the historian had only added "much to the relief of his captor," there would have been a finishing touch that the Occidental mind would thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. The idea of being compelled to feed and maintain a man with such an appetite and capacity is enough; reality would be harrowing and bankruptcy would surely follow.

Beverages such as have been mentioned are not the only kinds these ingenious people concoct. They have what is generally termed *saweeek* (a ptisan-like drink), and while it may have various ingredients in it, and in some parts of the land be known by a different name, yet withal, a beverage made from parched grain is *saweeek*. Barley, wheat, or any other cereal will make good *saweeek*, and while the manner of making is simple

the drink itself is wholesome. Sometimes this concoction is made thick. Then it partakes more of the nature of a gruel and incidentally acts as both food and drink.

Whether religion, as we understand it to-day, did or did not have its origin in Egypt is a question without the scope and intent of this volume, but all who have even the slightest acquaintance with this wonderful land know that long before the hieroglyphic era the people had certain and varied forms of worship. Temples had been erected and priests were installed. And, as in the ages past, it was found necessary to levy the *apomoira* in order that these temples of the gods should be maintained in a manner suitable to their requirements and dignity. The *apomoira* was a direct tax upon the vineyards and used for the purpose specified. Another tax was levied on wine, but this was more for the support of the government. Later on Ptolemy Philadelphus (285–247 B.C.) appropriated the *apomoira* for the Queen Arsinoe, who, being a goddess on earth, was fully entitled to it.

At the southern extremity of Egypt there lies a land which like Egypt has always been a place of interest, yet withal, to the casual observer Nubia and the Nubian desert does not seem to promise much. Little of the land, in a comparative sense, is fertile and there seems to be but a small area that is attractive. But Nubia is an old country and her people are as distinct as any to be found elsewhere. For many years they have been followers of Mahomet, having embraced the Mahometan faith contemporarily with the Egyptians, but if the reports of travellers can be believed, the Nubian is constitutionally opposed to prohibition

in any form. They have, for a people so situated in an arid country and out of the rain zone, an extensive variety of ardent beverages.

They possess three different kinds of beer, all of them decidedly inebriating, and yet, strange to say, these are made of the same substance. A strongly leavened bread prepared from *dhourra* and made for the purpose is broken into small pieces and mixed with water. This mixture is then kept over a slow fire for several hours. After it has steeped sufficiently, more water is added and is allowed to ferment for forty-eight hours, when it is at its weakest stage and is called *merin*. Allowed to ferment a little longer, it becomes *bouza* and in this stage it is quickly intoxicating. The final operation, straining and clearing, makes a beverage called *ombellel*, which means the mother of the nightingales and is given to the liquor for the fact that its drinking makes the party sing. *Ombellel* has a pleasant taste, compared by some to a dry champagne, but its action is decidedly quicker, though perhaps not as lasting. *Bouza* is, however, the favourite among the people and they consume a tremendous amount. They have a gourd called in their language *bourma*, which holds fully two quarts, and it is expected that every one who joins around the *bourma* will empty it at least once. The man that cannot do it is seldom met with in Nubia. *Bouza* has also its social side, for, as with us in regard to drinking tea in the afternoon at some friend's home, so it is with the Nubian. Afternoon parties are made for the purpose and all repair to the house of the host, where at first meat that has been roasted and highly seasoned with pepper is served; then follows the *bouza* and after that a general

all-around fight in which three or four may be killed and several dangerously wounded, for no one ever attends these parties without his sword and daggers.

Another beverage that is prepared from this *dhourra* bread is sherbet *el jellabe*, or caravan beverage. The bread is broken into water but only allowed to remain there until it has imparted an acid flavour to it, when it is drunk. The date, which is very prolific in this part, also affords an inebriating beverage of no mean quality, which to the Occidental palate is somewhat sweet. *Jaraky* is generally obtained by the following process: As soon as the dates have come to maturity, they are thrown into large earthen boilers with water, and the whole is steeped for two days without intermission. The liquor is then strained, and the clear juice poured into earthen jars, which, after being well closed, are buried. Here they are allowed to remain for ten or twelve days, during which the liquor ferments. The jars are then taken up and their contents are fit to be drunk. But this wine will not keep more than a year, or beyond the next date harvest. If kept longer it will sour.

Honey is also an ingredient in making intoxicating liquors of the nature of hydromel or mead. Licorice-juice and water make *boura*, an exceedingly simple beverage yet withal a most popular one in Nubia. The Nubian makes a use of this *boura* that is quite out of the general. When he wants to capture a few monkeys he takes a large shallow vessel and filling it with the liquor places it beneath a tree in which the monkeys are playing; then retiring some distance he lies down and appears to be asleep. Soon the

monkeys seeing him quiet descend and begin drinking from the pan, with the consequence that they are quickly intoxicated and become an easy prey to their captor.

CHAPTER XVII

TURKEY IN EUROPE AND SERVIA

AT last Constantinople rose in all its grandeur before us. With eyes riveted on the expanding splendours, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, or reflecting their image in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountains, and tracing their outlines in the expanse of the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold—to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures; until at last the cluster, thus far distinctly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the other two by a wide arm of the sea whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half in Europe, half in Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient to fully embrace its glories. I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the glorious vision, and find its whole fabric only a delusive dream.

Thus says Thomas Hope, in his *Anastasius*, and while it may sound somewhat extravagant it scarcely does justice to the scene as viewed from the steamer's deck coming across the Sea of Marmora

on an early spring morning. Much has been said and more has been written about the Turks, and yet, notwithstanding all these thousands of tomes, we are as far away from a complete understanding of the people as we were a hundred or more years ago. They are a reserved people, yet withal, a most hospitable race, but their manner of living is such that few indeed are they who have ever succeeded in getting within the privacy of their lives; and these cases are so isolated that judgment as to the whole becomes almost an impossibility. In a way they are advanced, but as their way differs materially from ours we are apt to think that their ideas are, to say the least, a little peculiar; but on the other hand the Turk feels that if a choice was to be made any one that was fair would say his—the Turk's—conception was far superior. Their life as a rule, and class for class, is much quieter than ours, and they have everything that they need without the bother and hustle and worry of the Occident. They are good liver and are exceedingly fond of the luxuries of life. Their cuisine is in no way inferior to the best that can be found in the West and they are very quick to seize upon any new viand that touches their fancy. This trait perhaps can be best illustrated in the matter of champagne-drinking. Of course the Turk is forbidden the use of wine, but when it comes to champagne therein he shows his cunning, for he claims that he does not know what it is. It cannot be wine, for wine such as the Prophet spoke about did not do as this does; it is "eau de gazeux." If, at the time, he is watched closely there may be an almost imperceptible drooping of the left eyelid when he is explaining his idea, and also there may perchance be a slight smile; but then,

this must be ascribed to the “eau de gazeux” and the right way to treat the subject becomes immediately apparent—fill up the glasses again and repeat *ad infinitum*.

They have ardent liquors of their own manufacture that, in respect to quality and taste, will compare favourably with those made in countries that are more or less proud of their product. The chief alcoholic liquor made in Turkey is *raki*. In fact it would be proper to say that all strong liquor made in this part of the world is called *raki*, for the word is used there much as we use rum, to designate liquor in general. *Raki* is prepared according to local conditions and tastes. In some parts it is made from the lees of grapes, and oftentimes of wine itself, and in nowise differs from our brandy except that it may contain a larger percentage of alcohol, making it, when new, much more fiery to the palate. But on the other hand when this *raki* has been allowed to mature and has been carefully kept it makes a fine liquor, of which fact the wealthy classes of Turkey are fully aware and there are many hundreds of gallons stored away only to be used when time and opportunity is propitious. Why should not this *raki* be good, for this part of the world is most suitable for the cultivation of the vine and the making of wine? But their religion is against this use of the grape and while, on the whole, and in the privacy of their own household and among kindred spirits, little attention is paid to religion, there is an outward show that retards an open advancement especially in a commercial sense.

Another sort of *raki* is produced from corn or grain and accordingly resembles our whisky. This is the

raki with which the general run of travellers meets and is by them universally condemned, for, as it is made for the poorer classes, it is manufactured as cheaply as possible and sold for use almost as soon as it leaves the still. Sometimes it is flavoured with different aromatic seeds or their oil, of which anisette is the greatest favourite. Plums too are often used, while peaches and different fruits also lend their assistance in the making of *raki*, and last, but by no means least, is the palm. So, while it may appear to the casual observer that there is only one liquor in Turkey and that *raki*, a few experiments would show that under this name an extensive variety is to be found running the gamut of alcoholic beverages.

Beer, too—called *boza*—is to be had in plenty in almost every part of the country, for any one is allowed to make it and only the venders are taxed. Nearly a thousand years ago there came to Bagdad a man who had a secret recipe for making *sawik-al-mimmas*. He did not call it by this name at the time, as it did not suit his fancy, but gave it a long flowery title and began in a small way to put it on the market. Soon his business increased and the historian tells us that at the beginning of the year he was wont to import two hundred and eighty *kurrs* of chickpeas (a *kurr* equals six ass-loads). These chickpeas entered materially into the beverage, but how, otherwise than being parched, the historian does not say, and when the man died his secret went with him. To-day, however, there is a drink called *sawik*, that is said to be closely allied to the *sawik-al-mimmas* of ten centuries ago. The modern *sawik* is peddled through the streets and in the markets the same as was done with the original,

and for aught we know perhaps by the descendents of the first sellers, for trades and avocations are followed most closely by the son succeeding the father, in this Oriental land.

Preparations of milk are also widely peddled, *yaoort* of course coming first; then closely following is *eiran*, a sour buttermilk beverage, cooling and refreshing and also wholesome. Then comes *keimak*. This is prepared from clotted milk and cream and consequently is somewhat more costly than *eiran*, though it is not as acid to the taste but is considered to be, by the Turks and other residents of the country, more nourishing. There is one beverage in Turkey that demands more than passing attention. It is the drink *par excellence* of the Orient, and is called *khoshab*—which being translated into English means “agreeable water”; and truly when *khoshab* is properly and carefully concocted it is not only exceedingly agreeable but is delicious.

Khoshab, says Charles White in his *Three Years in Constantinople*,

forms the termination of all orthodox dinners, and is composed of preserved fruits or syrups, such as Aidin pomegranates, Mardin plums, Damascus and Bokhara apricots, Rodosto peaches, Scala Nuova cherries, Beybek strawberries, Adrianople roses, tamarinds, and so forth. The art of concocting *khoshab* is considered difficult. The young black *aghas* and pages of the imperial palace are said to be adepts in this and other culinary practices. A proficient in the art of making *khoshab*, who had been educated among the imperial pages, gave me the following receipt for making it: “Take refined sugar, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of rose-water, boil it, cast off the scum and let it repose. When cool, add plain spring water, and

place in it the required preserved fruit. Boil slowly, throw off impurities, strain the liquid through a fine sieve, pour it into a china bowl, add the fruit that has remained in the sieve, cool or ice it, and drink with sandal-wood, aloes- or pear-wood spoons. A drop of musk, sandal, rose, ambergris, or aloes-wood oil may be added to give a high flavour." Although *khoshab* and sherbet are distinct beverages, the manufactures belong to the guild of cooks. They are honourably connected with that noble art, to which the most illustrious men of all nations have paid and will continue to pay constant homage. There are various kinds of sherbets and *khoshabs*. The most distinguished are Khasseky, so termed because it was invented by the Khasseky Kadinn of Sultan Selim I., when an odalisk; *teriaky* because it was the favourite beverage of opium-eaters; *serai mushiry*, dedicated to the fortunate and all-powerful Riza Pacha. But the most esteemed is the *imamy*, so called in honour of Imam Hossein, son of Ali, who learned the art of making the mixture from his aunt, who had herself learned it from her husband. For this reason the Soonite dealers revere Kaliph Osman as the inventor of the *khoshab* and sherbet, while the Persians pronounce a blessing on the name of the martyr Hossein, and spit upon that of Osman, when they indulge in either of these most praiseworthy beverages.

A quick and ready method of making a cooling and pleasant drink, which is neither *khoshab* or sherbet, is to purchase a roll or two of calico or muslin smeared with apricot pulp, and when wanted just cut off a strip the desired length and immerse it in water until the pulp is loosened and dissolved. These rolls are made in large quantities in Damascus but Constantinople is the market. In Constantinople the water carrier—*saka*—is a person of considerable importance

and diversified duties. In the first place his prices are stipulated by the government and he never receives more than ten *paras* for a *koorba* of ten and a half gallons of water—ten *paras* are equal to a cent. Again, he must remain in his own district and not infringe upon others in the same line of business. In case of a fire he must respond at once and give every assistance of which he is capable, and as there are more than five thousand of the registered *sakas* it can be readily seen they are of great utility. They are also among the few men that are allowed to enter a home at any time, so it becomes necessary that a *saka* should be of good character. They have their own guild and are exceedingly careful as to whom they allow to enter their association. Perhaps in the whole category of water there is none so much thought of and valued as *hircaey Shereef suoy*; though rarely ever exceeding a gallon yet if the figures could be obtained there can be no doubt that at times it has brought many thousands of dollars a gallon. It is disposed of every year, at the 15th of Ramazan, and is therefore a sacred beverage carrying with it a great deal of politics. Mr. Charles White says:

The ceremony of uncovering and adoring the relics [of the Prophet] takes place after midday prayer on the 15th of Ramazan, which day is commonly designated *heica-v-shereef*. It is one of the most important, indeed the only exclusively religious ceremony performed in the capital. The imperial processions on the first days of each Beiram, and that of the Mevlood (nativity) may be regarded more as civil than religious pageants. On those latter days, and then only, the Sultan, attended by all grand officers of state and ministers of religion, exhibits

himself to the people in all the pomp and glory of sovereignty. But the ceremony of adoring the relics is comparatively private and exclusively religious. None but ministers, court officers, and personages of the highest conditions are invited. The Sultan arrives and departs without state; the whole is a process of humiliation and veneration. On this occasion the kaliph may be seen prostrate before the holy shrine, in the humblest attitude of worship; whereas, upon the three occasions above mentioned, he is concealed during divine service from the people, and appears, upon his passage to and fro, as if his object were to attract the worship of his subjects, in lieu of offering up his own prayers to the Almighty. . . . Having arrived at the corridor leading to the holy chamber, where the persons invited stand prepared to do homage, the monarch proceeds to the chapel. Here the Sultan seats himself upon a praying carpet, immediately opposite to the shrine, and the rest of the party remain standing behind, with their faces towards Mecca. After uttering a prayer suitable to the occasion, the *Sheikh ul Islam*, assisted by the chief of the emirs, the *kislar aghassy*, or his substitute, the grand marshal, the senior *capidgy bashy*, and the two *unkiar im amy* (imperial chaplains), proceed to uncover the relics, and to take forth the holy mantle, which is carefully divested of the forty coverings in which, like the banner, it is enveloped. The Sultan then rises, steps forward, and respectfully kisses the hem of this garment, held for the purpose by the *Sheikh ul Islam* and chief of emirs. Having done so he withdraws a few paces, and remains standing, while the whole of the persons present, being called forward according to rank by the *teshrifatjee effendi* (master of ceremonies), successively perform the same ceremony. The moment that each individual, including the Sultan, has removed his lips, the first chamberlain, who stands prepared, gently touches the spot

with an embroidered handkerchief, which he forthwith presents to the devotee. A fresh handkerchief is used for each person. Two officers of the imperial *mahramajee's* (guardian of handkerchief) department are in waiting at his elbow with the necessary supply, furnished by the *kislar aghassy's* direction. This portion of the ceremony being completed, the imperial *ibriktar agahssy* (water-server or ewer-bearer) advances with a large golden basin filled with pure water. The *Sheikh ul Islam* and chief of emirs then, dipping an embroidered napkin into the liquid, carefully wipe and dry the holy mantle, in order that the parts touched may not imbibe any impurity from the contact of human lips. The relics are then cautiously re-enclosed in their coverings and case and the keys are returned to the *kislar aghassy*. The Sultan then withdraws and returns to his daily affairs. Another part of this ceremony, not the least important in the eyes of the assistants and their families, still remains to be performed. The water used for the purification of the mantle, and thence called *hircaey shereef souy* (holy mantle water), is looked upon with exceeding veneration. That of the Jordan cannot be more esteemed by the Christians. It becomes the perquisite of the *kislar aghassy's* department, and is distributed by them among the favourite persons of the imperial harem and to those of sultanas and grand dignitaries. On the departure, therefore, of the Sultan, the basin containing the fluid is carried into the apartment of the chief black agha, where the water is carefully poured into small phials, which are then sealed with the above-mentioned functionary's signet, and, a list having been prepared, the phials are carried to their destination by the inferior aghas. The messengers, as well as their chiefs, derive considerable profit from this perquisite. Costly presents are always prepared for the occasion by the recipients, who are not only extremely tenacious of the

gift, but look upon its omission as a mark of slight, and the forerunner of worldly disgrace and divine disfavour. The water, when received, is doled out drop by drop as some pure essence, and, mixed with other water, is drunk immediately upon breaking fast during the remainder of Ramazan.

Further within the rural parts of Turkey the traveller, if he should be of a convivial nature, will often meet with a beverage called *soubye* and after one or two trials he will often pronounce it excellent. *Soubye* is a kind of simple beer into which is infused a number of native spices and therefore at first does not appeal to the Occidental palate, but this indifference soon passes away and a liking is established.

In Tayf they make a liquor from fermented raisins which is so strong that even after being liberally diluted with water it is very intoxicating. The liquor is known by the name of *tayf*—its place of origin—and is popular with the rural people. It was during the reign of Bajazet II. that the office of sherab emini (inspector of wines) was established. At present, though, the title is zedjria emini, for it is more of a license bureau than inspection and only deals with those who sell wines and spirits and not at all with those who make them. Of course the officers or head emini must be members of the court and whatever fees he receives must be given thereto, but his percentage is large and it proves to be a very profitable office.

Almost every person in Turkey who possesses any knowledge whatsoever of botany, and more especially as it applies to medicine, is a maker of *madjoon*. It is essentially the first qualification of a family apothecary as well as the self-called physician, but these two

classes do not by any means comprise the people who make these insidious draughts. Every old woman in rural districts has her own secret recipe. In some cases a *madjoon* may be comparatively inexpensive, but again some of the more noted ones cost as much as fifty dollars an ounce phial; they are then called *djevahir madjoony* (jewel electuaries).

Another beverage which is made in the more eastern part of Turkey is *baqa*. Figs and dates fermented together in water are the chief ingredients of this drink, and while it has an innocent sound it certainly is a long and generally a crooked step from being so; for if the fermentation has been prolonged—and this is the rule, rather than the exception—its inebriating qualities are greatly strengthened thereby, though in other respects, namely taste and keeping qualities, it is injured.

The system of supervision is a fine art in Turkey, but every once in a while there will be found some dealer who will “take chances” and then when discovered suffers quickly and effectively.

It is often said that in all of Europe the one spot that comes the nearest to being perfect is Servia. By many it is called the poor man’s paradise and by all is extolled as being a place most suitable for habitation. In many respects it is almost primitive; agriculture and the raising of animals, especially swine, are the chief mainstays of its people, and accordingly want and beggary such as are to be seen and met with in other countries are rare indeed, for the life is simple in the extreme and the laws are so framed as to make poverty almost an impossibility. A man may own as much land as he is capable of buying and he can

sell as much as he chooses except his homestead and some ten acres. This he must keep, for it ceases to be of value as a collateral, for no one, being acquainted with the law, would loan even the smallest amount on it, as the debt is not collectable. It is an admirable provision, and whether it has its drawbacks or not the fact remains that Servia is a nation where extreme poverty is nearly an utter stranger.

Although agriculture is their chief dependence there are several side issues of this industry in which they are very adept, chief among which is the distillation of their native plums into *slivovitsa*. In a commercial sense the making of this beverage is of little importance, but when considered in the aggregate it becomes a great factor. Its commerciality is lost in the fact that any one can make it without a license, and therefore it is free from taxation and correspondingly cheap. It is made from very ripe, and oftentime overripe, plums, of which every farmer raises an abundance. The plums are placed in barrels and allowed to remain for five or six weeks until they have thoroughly fermented, when they are distilled. When a very strong liquor is required small pipes are used, and if these are not available the first brew is poured back into the plums and redistilled. *Slivovitsa*, as a general rule, when offered for sale, is of the first run, to use a trade term, but when a peasant farmer proffers any it is much better and often a very superior article, especially when it has been aged. Naturally great quantities of this beverage are consumed, yet, such is the nature of the people, but little intoxication is to be seen and seldom does it lead to quarrels and fighting.

While *slivovitsa* is the favourite beverage of the people it is not by any means the only liquor they make. Far from it. *Klekovacha*, made by distilling junipers in the second run of *slivovitsa*, is a very popular liquor and also a very excellent one if properly matured. It has fine keeping qualities and improves for ten or twelve years, when it is at its best. Another beverage is *dunjavecha*, made from quinces, a most insidious and deceiving drink, for, being smooth and mild in taste, the stranger in the land is apt to think that it is rather weak and will repeat his glass until suddenly he becomes aware of the fact that in some manner his associates have all arrived at that stage in which no other word but "drunk" will suffice to explain their condition. Of course he himself is perfectly sober; but the morning after, upon rising from his bed, to which he has no recollection of going, there 's a feeling in his head that gives him pause, and his sorrowful expression during the early part of the day elicits from his companions of the night before that the simple, harmless, pleasant-tasting *dunjavecha* had made *him* so drunk they had to put him to bed.

From the skins of the grape after the wine has been expressed they make a beverage called by them *komovitsa*, but unless it is doubly distilled it is a most inferior liquor, and, as this is rarely the case, *komovitsa* is apt to be flat and insipid. A few years ago the wine made in Servia was of an excellent quality, but the phylloxera made its appearance and, although the government imported millions of American vine cuttings and did all that lay in its power to save the vineyards, there has never been a renewal of the old prosperity. The people as a whole have lost their

interest in the industry and have transferred it to the raising of plums, from which they make, to them, a more satisfactory beverage, viz, *slivovitsa*. Of late years another disease, called *perona spora*, has made its appearance, thereby making the task of raising grapes most discouraging and exceedingly difficult. This is to be regretted, for there is no more favoured spot than Servia for viticulture. The people were exceedingly proud of their vineyards and their grapes, for they claimed, and with reason, that they were the direct descendants of the vines planted by the Roman Emperor Probus. In fact tradition says he planted the vineyards of Smederovo, from which the one-time-famous *smederevski* was made. It was a white wine, full and round and remarkable for its keeping qualities. Years and decades only seemed to improve it and it was sought for by royalty almost everywhere; but although the wine is gone the grapes still remain rich and luscious, exceedingly large for grapes, and fit for kings. Another wine that was quite popular was called *negotin*. It had a distinctly port character, but as a rule was too sweet and often badly made, so that it required ten or twelve years to bring it to maturity, after which there was decided deterioration.

The making of beer has of late assumed considerable proportions. Modern methods and modern machinery have been installed in many of the principal cities and towns, showing that there must be a margin of profit even if, as is the case, every one can be his own distiller. One feature that strikes the traveller in Servia with considerable force is that it is a nation of great drinkers; and particularly is this true of the summer time, when to see men, and even boys, girls,

and women drinking seven or eight large glasses of water at one time is common. How they manage it and why they do so is beyond answer, yet the large consumption of water is a national characteristic of the Servian, and this water is none of the best. That it does not seem to injure them is quite evident, yet the amount taken per diem is abnormal as we regard it. The watching of the vineyards is a necessary precaution which must be observed by all parties interested if any grapes are wanted either for table use, wine-making, or raisins. Towers and other like structures are not built for this purpose as in Palestine, but high rocks and trees are made use of instead, and when these are not available poles are planted in the ground and cross-pieces nailed to them.

These crosses answer two purposes, first as a ladder, then as a platform upon which the watcher stands, gun in hand, for hours, looking for the enemies of his vineyards. How he can manage to do it is always a matter of surprise, for his footing is oftentimes much smaller than the rung of an ordinary ladder—in fact at a little distance they become invisible. Yet, such is their power of endurance that almost the whole day is spent by them in their lofty and frail structure. It is anent one of these pole-watchers, if so he may be called, that a harrowing story is told. For the edification of the reader who may never have had the pleasure of visiting this part of the world it would perhaps be better to mention that in the matter of punishment the Servians at one time were prone to impale the culprit, and to place him in this condition where all could see him and be warned against transgression, and unfortunately the river front was the most public place for such a spectacle. One day the steamer was coming down the river when a sharp-eyed passenger discerned away ahead a man in

mid-air. He called the attention of his fellow-passengers to it and soon, as the steamer came nearer, the pole upon which he was impaled could be easily seen. The poor wretch was not yet dead, for every once in a while his limbs were seen to twitch. Indignation at such a method of punishment of course ran high on board the boat; several ladies fainted and the passenger who had first discovered the sight was so indignant, upon beholding the fearful spectacle, that he had prepared a paper and was asking the other travellers to sign it, in order that he might send it home to his newspaper and thereby let the whole world know of the atrocities that existed here right in civilised Europe. He had just affixed his signature to the document and was handing it to his neighbour when the steamer came in direct line with the figure on shore, which drawing up his legs arose erect and pointing his gun in mid-air fired a salute. The captain of the steamer found the paper, but it only had one signature.

There is a beverage in Servia that the traveller is apt to view askance when it is first offered him, but if he is thirsty and hungry as well, he will taste *chorba* and then will immediately proceed to consume every ounce of it in sight. Properly speaking *chorba* belongs to that class of potables called ptisan, for when made thick it is more of a food, and in this manner is mostly used as an introduction to a Servian repast, but on the other hand when its consistency is limpid it furnishes a most wholesome and nourishing drink.

Etiquette in Servia demands that a person should drink three times if he is at all desirous of pleasing his host and conforming to the manners of the country. They have a proverb which says "Tri puta pomo-zhe Bog" or "Three times does God help," and, most likely, this is the cause of the habit or courtesy. Of

course the glasses in which the various liqueurs are served are small affairs and the liqueur is, as before stated, generally very weak, so there is not much danger in the proper observation of the custom; provided, however, that calls are not made too close together. Even then the consequences would not be very serious if it were not for the water that is always served with these liqueurs and of which one must perforce partake. Water goes with everything in this land. If milk is called for, a glass of water accompanies it, and in like manner it is the same with coffee and every drinkable they have. Water, water all the time until it becomes almost repugnant. In reference to *mehana* (hotel) etiquette Mr. Herbert Vivian in his admirable book *Servia the Poor Man's Paradise* gives a very humorous account as follows:

The wine at a *mehana* is generally home-made and always badly made. A small amount of beer is also consumed there, but the chief trade is done in very weak *raki* (*slivovitsa* or *komovitsa*). This is drunk out of queer little long-necked decanters, each containing about the measure of one liqueur-glass. When people toast each other with these, they do not clink glasses, but rub together the necks of their tiny bottles, as if in a maudlin embrace. I remember drinking with a very jovial pope somewhere. He was drinking wine out of a tumbler, and I *raki* out of a decanter. This sounds much more bibulous than it really was. When you want to be polite in Servia you must clink glasses almost every time you drink. So he kept clinking his glass against my decanter, and I kept embracing his glass with my decanter. But I took mischievous advantage of the turn of the wrist necessary for a proper embrace to pour some of my *raki* into his wine every time. Presently he sniffed suspiciously and said, "Well,

this is very curious; I would swear this wine had a smack of *raki*." "Impossible!" we all exclaimed, but as his wine became more and more impregnated with *raki*, his suspicions became more and more clearly defined. At last he caught me in the act and there was a delightful uproar, which ended eventually in our all taking arms and escorting him home to bed. Our gipsy band marched down the village road in front of us, playing their most obstreperous airs; and the representatives of church, state, and army (pope, *nachelnik*, and a number of young officers) serenaded the slumbering houses with tumultuous songs. There was a bright full moon, and every cur in the place insisted upon joining in our chorus. It is fair to add that this pope had his revenge upon me later on, when I met him in a *kafana* at Shabats. After appropriate toasts I prepared to make a move, and asked him how to tell the waiter in Servian that I wanted to pay. "*Josh jedan*," he replied with a naughty little twinkle in his eye. "*Josh jedan*," I accordingly exclaimed, rapping the table. The waiter came, carried off my glass and replenished it. I thought this very odd, but, not wishing to struggle against fate, I tossed off the contents, rapped the table and exclaimed "*Josh jedan!*" Again the waiter filled my glass. Again I drank and called "*Josh jedan!*" each time more authoritatively, the pope's twinkle growing broader and broader. At last the only way out of the *impasse* was to break my glass and say "*Zahlen!*" when I learned that, instead of meaning "What have I to pay?" "*Josh jedan*" meant "One more."

There is a kind of marmalade made in Servia that when diluted with water produces a tasty and refreshing beverage. It is called *pekmez* and of course is made from plums. The making of *pekmez* is carried on in every village and hamlet wherever the plum grows,

and as this fruit is plentiful the quantity manufactured is enormous. Deep pits are dug in the earth and into them are sunk huge copper caldrons, beneath which is a place for fire. The caldrons are first filled with plums only, no water being used; then the fire is started and the work of stirring, with large wooden spades, begins. Hour after hour the mass is stirred to keep it from burning until a smooth black compound is produced, after which it is put through a sieve to remove the stones, and the work, except putting it into jars etc., is over.

In the more southern portion of Servia they make a ptisan beverage called *mamalinga*. Strangely enough it is made from Indian corn ground or broken into a very coarse meal. It is then treated with salt and certain herbs and used either hot or cold according to the season of the year.

It is in this part of the world that the wonderful natural musicians are found, people who cannot read or write a note of music, yet from their stringed instruments can produce the most exquisite harmony ear ever listened to. These bands sometimes will leave their native land and exhibit their ability in the larger capitals of the continent, and invariably to the pleasure and astonishment of their audience. It is a well-known fact that it is only necessary for a person to hum to the leader any selection no matter how difficult, and he will take his instrument, play it through correctly, and the whole band will follow as if they had practised and played the parts a thousand times instead of never having heard it.

The local pastors or ministers are called popes, and while they are not so highly educated in theology

they do have a great deal of influence over their respective congregations. They are always married and are invariably farmers, making their own wines and *raki*. They are particularly of the people and are ever ready to enter into any sport or pleasure. Mr. Vivian draws a pretty picture of their good fellowship in the following:

Some of the *popadia* (a pope's wife) have also lively characters. I remember on one occasion a lieutenant was boasting about his powers of drinking and dancing, and a young pope told him he would back his *popadia* against any officer in the army. A young man at the table whispered to me that the pope seemed very *naïf*, as the lieutenant had a great reputation for his intrigues. However, I met his *popadia* afterwards, and am convinced that the pope's confidence was fully justified. I do not remember ever having seen a woman of such physical strength. She was not pretty, but she had pleasing manners and expression, and was universally popular. As was usual in Servia she was five or six years older than her husband, who might be about thirty. Her moral reputation was above suspicion, but there were few to rival her in a carouse. She would break glasses and bottles, stand on the table, and sing in tones that would almost reach the next village, and dance or drink any man silly. Despite her astounding vitality and go, she had never been known to lose her head.

In another part of his interesting book Mr. Vivian says:

After one of the women servants had poured water over my hands, I joined the Archimandrite under the trees, where he produced a curiously beaded bottle of old *slivovitsa*, and offered me the usual spoonful of preserve. As his only languages were Servian and a smattering of Greek

our conversation was hampered by interpreters, but he at once insisted on teaching me the language of the bottle. As I raised it to my lips he would exclaim "Spasi Bog,"—"God save you"; and I had to reply "Na Spasenje"—"To your salvation." Then as he raised it to his lips the formula was inverted. I soon became proficient, and he declared that, having attained so far, we really scarcely needed any further interpreter. "Ah! you English people," he exclaimed with a merry laugh. "The last time one of you came to visit me—he was a member of your *Skupshtina*—fifteen years ago, it was the same thing. We spent the whole afternoon saying Spasi Bog! and Na Spasenje! and really it was a very agreeable conversation."

Between the Black Sea on the north and the Mediterranean Sea on the south there lies a strip of land that for its size has played more than its average part in the completion of human history. To-day it is known as Asia Minor and it is here that we find the Turk in all his glory, firm in his faith and, while seemingly indifferent to outsiders, travellers, and explorers, invariably on his guard. Here the Turk is a farmer and not a merchant, having succumbed to the superior shrewdness and business acumen of the Armenian and Greek; but this state of affairs does not worry him, for he knows that when it comes to a test he, being a Turk, and a true believer, has by far the best of the situation, and when he does arise not only do the people in the immediate vicinity know it but the whole civilised world is made aware of the fact. His methods being Asiatic are of course greatly condemned by the people of a different civilisation, for he does in cold blood what our mobs might do were they under the influence of some fiery ardent liquor. One is

frenzied by religion, while the other owes his madness to alcohol. But it must not be surmised that the Turk in this part of his dominion is any more temperate in the use of an alcoholic stimulant than his brothers to the west. Quite to the contrary, for he is just as fond of it as they and in the same way, drinking not because he admires the taste and flavour of his beverage but because he likes its effect and the sensation it produces. Drunkenness is a cool deliberate matter and he proceeds to accomplish his ends in a true business-like way, by drinking just as much as he possibly can; neither is he over-particular as to the quality so long as it will furnish him the amount of exhilaration necessary to overcome locomotion and put him to sleep.

Several of these beverages he himself makes, for as stated above he is the farmer and labourer in this part of the world, and they are by no means lacking in efficiency. *Bazaq* or, as it is called in some localities, *baziq* is a liquor peculiar to this country and an exceptionally deceiving drink. It is pleasant to the palate and gives no indication of its potency. The unfermented juice of the grape is boiled until a quantity of something less than two thirds has evaporated; then the juice of a certain herb is added and when it has cooled it is ready for consumption, but grows better as it grows older, during a period of several years, so they can afford to make it in quantities and store it away for future use. Of necessity it is a prohibited liquor, but then the Prophet did not specifically say that boiled wine was not to be drunk and, the Turk reasons, "Why should we take it upon our shoulders to put words into the Prophet's mouth? the Prophet

would not thank us and it would certainly be impertinent on our parts."

In the same category of prohibition is *nuqu 'u z'-zabib* or water in which raisins have been steeped until it becomes sweet and is affected in its substance. This has a very simple, innocent sound: steep a few raisins in water and let it stand for a few days and then drink; surely nothing could be more harmless (and nauseating), yet *nuqu 'u 'z-zabib* is specifically and emphatically tabooed by the expounders of the word of the Prophet. Climate it must be borne in mind has all to do in matters of this kind, and therefore it makes a great difference where *nuqu 'u 'z-zabib* is made. On the other hand there is *khultin*, which is an infusion of dates and raisins boiled together and allowed to ferment and become thoroughly spirituous, and also *mabiz*, which is a wine made entirely from dates, and not under the ban. The dates, you see, save them from exclusion and, although they are strongly made and often fiery to the palate of the stranger, yet a Muslim, if he feels so inclined, can partake of them without being stigmatised as a wine-bibber. Even in the matter of drinking water the true believer is confronted with a number of precepts that it is said were promulgated by Mahomet. As an example Anas, a well-known Muslim authority, says, "The Prophet has forbidden drinking water standing." Ibn Affas also says, "The Prophet forbade drinking water from the mouth of a leather bag," and Umm Salinah writes, "The Prophet said he who drinks out of a silver cup drinks hell fire."

These are only a few of the restrictions with which a Muslim is hedged about, even in drinking water, and as regards the water itself, he also has to observe

a certain amount of precaution, for there are only seven kinds which are considered worthy of consumption and for ablution. These are known as *ma'u'l-matar* or rain-water, also called here sweet water; *ma'u'l-ain* or spring-water; *ma'u'l-bi'r* or well-water; *ma'u'l-barad* or hail-water; *ma'u's-salj* or snow-water; *ma'u'l-bahr* or sea-water; *ma'u'n-nahr* or river-water. Perhaps there may be two or three others that the Prophet forgot to mention, but on the whole his list is quite complete, and if he had said *any* water is good enough for a Muslim to drink he would not have included more than he has.

Wine, of course, is a prohibited article, but nevertheless there is plenty of it made and consequently consumed, but when the truth is told it must be admitted that the wine is decidedly inferior. Grapes form a considerable portion of the diet of these people and they have many ways of preparing them for use when out of season, so as to answer the double purpose of both food and drink. *Basduk* is perhaps the most common preparation, and is prepared as follows: Freshly expressed grape-juice is evaporated down to the consistency of molasses, a considerable amount of flour or starch is mingled with it, and the mixture is spread in thin sheets upon cotton cloth and exposed for two days to the sunshine. After drying, these are then removed from the cotton (a damp cloth being applied to the reverse side in order to loosen the sheets) and for three months they are preserved in tightly closed jars. After this period there seems to be no risk of decomposition, and it now resembles leather in pliability and appearance, the colour being that of the grapes employed at the outset. A little piece of

basduk dissolved in cool water makes a most refreshing drink on a warm day, and has the further advantage that a goodly quantity can be carried in a small space and this fact alone makes it valuable to travellers, especially where food and drink is more or less scarce.

Another like preparation is *kessme*, but instead of using flour or starch, coarse wheat grits are employed and the drying is done on metal plates, the resultant product being about a half an inch in thickness. *Kessme* is more costly than *basduk*, but the increase in price is compensated for in savouriness and tenderness, it being neither as tough nor as tenacious as *basduk*. Like *basduk* it can be dissolved in water.

Still another concoction is *sujuk*, called by the Armenians *rojik*. This, however, partakes more of the nature of a conserve, being composed of the meats of walnuts strung upon pieces of string or stout twine about a yard long and dipped into either *basduk* or *kessme* while they are still in a fluid state. The dipping is repeated until each piece of walnut-meat has received a coating about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The strings are then put into tightly closed jars for several months until they are thoroughly cured, then taken out and placed in suitable packages for travelling or selling.

In this part of the world there is one substance often used elsewhere as a drink that the stranger in the land needs to be exceedingly careful about, and that is honey, for here if it is not actually poisonous it is of such a character that it will have an injurious effect upon the consumer. The peculiarity of this most valuable substance has always, as far as history goes, existed here. The ancient writers were well acquainted

with it. Xenophon, in his account of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, says:

There were many hives there [in the hills two days' march from Trebizond], and that all the soldiers who partook of the honey lost their senses, and no one was able to stand up; but they who had only used a little were like men much intoxicated, whilst those who had used more largely of it resembled men out of their minds, or even as if they were dead. And thus many lay, as if they had been destroyed, and there was great alarm. But on the next day no one was dead, and they recovered their senses about the same hour, and on the third and fourth days they arose, as if from medical treatment.

Another authority of considerable repute and reputation (Pliny) states that poisonous honey is found at Heraclea in Pontus and that it is made by bees which in other years produce good honey. He attributes it to a particular plant, called *ægolethron* (goats'-bane). Pliny was of a more observant turn of mind and was very particular in reference to detail; he says

The signs of the honey being poisonous are its being more liquid, from having a redder colour, an extraordinary smell, and producing violent sneezing. Those who have eaten it throw themselves on the ground, in a violent perspiration, asking for something cool. [He then observes that] there is another kind of honey also produced in Pontus, amongst the Sanni, which on account of the madness it causes is called *maenomenon*. It is supposed to be derived from the flower of the rhododendron, with which the woods abound. When the natives pay the wax as a tribute to the Romans, they do not sell the honey, on account of its noxious qualities. Strabo also tells how the Heptacometal, the wildest of the tribes who inhabit the mountains to the

east of Themiscyra, destroyed three squadrons of Pompey's troops, by placing on the roads cups of maddening honey, produced on the highest branches of the trees, after partaking of which they fell an easy prey to their opponents.

Another ancient authority, Dioscorides, relates that in certain seasons the honey of Heraclea Pontica makes those mad who eat of it. And both Diodorus Siculus and Aristotle give accounts of this peculiar honey.

Later on in 1700 and 1702 Joseph Pitton De Tournefort, a French botanist of considerable reputation, explored this part of the world and in his *Letters from the Levant* says that according to the authority of the natives the honey made from the Chamaer rhododendron stupefied those who ate it, and produced loathings, and the smell of the flower, which resembled that of the honeysuckle, was apt to produce giddiness. He also quotes the authority of a Father Lambert, who states that in Colchis and Mingrela the honey made from the *Oleandro giallo*, or yellow rose-laurel, is dangerous and causes vomitings. At a still more recent date William J. Hamilton says:

I was informed at Trebizond that a deleterious honey is still made, particularly by the wild bees, and that the use of it is forbidden by the government. Indeed, all that I tasted there had a disagreeable flavour. It is said to be produced by the bees feeding on the flower of the *azalea pontica*, which grows in great luxuriance on the hills above the town. Pliny says that the honey was extracted from the flower of the rhododendron, which is also very abundant on the hills; but in this he may have been mistaken, for the flower of the rhododendron has no smell, whilst that of the *azalea* is very powerful and delicious, and therefore more likely to attract the bees. It grows, as I had afterwards

an opportunity of ascertaining, all along the coast, and I heard in other places of the noxious qualities of the honey. This agrees with the observations of Pliny, who says that it was also found in the country of the Sanni, a people inhabiting the coast farther to the west.

In other parts of the country the people have always claimed that this maddening honey was an infallible remedy against epilepsy. Aristotle mentions it, but does not certify to its efficiency in this respect. It must not, however, be understood that all honey in this region is of the maddening nature, for that is not so, and much that is of an excellent quality is raised and used by the various tribes or nationalities that inhabit the land. Bees are held in special reverence by many of them, and they have a superstition that attributes to Merissa or Mereime (Mary), the mother of God, the protection of bees; they say that the thunder in its wrath would have exterminated them all, but that this holy woman concealed one of them in her sleeve, by which means the species was preserved. In commemoration of this event, a festival is held during the month of September, on which occasion they regale themselves with viands and beverages prepared with honey.

CHAPTER XVIII

CAUCASIA, CRETE, THE CYCLADES, AND CYPRUS

AS we journey eastward along the coast of the Black Sea it suddenly takes a turn towards the north and we enter into that interesting country known as *Caucasia*. In a way it is the dividing line between Asia and Europe and consequently has often been the scene of strife. Historically it is among the oldest of countries, well known to the Greeks and Romans and undoubtedly to other ancient races, for on its confine is that most celebrated of mounts—Mount Ararat. It is here in this land we find the grape-vine growing uncared for, yet yielding such fruit and crops that, to the vineyardists of other lands, would be of untold value. Year after year these high-growing wild vines produce such an amount of fruit that hundreds of tons are allowed to rot, for the people cannot nearly use their product. As a rule the wine is light and quite palatable, especially when it has been kept in jars instead of the skins of hogs which have been treated with naphtha in order to make them tight. This treatment imparts a very disagreeable taste and flavour to the wine, but the people, owing to long practice, seem not to notice it.

Several kinds of beer are also made in this vicinity the best of which is known as *terskaia braga*; it is

brewed from millet by soaking it in water, then bruising, and after that boiling it, in which stage a quantity of ground malted rye and barley is poured upon the mixture to reduce it to the desired temperature. Oats are then added and the whole is left to ferment. When this process is completed, the liquor is freed from the husks of the grain and at this stage it is fit for use. But the beer *par excellence* of the country is *ssar*. It is dark in colour and resembles porter very closely, and also has good keeping qualities owing perhaps to its strength, for it is very strong and heady. Two other kinds—or virtually it might be said the same beer made from millet is called by one tribe *hautkups* and by another *yantzokbl*. It is a very inferior article and soon spoils. The commonest beer-like beverage, one which is to be found almost every where in Circassia, is *souat*. It is prepared from fermented millet seed and honey and the average person has to partake of it many times before he can say it is even fair.

All through this country the drinking of spirituous liquor is prevalent and common, yet withal very little drunkenness is to be seen. They have one custom when toasting a sweetheart that generally gives the traveller a shock, to put it mildly, when it is practised for the first time before him. The young man who has pledged his lady-love and has finished his glass immediately draws his revolver and fires it off into the air, and in respect to him the rest of the company does likewise. Of course it does not amount to anything, but in a foreign land among strangers a fusillade like this is quite apt to play upon the nerves. If the visitor should be seen taking a good long drink of water, and he was so situated that he could hear the

remarks of the natives, he would undoubtedly hear that he drank water like wine, and their astonishment at the deed would carry out their assertion, for a man must be very poor indeed and excessively thirsty who will in this country resort to a large drink of water. A little of it, they think, is all right, but it is best to exercise a certain amount of caution in the use of such a beverage.

Another honey preparation that is prepared by the more wealthy is *backsima* and truly a potent beverage it is. They also make a true mead which they call *fada flesch* and, when carefully prepared, it is surpassed by none, as the honey from which it is made is of an excellent quality. One variety of honey that is peculiar to the neighbourhood is called *k'wa-tapli* or rock honey, but whether the name comes from its rock-like appearance or from the fact that it is only to be found in the crevices and fissures of the cliffs even the people themselves do not seem to know. The honey itself combined with its wax is hard, something like our maple sugar both in consistency and appearance, not being at all viscous. It is always found in lumps or cakes which at the time of discovery are quite white but soon turn to a dark brown. The natives carry it about with them in their pockets and it supplies them with a wholesome article of diet, always being ready for use. In taste and flavour it is quite spicy and altogether agreeable, a small piece broken off and dissolved in water making a pleasant drink.

Among the Circassians *skhou* is another popular beverage. It is made from acidulated milk and a mild spirit which are distilled together, the product making

a drink which, in small quantity, is sustaining and refreshing; but *skhou* is not to be drunk with impunity by the novice, unless he is indifferent to consequences, for until one becomes inured it quickly intoxicates.

A harmless drink concocted by these people is *tuschag-tgo*. It is prepared from newly expressed grape-juice subjected to heat and then water is added to make it liquid. It will not keep long and can only be made during the grape season. Among certain classes there is a half-fermented liquor called by some *fada* and by others *fada-chusch* and again in different localities *braga*. The manufacture is simple and perhaps this will explain its popularity, but to the Occidental palate *fada* is anything but pleasant, being flat and insipid, and is in fact neither one thing nor the other, unless several quarts are consumed, a feat by no means uncommon for these people, but something the European or American finds to be an utter impossibility.

On high days and holidays and on every auspicious occasion the beverage that reigns supreme is *arka*, a true pure grape brandy and generally when aged of an excellent quality. *Arka* is also called by some *fada-fizza*, and naturally it would be supposed that where grapes were so plentiful and cheap costing only the labour to gather—and stills being found everywhere with plenty of fuel to run them—that *arka* would be made in considerable quantities, but such is not the case. The people, as a whole, do not seem to relish it except on festive occasions and even then they will quickly turn to *fada* or *braga*. In some parts of the country the people have turned the making of *arka* into a source of profit and livelihood by

exporting it to Russia, where they receive a remunerative price for it considering that it costs but little to produce.

Although the people of this country use great quantities of alcoholic beverages, it is seldom they allow themselves to be overcome by them—except on the occasion of a funeral; then affairs, after the women have withdrawn, assume a riotous aspect and it behoves the stranger in the land to follow the example set by the women and put a goodly distance between himself and the scene of mourning; for seldom indeed is it that before the termination of the bout there is not one or two men killed and perhaps more.

When a person is sick, and more particularly if he has a fever, these people consider it unwise to allow the patient to sleep, and in order to overcome this tendency on his part all the pretty young ladies of the village are called into his room, where they, by singing, dancing, and other methods, endeavour to dissipate the desire for rest, and, strange as it may seem, when they are successful in their task the patient recovers most quickly and thoroughly; but then, almost any man would get well if he had all the pretty girls in the town to entertain him. The people are naturally musical and among them are to be found many poets of no mean ability. As an example the following is appended. It was written by one who called himself Mirza-Shaffy, a man of considerable learning and quite a traveller.

In winter I sing and drink amain,
 For joy that spring is drawing near;
 And when spring doth come, I drink again
 For joy that she at length is here.

The ancient Greeks and Romans in their many journeys to Asia and Africa for the purpose of trade and conquest found that that arm of the Mediterranean which they have called the *Ægean Sea* was not wholly composed of water. Here, there, and almost at every point were to be found islands, some small while others were of a size sufficient for thousands of families and many cities. Who were the first to inhabit these islands no one has yet been able to certify. Greek mythology is replete with allusions to them and in fact it is one of them, Crete, that claims to be the birth-place of the great god Jupiter. Crete or Candia, as it is often called, is among the largest islands of the Mediterranean and one of the most extensive of the Greek Archipelago. It is delightfully situated, and has always been noted for its mild climate, fragrant air, and fertility of its soil. It is an ideal resort for summer and many of the ancients were wont to avail themselves of its salubrious qualities. Crete at one time stood very high in the arts of advanced civilisation. It was the centre of progress and correspondingly wealthy and, at this time, the claim of being a Cretan was no small honour. It is different, though, to-day, for all that remains to tell of its former supremacy are the ruins of its hundreds of public buildings.

From time remote this island has enjoyed a fine reputation for its wines and grapes, and certain districts were so proud of their products that to commemorate them they placed on many of their coins bunches of grapes, and on others the head of Dionysus—the Greek god of the vine. This is particularly true of the district of Cydonia, a sea-port on the gulf of Khania, which also had other coins with a female

head adorned with a chaplet of vine-leaves. These coins, in a numismatical sense, are by no means rare, but they bear strong, though silent, evidence of the estimation in which the people of their time held the vine and its fruit. The same sentiment, although not shown quite as effectively, is in vogue at the present time and sufficient wine is made there to answer all purposes.

Such ancient authors as Clemens Alexandrinus, Athenæus, Galen, Dioscorides, Solinus, Pliny, and others all wrote of the quality and fineness of the Cretan wines, and of the vines that were peculiar to the island. A few of these so mentioned are the Thenæan, the Cnossos, Prammian, and Cydonia. In reference to Prammian, mentioned by Homer in his *Iliad*, there is some doubt about its coming from Crete at the time in which he wrote, though later on there was a wine made on the island which bore the name of Prammian. The Homeric wine in all likelihood derived its appellation from some place of Asia or Thrace. On the other hand there are numerous ancient writers who termed the wine of Crete *passum*. During the Middle Ages Cretan wines were known all through Europe; they had reached England and were lauded in prose and poetry; even Milton in *Paradise Regained* says,

Their wines of Setia, Cales and Falerne,
Chios and Crete.

During the early part of the fourteenth century the industry had so grown that it was the leading article of export, and the vines themselves had gained such a reputation that their cuttings commanded a goodly price. It is a well-known fact that Prince

Henry of Portugal sent to Crete for plants to stock the island of Madeira, and this single act alone is enough to show how highly considered were the wines of the island. This supremacy lasted, it seems, for a period of nearly two hundred years. Hakluyt's *Collection of Early Voyages, Travels and Discoveries of the English Nation* of about 1569 makes special mention of the exportation of Malmsey wine from Crete, and George Sandys, who visited the island some fifty years later, wrote,

But that which principally enriched the country is their Muscadines and Malmsies wine *come vnto vs. vncuted*, but excellent where not, as within the streights, and compared vnto Nectar

Creete I confess Joues fortresse to be
For Nectar onely is transfered from thee.

Mr. Sandys, it will be seen, had some knowledge of wine and did not hesitate to inform his public that it was a more or less difficult matter to obtain the pure wine even at that early date. Somewhat prior to the time of Mr. Sandys, or in 1478, the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of this Malmsey wine and it was supposed that this deed was accomplished by order of King Richard the Third. This, however, did not injure the trade to any extent, and if anything the popularity of the wine increased in England. For in 1522 King Henry the Eighth, we find, appointed Johannis de Balthazari to be "the Master, Governor, Protector and Consul of all and singular the merchants and others his lieges and subjects within the port, island and country of Crete or Candia." This is the first known appointment of a modern consul, and

somewhat interesting as it was brought about in consideration of the wine business that England had with Crete at that time.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Cretan wines began to lose their popularity and in a remarkably short space of time they were driven from the market almost entirely. The cultivation of the vine in Crete was never altogether a pleasure, for the island was no more free from insect plagues than other parts of the world. One pest in particular, called there *kamfia*—a kind of caterpillar, caused much trouble and loss. It would eat the young sprouts of the vine; and so numerous were they that one day's neglect on the part of the owner would often mean the utter destruction of his vineyards. Ancient literature has many references to this worm and it also gives several directions for its annihilation, which mainly consisted of charms and incantations and whether the spell worked or not the writers forget to mention.

There was one method employed a few hundred years ago that is worthy of publication. The remedy consisted in summoning the offenders into a court of law, and as soon as they were thus publicly called on, to answer for their depredations, it is gravely asserted, they at once abandoned the vineyards. No trial was necessary. It was only the fear of the law that affected the *kamfia* and, when he was certain it would be enforced, he fled.

The wines of Crete, either ancient or modern, are seldom if ever resined and this perhaps may account for their reputation. At the time when their sale was great the Cretans imported large quantities of

wood for cooperage purposes, as no suitable timber grew on the island. Their amphoræ were glazed instead of being pitched, and accordingly did not impart that bitter flavour of the pine-tree. The present-day wine is, on the whole, of an inferior quality, but if the traveller will visit the monasteries and there become acquainted with the priests and monks he may be regaled with wine of an excellent quality and oftentimes quite old, which of itself is sufficient proof as to what could be done if the people were so desirous. The monks raise and care for the grapes themselves and they also attend to the pressing and fermenting, and the difference between the wine they make and the wine made by the people is only the difference between care and carelessness. Both have the same opportunities, but one takes advantage of them while the other neglects them. It is a prevailing idea throughout the world that the priests get the best of everything, but whether they do or not it is a surety that when they do have anything good they have worked for it, and therefore deserve it. People, however, are prone to overlook this feature of the case, and to ascribe their possession rather to good fortune than to hard work which, while it sometimes may be the case, is by no means the rule, and in Crete we find it exemplified. Laziness and carelessness have never yet succeeded in accomplishing anything worthy of mention.

Distillation is also an important feature of the island and some excellent *raki*, made from grapes, is to be found there at a very low price, but like the wine it is, as a rule, bad, probably owing to the fact of being served almost directly from the still. In this

part of the world it seems that time is of no value whatsoever. Procrastination governs every man and woman except when it comes to *raki* and wine, and then, to show their utter disregard of time, they give these liquors no time to ripen. There is one kind of *raki*, called *morosraki*, made on the island that, no matter what care and attention is given, is always execrable. As the name indicates it is made from mulberries, and the species that thrive there are decidedly inferior for the purpose of distillation.

Komaras raki is the name of another beverage that is made here which never seems to taste good to the alien, though the people themselves hold it in highest esteem. It is manufactured from the fruit of the wild strawberry tree which comes to maturity in September and October, and as the tree is generally well laden with fruit it is but natural that it should be used to provide the inhabitants with a beverage; otherwise it would go to waste. This is the way they reason, and perhaps justly. The favourite non-intoxicating beverage is *mizsgala*. It is prepared from rice and is an excellent drink on a hot day. There is also a plum called *bardatoa* which furnishes the material for a distilled beverage known by the same name. This plum is a sort of anomaly. To the eye it is indicative of everything nice in the way of plums, but to the taste is just the reverse. Though neither sweet nor sour, being in fact almost devoid of taste, when it is used to make *raki* the product is by no means inferior. When wine has reached that stage in which the Cretan deems it ready for consumption he says it is *maronbise*, meaning, the wine is old, it is drinkable. The Cretan's idea, however, of age often differs from that of his

brothers more to the westward, and unless new wine agrees it is not always safe to indulge too freely or to place much confidence in *maronbise*.

In substantiation of the remark made by Mr. Sandys on another page the following, written by Mr. E. Falkener in his *Museum of Classical Antiquities* is quite worthy:

But the most celebrated wine grown here is the *Malvasia*. It is produced from one particular grape; and if others of a different quality are mixed with it, even in small quantities, it is said to lose its taste and virtue, for which reason it is called *Monovasia*. The vine is small and low, and the leaves different from all others, resembling those of a plantain-tree. It flourishes only in this island and if transplanted elsewhere it loses its peculiar property. It bears but few grapes; but the wine is white and brilliant, and, when kept, acquires such force that at ten years old it burns like oil. It does not grow in all parts of the island, and it is produced in such small quantities that scarcely ten amphoræ a year are made. It thus becomes of great value, and the chief part is consecrated for the sick and infirm. It is never exported, the wine sent to other countries under this name being produced from the ordinary grape of the country, different from real *Malvasia* in colour, taste and smell.

Mr. Falkener's description of the wine is quite thorough and if his assertion that "at ten years old it burns like oil" is truthful—and there is no reason to doubt it—the true *Malvasia* wine must have been something far superior to any wine grown elsewhere. There could be no need of fortification; for a wine that could burn like oil would contain sufficient alcohol to sustain it. With apples in plenty it is strange that

cider was never made on the island, for the people were acquainted with the fact that juice could be expressed from them, as witness the following by George Sandys: "It aboundeth with graine, oyle, and fruits of all kinds; among the rest with the apples of Adam; the juice were of they tunne up and send into Turkey much used by them in their meates."

Somewhat to the north of Crete there is a collection of islands known as the Cyclades and, owing to their proximity to the mainland, they have always been of more or less interest to students of all ages. Like Crete they have their place in mythology and to-day they furnish a good field for the archæologist. The largest island of this group is Naxos. It is also the most fertile and picturesque. The folk-lore, too, of the island is quaint and interesting and the customs and practices of three thousand years ago are still continued here among these simple people. They continue to worship St. Dionysius and they have a legend that tells of the making of the first wine.

St. Dionysius was journeying from the monastery on Mount Olympus to Naxos; as he sat down to rest he saw a pretty plant, which he desired to take, and to protect it from being withered by the sun he put it into the bone of a bird. He went on and was surprised to find that it had sprouted before his next halt. So he put it, bone and all, into the bone of a lion. Again the same phenomenon occurred, so he put his treasure into the leg bone of an ass. On reaching Naxos he found the plant so rooted in the bones that he planted them all; and from this up came a vine, with the fruit of which St. Dionysius made the first wine. When he had drunk a little of it he

sang like a bird, when he had drunk more he felt as strong as a lion, and when he had drunk too much he became as foolish as an ass.

It was the wine from this island that Archilochus likened to the nectar of the gods and even now, at this remote period, they make a wine which they have named *tokrasi ton Dionysus*—the wine of Dionysus—and the wine is worthy of its name, being rich and full; and were the people of a different character, industrious instead of lazy, they would soon be placed beyond the necessity of labour, as soil and climate are both almost perfect for the grape, making labour almost a minimum. The jars in which they keep their wines are of the same description and make as those used in ancient times. They are covered with a coating of clay into which a syphon is introduced, so constructed that it can be filled by suction. It is a primitive instrument, but, notwithstanding, quite effective if a large quantity is not wanted at once.

On the island of Seripbos the planting of a vineyard partakes more of the nature of a Bacchic festival than it does of a laborious task. The Seriphiotes are a co-operative people. When a man desires to plant a vineyard he calls together his neighbours, the number of course depending upon the area he wishes to cultivate. Perhaps there may be a hundred men, and giving each one a hoe, his family carrying skins of wine and joints of goats' flesh especially roasted for the occasion and preceded by a standard-bearer holding aloft a white banner, the procession singing and laughing march to the fields. Here they labour and rest, and every time the craft is called from labour to refreshments they use the opportunity to dispose of

the goat and also the wine; and although a recess is often declared a great amount of work is accomplished, for this is in accordance with an old custom that no vineyard must take more than one day to plant. When the wine-skins are empty and the goat meat has disappeared, the cuttings having been planted, they return to the village, but on their way they stop at a spot called Panagia, before the Virgin's Church, and set up the white standard. This is done to notify the balance of the community that a vineyard has been planted and there will be a dance that evening in which the vineyard-planters will join.

The manner of growing and training the vines is very simple. They are laid upon the ground, as this is necessary owing to the high winds that prevail in this part, just when the vines are in bearing, and if they were elevated, the fruit, leaves, and branches would be torn off. Every vineyard has its own wine-press, but they are decidedly primitive, being nothing more or less than two whitewashed casks, one placed higher than the other so that the juice may flow out into the lower one, and the pressing is done with the feet. They also consider it necessary to boil their wine before it is considered fit to drink. This boiling operation generally ceases on the day of St. Minas, which occurs in November, and at that time there can be seen professional wine-tasters travelling from vineyard to vineyard—not for the purpose of buying, as one would naturally suppose, but just to be presented with some in order that the maker may say that so and so approved of the vintage.

When the first fruits of the season are ripened, which is generally in the later part of July, the people,

taking a bunch of grapes and saying, "The black grape will sicken, the black grape will poison—out with you, fleas and rats!" throw them into their houses. Whether the remedy is effective is not stated, but that it or some other method is necessary no one having stayed a night in their houses will ever deny. The church also takes an interest in the affairs of the vineyard, and every year on the sixth of August special prayers and offices are said and held for the success of the vintage.

In the southernmost quarter of the Cyclades there is an island which always depended upon its wine industry for support, and consequently there is seen at once an improvement over the methods of its neighbours. According to Apollonius, "Euphemus, in conformity with the advice of an oracle, threw a morsel of earth into the sea. Then there grew up an island, which was called Calliste—most beautiful—and which has been the sacred nurse of the children of Euphenos."

The Greeks however called it Thera, and in the Middle Ages it received the name Santorin, by which it is best known to-day. It is not a pleasant place to live in, owing to the volcano that is situated upon it, which as late as 1866 broke forth and did not entirely cease its activity for four years. The dwelling-places of the inhabitants are chiselled out of the sides of the cliffs, so that occasionally they are hardly traceable except by their chimneys. The houses seldom contain more than two rooms. The front one has a door with a window over it and one on each side. ' This room is the living-room, while the one in the back, into which sunlight never penetrates, is used for sleeping. Being nearly a thousand feet above the sea it would be

natural to suppose that these dwellings were more or less dry, but the reverse is the truth. Dampness and moisture is everywhere within. Bread moulds in an hour or two and the brightest steel will rust in twenty-four hours, and mosquitoes are there in plenty, even in midwinter. These excavated houses are the subject of special legislation. The tenant, be he owner or lessee, has no actual right to the land over his head except that his permission is necessary in order to plant a vineyard or construct a reservoir. There are only three natural springs on the whole island, so reservoirs become of vital importance, and where grapes will not grow, there one is apt to find a receptacle dug into the earth with bottom and sides cemented. The soil is what the geologist would term *tufaceous agglomerate*, ashen and barren in appearance, yet the most suitable to be found for the grape-vine.

It is right in this unpromising and forbidding soil that the grape grows that makes the famous Santorin wine, a wine relished by epicures in almost every part of the world and especially in Russia. This is made from a white grape and the people themselves call the wine *tesmuctos*—of the night—because the grapes are gathered early in the morning before sunrise. This they claim imparts a finer bouquet, and perhaps it does, for the sun's rays are very strong. There is another wine made by them called *vinto santo*, which has a fine reputation among those to whom an excessively sweet wine appeals. The finest grapes are carefully selected and then are laid out upon the roofs for two weeks before they are pressed; hence sweetness and consistency are acquired.

A Santorin vineyard is a beautiful sight, particularly

when the grapes are about ready to be gathered. When the cuttings are first planted they are allowed for two or three years to trail upon the ground, only three or four shoots being permitted to grow. In the third or fourth year, according to the size and condition of the vine, these shoots are woven into cylinder shape, and as the vine ages these cylinders grow larger until, at the expiration of twenty years, the vine is cut back and the *cladan*, as the operation is called, is resumed.

Unlike the other islands in the Cyclades the vineyards in Santorin are ploughed instead of dug, and in fact more attention in every way is given to them, for without her vineyards Santorin would soon be impoverished, as grain of any kind is difficult of cultivation, and not enough is raised to supply a fifth of the population. The young shoots of the vine are given to the mules as fodder and the extraneous branches are thrown to the hens. The wine-presses are like those described on the island Seriphos, but instead of being in the fields they are in the cliffs, the same as the houses. The grapes are never pressed in Santorin directly from the vine; instead, the upper vat is filled to overflowing and then allowed to stand and settle for eight days, when comes the pressing with the feet in the *pateterion* or upper vat until all the juice has run into the *lenos* or lower one, from which it is put into barrels and stored away.

The people are a sober and industrious class and hospitable to a degree. Seldom, indeed, is it that they allow their wine to get the better of them except on feast days and festivals. Then it is a disgrace to be sober. They carry the old Greek idea of the Symposia

at which every man was expected to get drunk and was blameless to its full extent; and they expect the stranger within their gates to do as they do, and will listen neither to excuse nor plea.

On the island of Tenos we find another numismatic example of the power of the grape, for it was from this island that the famous Malvasinor wine came. It greatly resembled Malmsey and was often sold as such when the stock of the genuine was getting low. It is still made there, and is by no means an inferior article although it is often much stronger than the wines we are accustomed to get elsewhere. But on Tenos they are not satisfied with wine alone, so they use the still and make large quantities of *raki*, and also *mastic*, both of which are exported to a great extent and prove a considerable source of revenue to the inhabitants.

There is a little island called Pholycandros which is so small it has only one city, divided into two, that portion within the walls being called Mesa, and without the walls Ezo. Wine is made here of a very fair quality, but what is of most interest to the visitor are the receptacles in which it is carried, these being nothing more or less than gourds. They are neatly prepared and answer the purpose admirably and are nearly five times as costly as the wine they contain, as a good gourd will cost about five cents and any one will fill it with wine for a cent.

The second largest island in this group is called Andros and is more noted for its ancient ruins than anything else. The wine made there is only of medium quality, but their *raki* is said to be rather superior. They also make a spirit called *monororaki*, which for condensed badness would be hard to surpass. At no

stage of its existence be it young or old is *monororaki* fit to drink, yet the Andriates use considerable of it at feast times; but brawls and fights are always the consequence. They also have another preparation which is entirely confined to Andros. It is made from the smallest of green lemons and is called *limonakki*. With these people the first act of hospitality is the presentation of a gourd of wine to the stranger or friend as soon as he passes the threshold, and no visitor is ever allowed to travel about the island without having his or her pockets filled with lemons, quinces, and oranges, and to offer them pay for fruit is considered bad form.

The only island of the Cyclades that follows the precepts of the mainland in resining its wine is Kythnos or, as it is often called, Thermia. The natural wine of Kythnos is very good indeed, but, owing to this practice, it is more or less difficult to obtain. The people, and in fact all the Greeks, claim that the resin in the wine acts as a tonic and in consequence the wine is more healthy. It must be admitted that resinated wine is very refreshing on a hot day, and, although the first few tastes are more or less unpleasant, this soon wears off and a liking for it is established. At first mention the idea of resin in wine seems strange and entirely out of place, yet all our beer contains it and were it missing we would be at a loss to account for the unaccustomed flavour. The wine from the island of Keos, also called Zea, has from a very remote period enjoyed an excellent reputation, and, strange as it may seem, the wine of the present is also good. It is very inexpensive, so cheap in fact that even the shepherds carry it with them while watching their goats. It was

Michael Psello who said several hundred years ago: "Chiote wine is beneficial to the eye; Pramnerion to the cheek-bones, and the bouquet thereof to the channels of the eyebrows; Keote wine, on the other hand, my father, is beneficial to the lips and mouth, sweet to the scent, and black in colour."

Many virtues have been ascribed to wine by the ancient writers, but Psello's description is decidedly unique, and dark wine must have been his favourite.

Although the island of Samos is in the Ægean Sea it is not among those in the Cyclades. It is more to the westward and is removed from the mainland by a strait a little over a mile wide. It is an historical land and has always had a prominent part in Grecian history. The reader may perhaps remember it was on this island that Antony spent his last winter with Cleopatra and that for many years it disputed with Smyrna and Ephesus the proud title of the "first city of Iona." The soil of the island is very fertile and grapes thrive in luxuriant splendour. Wine is an important factor here and the natives exercise every precaution to prevent the vines from being destroyed by the *phylloxera*. The quarantine in this respect is thoroughly rigid and even potatoes are forbidden to be imported. In Samos we find a reversal of the usual history of the vine. During the time of Strabo the wine of the island was thought to be quite inferior, but to-day its reputation is good. Being a strong wine, slightly sweet, with a trace of muscat in it, it is improved by a goodly addition of water.

Another group of islands in this historic sea is the Ionian; they, too, have played their part in ancient history and now are suffering from that apathy which

lies like a cloud over this portion of our world, which for centuries was noted for its activity and progress; and*this change from acuteness to indifference is all the more remarkable that here, in the island and on the mainland, is a soil of such wonderful fertility that, by the exercise of judgment and the use of advanced methods, it would return a hundred fold. Nature has been exceedingly kind here, but her people seem not to know or care how to avail themselves of her graciousness. On every one of these seven islands the grape can be found, and wine that would be fit to grace the finest table could be made did they but so choose; but this would necessitate care and labour, and these are the two factors that are most conspicuous by their absence.

On the island of Zante they make a wine called *verdea*, which of itself is enough to prove the assertion that fine wine is a natural product. *Verdea* was formerly made in large quantities but now only the more wealthy can afford its manufacture, for it requires too much attention to please the small land-owner. The general method pursued here is, as soon as the wine has ceased fermentation, for the owner to announce its sale by hanging out a piece of paper; white if the wine is white, or stained red if the wine is red. It is always stored in the ground floor of his dwelling and in a remarkably short space of time the room is filled by people, some singing or telling stories, while others will be playing cards or indulging in the classical game *moro*. How, when, or by whom the wine is bought is always a mystery to the stranger, yet it is consummated, and when the new proprietor is tired of dispensing gratuitously the doors are closed and the crowd issues forth to seek pastures new.

After the wines of Zante come those from the islands of Cephalonia and Ithaca, wines which experts have pronounced to be of a superior character. They are all strong enough to bear exportation without fortification, and when they have been allowed to age, their excellence is a revelation to the judges of good wines.

On the islands of Santa Maura and Corfu they make a coarse heavy liquor called *aqua ardente* and its name does not belie its character in the least, for, as one authority aptly says, "it is vile beyond description." Owing to the rocky formation of these islands, especially Cephalonia, many of the wines grown there are called *vino de sasso* or wines of stone; from the fact that in numerous cases the vines are planted in fissures either natural or chipped out by the hand of man, and a sufficient amount of soil inserted to sustain the plant. Throughout these islands it is claimed that more than sixty different kinds of grapes are grown, and the people of Zante assert that they have no less than forty different varieties alone. As vineyardists it would be difficult to excel these islanders when taken as a whole, but as wine-makers they are, to say the least, most indifferent. They fully understand the nature and requirements of the vine, and they are ever ready to give it proper attention, but beyond this their ambition ceases. As with us the vines are pruned in February and March, but the operation is much more severe, leaving but little of the old wood; at the same time the earth is hoed into heaps, there being left only enough to thinly cover the roots. This they claim, and with reason, makes the roots run deeper into the soil, and later on, in May, these heaps are levelled, thereby furnishing a covering to protect the roots from the sun.

In June the extremities of all the young shoots are broken off, and barring insects or accidents the work is finished until the vintage, which commonly begins in the last two weeks of September and extends sometimes almost to November.

A story is told of a well-known Zantiote who at one time was visiting some people in England, near London. His host had had for a long number of years a grape-vine growing in his yard but its only crop aside from an occasional poor struggling bunch was leaves. This worried the host, and knowing that his guest had extensive vineyards he asked him if he would look at his vine and instruct the gardener how to handle it, in order that he might get some fruit. The gentleman from Zante looked at the vine and calling for a sharp knife began operations only a few feet from the root, and when he had finished there was but a stump with one or two short branches left. The host, when, on his return from business, beheld what had been done, looked at it with astonishment but said nothing. It was not so, however, with the ladies of the house. They one and all declared that the vine was killed. The guest in a few days left for his island home and had forgotten the incident when in the fall of the year he received a letter from his friend in England, in which he stated that his grape-vine was the wonderment and admiration of all his neighbours. For the first time in many years the vine was laden with fruit, and the quality and quantity was far beyond any idea they had ever formed of its ability.

The handling of grapes varies in these islands, for wine-making depends entirely upon the variety. If they are black and thick-skinned, which is generally

the case, they are piled in heaps and allowed to remain for eight or ten days, in order to soften the skins. They are then put into the press and are first treaded by the men, after which they are further pressed by a screw. If the grapes are white, their skins being much more tender, they are put into the press at once, but the most common practice is to mix the grapes and allow the must to ferment upon a quantity of the husks of the black grape in order to heighten the colour. If the pressing takes place in the rural districts, the slightly fermented must is brought to town in pig-skins from whence it is transferred to casks for the completion of the fermentation. One peculiar feature regarding the wines of these islands is the excessive amount of cream of tartar (*super-tartare* of potash) which they deposit, and it is all the more remarkable for the soil of these islands does not afford nitre. Yet year after year the same vineyard will produce its normal quantity, from which a goodly revenue is derived, the crude product being shipped to Venice, where it is purified.

Wherever the *arbutus unedo* grows with its bright red berries on these islands there will be found a still, and from it will issue in time a liquor that no European or American can ever be educated to enjoy. On the other hand, when the berries are simply crushed and allowed to ferment and become vinegar the product is excellent. These people are very superstitious and everything they undertake is governed by some ancient formula laid down many hundreds of years ago. The moon enters into many of these ideas and consequently its condition has much to do with the farmer. If it is new, wine must not be made for it will quickly spoil;

again vines must be planted when it is in this stage for as it increases so will the vine.

The plant of most importance in this region of the earth is the olive, and one would naturally suppose that where so much depended upon it every precaution would be taken to derive the full quota of benefit if possible, but in this particular the grape and olive are on the same footing. While they are growing they receive considerable attention, but when harvest-time arrives there seems to be no energy or desire to obtain even a moderate quantity. In extracting the oil the method employed must antedate history, and the following written by Mr. Robert Jameson will give the reader a good idea of its primitiveness and also wastefulness. He writes:

The olives are placed on a nearly flat stone, and another heavy one, of a square shape, is rolled backwards and forwards on them, so as to press the fruit; when thus bruised, the mass is put into a large bag (made of the fibres of a *scoperta*), which is closed and thrown into a vessel containing hot water, and allowed to remain there until heated; it is then taken out and placed in a shallow trough with a plug hole on the one side. The trough is elevated about two feet above the chamber floor; a man treads on the bag thus filled, from which the oil is expressed along with the warm water; as soon as the trough is nearly full, the plug is withdrawn, when both the substances escape into a vessel placed beneath, having, near its bottom, a plugged orifice. By the time this vessel is filled the greatest part of the oil has separated from the water and floats on the surface, from its specific gravity being much less; therefore, when the orifice near the bottom is opened, the water escapes, mixed with only a small quantity of oil, into a hole dug in the ground outside of the chamber, where this oil also,

when the mechanical mixture ceases, is collected by skimming it off by means of a branch or bunch of straw. In this manner a man, assisted by a woman and child, will make a barrel or more a day.

It would be difficult indeed to find, even among savages, a more crude and primitive method, and yet withal it does its work, but naturally with a great waste. Another peculiarity the traveller will notice, if he should be there in the spring-time, is a lot of stones of different sizes tied or fastened to the branches of the service-tree when it is in bloom. This is done, so the people say, to make the flowers prolific, and if it should be neglected the flowers would be abortive and consequently there would not be any berries.

Had the island of Cyprus nothing else than its wines it still would be famous, and it was their reputation, many years ago, that cost the people of Cyprus their government. Emperor Selim II. having tasted of these wines, so the story goes, said to Mustapha his leading general: "I propose to conquer Cyprus, an island which contains a treasure that none but the King of kings ought to possess." It was rather a heavy price to pay for making a good article, but perhaps it was kismet, and beyond that the Oriental goes no farther.

The wine that was so much thought of is the kind called *commanderia*, a peculiar product, yet just the sort which would appeal to the palate of a Turk and also to others who have a liking for a cloying sweet, accompanied with the usual amount of tar or resin. In the making of *commanderia* the finest and best bunches, called *chefali*, are selected and each and every

berry is carefully picked from its stem. The grapes are black, but in order to give the wine a proper colour a few white ones are added. After the grapes have been carefully inspected they are taken to the roofs of the cottages and on a thick layer of fresh leaves, in order to protect them from contact with the absorbing roofing material, they are placed in a stratum of about a foot thick. In ten or twelve days at the most, the maceration of the grape-skin is completed, and the must begins to drip from the water leaders. Quick action now becomes necessary and as soon as possible the grapes are taken to the wine-press, and as fast as the must flows it is transferred into vats that have a capacity of from five hundred to a thousand *okes*. These vats are left open for forty days, being filled, during the meantime, to their brim, and at the expiration of this period they are covered with slabs and plastered with earth and fine straw. They also have previously been coated with tar. Sometimes if the must is running light in color they add a modicum of chalk; this will darken it somewhat and will also prevent acidity. When the vats or casks are once closed, they are not opened again until the following vintage, unless the owner must sell, and during this interval all parties are in total ignorance as to either the success or failure of the year's work, but the chances are greatly in favour of success, and practice has proven that this method is the better for the locality. It is averred by many that in order to obtain the best *commanderia* it is necessary for the vineyard to be at least twenty-five years old, and furthermore the grapes should not be gathered except on alternate years, and as both of these precepts are followed in many parts of the island it can readily

be seen that the maintaining of a vineyard becomes a considerable source of expense, especially to the planter. The keeping qualities of this wine is almost beyond belief, for having withstood the vicissitudes of the seasons for a year the cover is removed, and after that only a piece of sheet lead is used to protect it from insects, while the wine will keep improving for a hundred years. Wine of forty and even of eighty years of this treatment has often been met with, but no large quantities could be purchased as the people consider it almost a balm, and accordingly it is preserved for the sick and dying. When *commanderia* has been bottled for ten or fifteen years experts claim it is equal to the finest Tokay, but the bottling must be done by the buyer, for the natives see no necessity for it.

There are a number of different kinds of *commanderia*, but the two for which are obtained the best prices are *marocanola* and *clonari blanche*. *Marocanola* is a very rare kind, being made only in small quantities. It is quite dark in colour, sweet and luscious and very smooth and oily. *Clonari blanche* is much lighter in colour, less sweet and also less costly, and in many particulars closely resembles Madeira. The principal places for the making of *commanderia* are Pera, Agros, Vavatzina, Mellinov, Lithrodoula, Odou, Ora Kellachi, and Saniya. It is also made, but in lesser quantities, at Lasagna, Asca, Flericuti, and Farmaca. The city of Limassol, on the southern shore, is the headquarters for the wine industry, and it is an interesting sight to see the donkeys file into the market-place laden with wine. Sometimes there will be as many as twenty-five hundred, so laden, enter the city in a single day, and some idea of the quantity of wine made on the island

can be formed from the statement that often as much as a hundred tons leave this depot in a year. But *commanderia* is not the only wine that is made here. *Mavro*, an almost black wine, and resembling a light claret in taste when not pitchy, is the leader when quantity is considered. It is a wholesome wine, but as it is often pitchy in taste it requires the new resident some time to become accustomed to it. The most difficult wine to procure on the island is *Eptagonia* wine. It is of a bright red colour, not sweet, neither too acid, slightly astringent, and on the whole very pleasant to the palate, but it is only made by the priests, who are reluctant to dispose of it except to some favoured party.

Among the plants that grow in Cyprus is one which they call *zulobatos*. The flowers are fragrant, and when they are immersed in *mavro* they impart to it a most delicious odour, which even strangers appreciate the first time they try it. During the process of wine-making and after all the must that will flow by treading only is extracted, the residue, or lees, are subjected to the screw. This juice, as with wine, is put into vats and allowed to stand forty days. It is then distilled into a mild brandy called by the Cyprians *suma*, and, naturally, the *suma* made from the lees of the *commanderia* is of better quality than that which is manufactured from the leavings of *mavro*, and it commands a higher price. Another wine that they make here is one which is called *muscat*, and so expert are they in its manufacture that it resembles a liquor more than it does wine, consequently it is, and has always been, an expensive article. Little of it can be purchased on the island, for Constantinople buys it up years ahead,

contracting with the vineyardists for their total output, and it is for this reason that travellers and visitors seldom meet with it, and are often unaware that Cyprus produces it.

Aside from wine the next beverage, in the estimation of the islanders, is *mastic*, of which they make and use immense quantities. As with *suma* it is made from the lees remaining after the wine has been drawn off, but the treatment is different. First the lees are subjected to a prolonged soaking in water, after which the whole mass is boiled for several hours. The liquor is then strained and distilled, when it is sweetened and flavoured with mastic gum. This gum is found on trees about ten or twelve feet high which grow plentifully in this part of the world. It is white in colour, almost transparent and has a taste very much like our spruce gum, and has been used by the Greeks and other ancients from time immemorial for the same purpose, and its name, derived from the Greek, means to chew. Perhaps in this connection, their fondness and liking of the gum for chewing purposes may be found the basis of their liking a pitchy flavour in their wines. The gum has always been easily procured and as children their tastes were fixed, and when in later life they began the use of wine this pine-like flavour imparted to it from the skins and amphoræ would be as natural to them as sweetness is to us. The habit of chewing the gum is as rife to-day as it was three thousand years ago, and is by no means confined to children, many of their elders being as strongly addicted to the habit as they. When the spirit is mixed with water the mixture at once assumes a milky-white shade and it is according to the density of this shading that the quality of the

beverage is determined. *Mastic* is a great summer drink with these people, as they consider it cooling and the facts seem to bear out their contention, for when mixed with a proper amount of water and drunk slowly it does seem to lower the temperature of the drinker.

In many parts of Cyprus the traveller will meet with the *ceratoriea siliqua*, a locust-like tree, with a cucumber-like fruit. The tree is known throughout all this region bordering on the Mediterranean Sea as the *carob* and its fruit is often called St. John's bread, from the idea that it is supposed to be the fruit upon which St. John the Baptist existed while in the wilderness. Cyprus grows this fruit to great perfection, and the exportation of it has assumed a most flattering figure. Russia takes the majority for her peasantry and also cattle. The bean, or fruit, is very sweet and the Cypriotes use it in many cases in the place of honey or sugar, and also for the manufacture of *carobraki*. The over-ripe, or fully ripe, fruit is broken into pieces, placed in a press and subjected to pressure, after which it is allowed to ferment for several days, when it is distilled. The result is rather agreeable in small quantities, but otherwise the effect is disagreeable, as its sweetness makes it sickening.

The Cypriotes have great faith in their own wines, believing that they are a preventive of fever, and accordingly drink and use large quantities of them. They are used at every meal and one of their favourite desserts is slices of orange steeped in *marvo*. Another trick is to put game birds into *commanderia* for a few days until the flesh has become impregnated with the wine, and when cooked in their peculiar manner the birds become almost, as one lady said on tasting,

“devine.” There is only one drawback to the wine question in Cyprus, and that is the universal inattention to cleanliness as we of the Occident understand it; but then, when almost everything can be resolved into a matter of geography why mention it?

Of all the islands in the Greek Archipelago there is none that can surpass the little island named Scio. It is off the west coast of Asia Minor and only a short distance from the mainland. While it is a rugged land and well deserves the epithet “craggy” bestowed upon it in the Homeric hymn, its climate, however, is as nearly perfect as one could wish, and the atmosphere is most delightful and healthy. It was from this island the wine for which Cæsar had such a preference came, and well worthy was this juice of the grape for regal favour, being delicate in the extreme and most highly flavoured. Owing to its delicacy it could not stand a sea voyage of any considerable distance; so in fine weather it was transported to one place and there allowed to rest, when under propitious stages it again resumed its journey until it eventually reached its destination. But long before the imperial Cæsar had graced the wine with the seal of his approval, this nectar, for such it was called—and undoubtedly it was the first wine to have this appellation bestowed upon it—had risen to high approval. History does not furnish us with any inkling as to when Scio wine was first made, but from time immemorial the wine was famous, and the ancient coins of the island, showing a sphinx and a bunch of grapes on the face and an amphora on the reverse, furnish strong proof as to the celebrity of its wines and the estimation in which its people held them.

The wine was also known as Homer's nectar, from a tradition that the poet was born on the island and was excessively fond of it, owing to the fact that it was given to him when he was weaned from the breast. The method pursued in the manufacture of wine is similar to that already described in the other islands, except that instead of caves they excavate cellars and the wine is put into open tubs and placed in these cellars which are immediately closed and remain so for several weeks. The black grape is the most common, and in order to improve its juices there is mixed with it, at the time of pressing, a small white grape that has a flavour resembling the kernel of a peach. In the making of nectar they use another kind of grape, so styptic that it is almost an impossibility to swallow it. It is peculiar to the island and is guarded jealously, though it is an unnecessary precaution, for when transplanted out of its native environments it quickly loses its character and becomes useless. All parts of Scio are more or less suited to the grape, but those which are most favoured are the parts around Mesta, and it is from these vineyards that the celebrated wine comes.

Raki and *mastic* are also produced here in large quantities; and it is claimed that the *mastic* is the finest of the kind made owing to the excellence of the gum, which grows here in abundance, and the better quality of the spirits used. Mulberry brandy, too, is manufactured here, that has a pleasant, though weak, taste. Aside from the nectar and wines already mentioned, Scio produces three other wines none of which, however, is in any way superior to an ordinary wine, except perhaps on rare occasions the red wine may rank as good. There is a tradition on this island which

says that the first red wine ever produced was made in Scio. The people do not attempt to mention any time or place as to when the discovery was made, so to all purposes they have the best of the argument.

Owing to the frailty of its fine wines Scio wines are not well known to the world at large, even, it may be said in all truth, to that part of the world which would be termed as bordering or near to it, for very little wine ever leaves the land of its birth; as a traveller once said in talking about them, "No, they seldom leave Scio—the people love them too well."

Only a few miles to the north of Scio there lies another island which is much larger and perhaps is of more interest to the student of Greek history than any of the islands in this part of the *Ægean* Sea. By the Greeks this land was called Lesbos, but is better known to-day as Metilin, though during the Middle Ages the name of Mytilene, from its chief city, was universally applied to the whole island. Besides Mytilene there were four other chief towns—Methymna, Antissa, Eressus, and Pyrrha—which gave rise to the appellation to the island as a Pentapolis, by which name it is often referred to in ancient history. During its early period Lesbos was renowned for its wines, and we find here a direct reversal of the usual custom, in the case of Methymna, or as it is sometimes spelt Mathymna, the second chief town of the island. The practice is general throughout the world, as even the most casual know, of calling wine after the place from whence it comes, but in this case the usual procedure was departed from and Methymna derived its name from the wine that was made in its vicinity. The wine must have been a very strong and ardent product of the grape, for its

name, derived from the root *methyein*, means to be drunken with wine, and the inference is that it took less of this certain wine to produce intoxication than other kinds, hence the name. Assuredly, if any reliance can be placed upon the stories told of the capacity and hardheadedness of these ancient revellers Methymna possessed powers much beyond the ordinary, to so affect them that they would bestow such a name upon a wine when the mere mention of it revealed the consequences of indulgence. The people, too, of the island liked their wine and many of their two-handled cups, found in the numerous excavations which have been made here, bear the inscription, translated, "Rejoice and drink." These cups as a rule are quite small and shallow, showing it was the custom to only drink a little of the wine at a time and from what we know of the article it was a necessary precaution.

Excavators and relic-hunters have always found Lesbos to be a mine of *amphoræ* and *oinocho* and some of the finest specimens that are on exhibition in the various museums have been taken from the ruins and graves of these islands. Wine is still made in Lesbos, but it is not of the strength of centuries ago and neither is it above the ordinary in quality. Little of it, comparatively speaking, is drunk in its natural state, for the people still have that liking for stronger drink, inherited most likely from their remote ancestors, and consequently they turn their product of the vineyards into *rakee* as soon as possible. This *rakee*, as it is to be found in general, maintains in every essential particular except one the prestige of the ancient Methymna. It is very ardent and quickly accomplishes its purpose, but unlike the wine it has not the

redeeming feature of tasting good, especially to those who have not sampled it before. It is used almost directly from the still and is raw and fiery, possessing little or no flavour, except when anise-seed or some other similar herb has been added.

Proceeding northward along the coast until within only a few miles of the Dardanelles the traveller will come to a very small island which the Turks call Bogdsha-Adassi, but it is better known to us as Tenedos. This is, perhaps, one of the smallest inhabited islands of the Ægean Sea, being only about five miles long by less than two miles in width, yet it has a population approaching close to ten thousand souls. From the deck of the steamer, as it sails along, Tenedos presents a very uninviting picture, showing a soil rocky, bleak, and barren; yet on closer inspection the opposite becomes quickly apparent, for it is most fertile and productive, especially in vineyards and wine. Owing, undoubtedly, to its smallness Tenedos did not receive the attention of the early writers that the other islands obtained at their hands, and little or no mention is to be found among them as to its resources and facilities. It must, however, have been known for its wines; as there are in existence medals of great antiquity, bearing a branch of the vine charged with grapes, and in time some enthusiastic person may in his researches find a substantiating corroboration and give to Tenedos its proper credit. The present status of the vine here on the island is excellent and the reputation of its wines has extended far beyond its borders. Well-known authorities contend that Tenedos wine, especially that known as *muscato*, is the finest produced in the Levant. It is a full-bodied wine and will keep

and improve until it is fourteen or sixteen years old, at which time it will lose its colour, but in no other way is it affected. The demand for the wine has the natural result of increasing its price almost threefold and far beyond that which is paid for other wines on the islands.

Samuel Morewood writing in 1838 says, "Good wine of Tenedos not only excels every other wine of Greece, but, perhaps, cannot be equalled in Europe." This is high praise indeed coming from such an eminent authority, and carries with it more credence than the tales of a score of travellers. At the time of this writing, Mr. Morewood adds:

The red wine is strong, and as dark and rough as port; a small quantity of *muscadel* is made and much esteemed. The red *muscadel* sells at eighty *pavas*, or four pence the *oke*; white at thirty. There is an export duty of two *pavas* the *oke*, and *rakee*, the common raw spirits, pays four *pavas* the *oke*; a large tax is levied on the vineyards: from the Greeks eleven *pavas* or five and a half pence are taken for every thousand vines; from the Turks only five *pavas* are taken.

The only other wine that is a competitor of Tenedos is that made by the Jews in the Dardanelles and called *vino della lege*, because it is pretended that the Jews by their laws are prohibited the adulteration of wine. It is a pretence only, but in this case it must be admitted that there are years when the vintage on the Dardanelles is far superior to that of Tenedos and then *vino della lege* has the control of the market. Like Tenedos wine *vino della lege* is red in colour, which it retains for nearly double the length of time of the island wine; but this difference is seldom seen, for in

both cases the wine is marketed within a year or two of its making and it is rare indeed to find, except in Constantinople, any of either more than six or seven years old unless the vineyardist happens to be a man of wealth and influence, the latter condition being, if anything, more necessary than the former, in order to ward off confiscation—a practice that is often resorted to in this part of the world when it becomes necessary for the powers that be to have a little extra money, as many thousands of these unfortunate people can testify.

Of all the islands in the Mediterranean Sea that enjoyed a multiplicity of titles none can excel Rhodes; in almost every period it was given a new name. At one time it was known as Ophiusa, from the number of its serpents; then Asteria, because at a distance the island appears as a star; again it was Aethrea—from its cloudless sky—and also Stadia or Desert; and others called it at different times Telechinis, Corymbia, Trinacra, Poessa, Atabyria, Ploessa, Macaria, and Pelagia. From time immemorial Rhodes has always been celebrated for its fine climate and healthy atmosphere. It would be a tedious task indeed for the reader to peruse the laudatory comments that this island received from our ancient writers, and even to-day they who have had the pleasure of residing on it seem never to tire in extolling its salubrity. Doctor Edward Daniel Clarke in his travels opens his chapter on Rhodes as follows:

Rhodes is a most delightful spot. The air of the place is healthy and its gardens are filled with delicious fruit. Here as in Cos every gale is scented with powerful fragrance wafted from groves of orange and citron trees. Numberless aromatic herbs exhale at the same time such profuse

odours that the whole atmosphere seems impregnated with a spicy perfume. The present inhabitants of the island confirm the ancient history of its climate, maintaining that hardly a day passes throughout the year wherein the sun is not visible. Pagan writers describe it as so peculiarly favoured that Jupiter is fabled to have poured down upon it a golden shower.

The Rhodian grape has always been a source of comment from every one that has ever visited the vineyards. The ancients, too, were nowise backward in giving it praise both for quality and size. Pliny says the clusters were as large as an infant and a later authority—Rodwell—avers that “these clusters measure nearly a yard in length and each berry was as large as a plum.” The wine from Rhodes had an excellent reputation, but when it came under the control of the Turks it was neglected and almost passed out of existence. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a gradual resumption of the old practice and wine was made in sufficient quantities to warrant exportation. It was on this island that the beautiful statue known as the Colossus of Helios was erected, which was considered as being one of the seven wonders of the world. Through the agency of an earthquake it was thrown to the ground and destroyed, and one thousand years later the fragments were sold to a Jew who it is surmised turned them into instruments of war.

Passing the Dardanelles and entering the Sea of Marmora the steamer soon comes to the Princess Isles, a collection of nine small islands the largest of which is called Prinkipo. Five of these islands—Prinkipo, Halki, Antigone, Proti, and Terevinthos—are populated,

but the others, Oxia, Plati, Nyandros, and Piti are not suitable for habitation. In ancient times these islands were known as Demonise and were famous for the gold dust which they produced. This dust, though, was not valued for its monetary worth but as a cure for "those suffering from the eyes," and this is probably the first mention we have of the "gold cure." Owing to the peculiar colour of their soil the Turks call them collectively *Khizil Adalar* or Red Islands.

Little of the early history of these islands is known and whether the ancient Greeks had to fight for their possession or not history does not tell. What is most evident to-day, however, is the fact that the vast majority of their population is pure Greek, and while they belong to Turkey their government by the Porte is scarcely felt. About fifty years ago Mrs. Hormby, the wife of an English loan commissioner who was afterwards a judge in Constantinople, wrote in her book about the pleasures of a farm on the isle of Prinkipo. She said: "We could buy half the island, with a garden and a vineyard, for five hundred pounds and build a good comfortable house with a fireplace and every comfort." This was written just after the conclusion of the Crimean war; to-day ten millions of pounds would be of little avail even in the town proper as a purchase price, and the mansions that have been erected since in the outlying districts are worth almost double that amount. Prinkipo is one of the most favoured spots on this round globe of ours. It is one of the few places where the grape grows the year round; where at the same time it can be seen in blossom, ready for the table, and also ripe for the wine-press. It is here that the celebrated *tchaouch uzum* grapes are to

be found in perfection, pure gold in colour, large and as round as a plum and most delicious to the taste. The *tchaouch* is the king of grapes; no element that the fruit should possess is lacking in its royal clusters and no other place has yet been found suitable for its regal requirements. It furnishes a luscious wine, but very seldom indeed is it allowed to go to the press, for the demand for it in its natural state makes it scarce for that purpose. So strong is its aroma and flavour that even after it has been plucked from the vines and carried miles away it will attract the bees, and if precautions are not taken to cover them securely these little judges of what is good will soon penetrate the delicate skin and abstract the juice to make their honey. The chief wine-makers of the island are the half-dozen monks from the monastery of Christos, and so successful have they been in their enterprise that while they have vineyards of many acres in extent they now have to cross the channel and purchase grapes raised on the mainland in order to supply the demand. The ancient ceremony of blessing the grape is still followed here in the churches, a relic, as it were, of those olden times when the heathen in his simplicity offered up to Dionysus, who "first from out the purple grape crushed the sweet poison of wine," a part of the fruits of his labour in order that the god would grant him a successful season and a profitable vintage. The churches are arrayed with all the flowers of the season, some strung in garlands while others are woven into fanciful wreaths and placed in every nook and on every pillar; but upon the altar piled to the height of a man's head lie the finest clusters of the vine, white, red, black, purple, and golden, each enhancing the

beauty of the other, the while throwing forth their aroma so fragrant and subtile that, despite the perfume of the many flowers showing their beautiful colourings everywhere, the ripened fruit, in its perfection of maturity, and redolent in its lusciousness, so far out-rivals its more gorgeous neighbours that they soon become lost to the sense, and the exhalation of the grapes, not intermingled with the flowers but separate and apart, gives to the sacred sanctuary an odour soft and dreamy. And the low droning voice of the priest, repeating his orison in this most beautiful of languages, seems to come from afar only to fall upon the ear as the strains of music in the distance. To those who witness the ceremony for the first time it is most impressive and solemn, for it is a touching and reverent recognition of the kindness of God; and while perhaps it had its origin among a primitive people it does not in any way lessen its value as a reminder that, of himself, man is most helpless.

CHAPTER XIX

GREECE AND SARDINIA

FOR people who drank so much and so often the early or ancient Greek was a most indifferent connoisseur. Quantity rather than quality seems to have governed the appetite in this particular, and the spectacle of a wine merchant travelling about with his skin of wine selling by sample even to the most wealthy was very common indeed. Wine of great age did not appeal to them and seldom is it there can be found mention of any exceeding fifteen or sixteen years. Particular vintages had no charm for them, and consequently there was no rivalry as to who had the best wine. On the other hand, it did extend as to who had the greatest quantity and was the most lavish in dispensing with it. This was the most important feature and therefore much admired. As has already been shown in the account of the insular portion of Greece, they of the mainland had an extensive list to choose from. Every variety and kind were laid at their doors and all they had to do was to select. Nor were they dependent upon the islands, for their own land could and did raise fine wine. In fact, agriculture in its various branches was the only mode of employment that the "lordly Greek" did not deem beneath him. No other labour could he indulge in without losing

caste. Trading, too, was tabooed him and if his system demanded exercise the gymnasium was the place, while for his brain he could follow one of the many schools of his day. So the possession of a vineyard in the country was often much valued, as a means of exercise more than an object of profit, and, as can easily be seen, there being no incentive for excellence, what wine was made in these places could not well have been anything else but indifferent. On the other hand, where vineyards were owned and controlled by the peasantry very fine wines were often produced.

There are many places in Greece that were famous for their wines. Monemvasia, for instance, had an enviable reputation and it is claimed by several authorities this was the original home of the Malmsey, which later on, as has been shown, was transferred to Crete. Wine is still made there, and some of it when not resined is quite good, though somewhat sweet and fiery. The wine of Heraea, according to several of the more noted ancient writers, was of a decidedly peculiar character, for "it made men mad and women fruitful."

There were several methods in vogue of making wine among the Greeks of the early period. Some gathered the grapes about the end of September, or early in October, or even later if the fruit was not sufficiently ripe. The grapes were then exposed to the sun and coolness of the night in order that they might become more luscious and juicy. Others would make three gatherings of the fruit so as to make different grades of wine. Again there were those who would twist the ends and tendrils of the vines, allowing the fruit to remain on them for a month or more after the opera-

tion. This twisting would of course arrest all growth and it was thought that the grapes were improved by it. After they were gathered, they were allowed to lie in some dark, cool place for five days and, on the sixth, stamped or bruised in a vat. This, of necessity, was a slow and tedious task, so eventually the practice was abolished and the grapes, direct from the vine, were placed in large cisterns, in which was a hole or vent near the bottom with a vessel beneath to receive the juice. At first a man with his bare legs and feet did the pressing, but in order to relieve him of this labour and also to facilitate matters a piece of machinery was installed. This was simply a beam erected perpendicularly, having a cross acting as a lever, with a pressure of stones above to give it greater weight and power, and was worked by means of cordage. Of course, at this period, casks and barrels made of wood were unknown, and all wine had to be stored and kept in earthenware vessels, called either *amphoræ* or *oinochoæ*.

The Athenians were famous for making these and all other kinds of earthenware and displayed much taste and artistic skill in their manufacture. Some were made so large that they had to be bound about with wooden hoops to keep them from bursting. Often these vessels would be coated on the inside with pitch or mastic and oil, which sometimes would be incorporated with some aromatic and odoriferous ingredients that would flavour the wine, as many times as the vessel was used, so powerful and lasting was the substance. In one respect the practices of the Greeks were worthy of emulation. This was the use of water in all the wines they drank. In fact to drink it "neat"

was looked on as a barbarism. We are informed by Ælian, that Zaleucos imposed a law upon the Locrians according to which any person doing so, even if sick, unless by the prescription of the physician, was punishable with death. A somewhat severe penalty, but then we are not acquainted with all the circumstances and therefore are unable to pass judgment. Authorities differ as to when and where the practice of diluting wine came into vogue, but as it can be traced to the earliest periods it matters little as to the exactness of time. In some parts of the country it is still the habit, but is not as universal.

Herodotus tells us that the Spartans fancied Cleomenes had gone mad by drinking "neat" wine, a habit he had learned from the Scythians. No one was encouraged to break the rule, as it was not only considered a sign of intemperance, but as highly injurious, both mentally and physically; yet, on the other hand, the early breakfast of these people was made by dipping bread into pure wine and eating it. There is no accounting for tastes, neither must we strive too hard to interpret the laws; but it does seem that dilution in one case was unnecessary, while the restriction placed upon it in another was more or less superfluous.

A number of these old-time writers have given us to understand that wine-drinking during the day was not a common practice, but Alcæus says, "Let us drink, there is still an inch of daylight," which would prove the reverse. So the natural deduction would be that the Greek, like the rest of the world, considered not the hour but the opportunity. Intoxication was not deemed as being detrimental or degrading. In fact in the earliest ages wine was considered as the chief

source of joy and happiness, and agreeable to this idea Musæus and Emolpus made the reward of the virtuous in Hades to consist in perpetual intoxication. Even Plato was of the opinion that a man ought to become intoxicated at the Dionysia, as it was a well-known fact that sobriety was in no case a prime virtue of the Athenians. It is commonly supposed that the Greeks did not drink at all during their meals, but this is an untenable opinion, for there are numerous passages making mention of the act to be found, though they all agree that very little wine, comparatively speaking, was used. At the conclusion of the meal, that is, dinner, unmixed wine was always served and a draught was taken in honour of the "good genius." This was done whether the meal was in private or public, and it was the only time in which "neat" wine was allowed.

The affair, *par excellence*, however, in the Greek mind of these early days was the symposium. It was then he could let his spirit have free rein and he could indulge himself as he best liked. If he was fond of drinking—and he generally was—he could indulge to his heart's content and naught was thought of it. On the other hand, if he was a lover of music, good stories, bright and witty remarks he was more or less certain of finding them here. The symposium always followed the last meal of the day, and while the Greeks were not noted for high living and exquisite cooking it must be admitted that they did know how to terminate this meal and leave a man thirsty. Salt mixed with different spices, dried, shrivelled olives which had ripened on the tree, nuts and figs and also cheese were the desserts spread before these men, and when they had consumed their allowance they had within them

a longing that nothing else but wine could satisfy. Aristotle says, "The chief object of the dessert, besides the pleasure to the palate which its dainties afforded, was to keep up the desire of drinking." Everything else was subservient to this idea and consequently, with this end in view, is it any wonder that intoxication was the result? There was one person, however, in this gathering whom it behooved to stay sober. He was known as the symposiarch and upon him much depended. It was he who decided upon the amount of water which should be mixed with the wine, the size of the cups, whether large or small, from which it was to be drunk, and in fact he generally had the entire command of the affair. He directed the conversation and inflicted fines and forfeits and was a starter of the toasts. From him we get our present toast-master, only to-day's potentate has not the unlimited authority of his predecessor. Every guest had to submit to the ordinances of the symposiarch. He exercised unquestioned authority in the matter of drinking. Those who disobeyed his commands had to submit to some punishment, which consisted either in drinking a certain quantity, or else was directed at some personal infirmity. Thus, for instance, a stuttering man was made to sing a song, a lame man to hop, a bald-headed man to comb his hair, etc.

The size of the cup was generally, at the beginning, quite small, but before the bout ended larger ones were substituted. Some of these were of tolerable size, holding about a quart, and many of them were so made that they had to be finished at a draught as they could not stand, having a rounding base, and therefore would spill their contents. Others were of much larger pro-

portions and it is told of Alexander the Great that he drained off at a draught a goblet holding a gallon and a half. Socrates and Alcibiades had a fair reputation too for being able to dispose of a gentlemanly amount. It is told of these old philosophers that after they had been drinking for a time they would disdain the use of goblets no matter how large, and pay their attention to the crater—the vessel in which the wine for the whole party was cooled—and would empty it at a single draught. With a few such drinkers as these in a company it was a good thing that wine was cheap and plentiful, and one is led to wonder what could these gentlemen have consumed if they had commenced with the crater. The tales of the travellers about the big drinkers in Africa and elsewhere begin to assume an aspect of truthfulness when told in conjunction with the accomplishments of these two venerable and much respected gentlemen.

There were two ways of serving wines at these symposia, either cold or hot, and in both cases they were poured into a crater and then served to the guests by young slaves. Snow, which had been put into pits or cellars and then covered with chaff, was the main cooling factor and was generally mixed directly with the wine or wines, for on an occasion like this, all kinds of wines were blended indiscriminately, quantity being the object. There is a great difference in the assertion of the various writers of that time as to the amount of water that was mixed with the wine. Some say that one part of water to three of wine was used, and it runs the gamut up to six parts of water to one of wine. But according to Plutarch, Athenæus, and Eustathius the usual proportions in their day were

two, three, or four parts of wine to six parts of water. An equal division or half and half was condemned and repudiated as being altogether too strong and also highly intoxicating. Of course these wines were a great deal higher in alcoholic strength than those which we are in the habit of using at the present time, and accordingly would stand a liberal dilution with water. Another feature, too, about these wines was the fact that they were seldom if ever clear.

The ancients did not understand or did not practice the art of clarifying their wines, and therefore they must have been more or less thick, and water would have the tendency to thin them and make them more easily drinkable. Of course when a crater, or, as we would be apt to term it now, punch bowl, was emptied it would be refilled and this as often as the company demanded. Sometimes the crater was not in use; then the wine and water would be served by the slaves and each guest would mix his wine to suit his individual fancy. They had many superstitions regarding the management of the wine and the bowl, the chief of which was never to lay the ladle across the bowl. It was very unlucky to do so, and then again it might imply the cessation of the carouse, which would be considered a dire calamity, especially if any one in the company was sober. There was a freedom about these symposia that we of to-day would hardly tolerate. It was not absolutely necessary for a person to have an invitation to attend; if he should happen to be passing the house and hear the songs and laughter of the revelry he could enter if he chose, and whether he knew the host or not made very little difference. Sometimes, too, a person would attend more than one of these affairs during the night,

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for the coming or going did not seem to have been well regulated, and it seldom gave offence if a guest came late or departed early. Aside from the wine, the next attraction was music and singing. As a rule, the music was furnished by girls playing the flute or harp, though sometimes, but very rarely, it must be admitted, men were hired for the purpose. The singing was very essential to the success of the affair, and while some individual might be paid for so doing the company generally took it in their own hands and all present joined in the songs.

Again, instead of speeches, singing was the order and each guest, passing to the right, sang a solo. Everything—drinking, eating, singing, speech-making, and conversation—always passed to the right on these occasions. This had its origin, undoubtedly, from the position which the person had to assume in those early days. Chairs such as we have now were not known, and instead of sitting the company reclined, on their sides, upon a couch; this position left the right hand free and consequently to begin at the right was a natural fulfilment of circumstances. This reclining position, perhaps, accounts in a degree for their wonderful capacity, for it is well known that as long as a person keeps quiet and does not move he can drink much more without being intoxicated than he can while moving about. Often at a prolonged dinner where wine has been very plentiful a person does not discover he is under its influence until he attempts to arise, then with a sudden rush the fumes go to his head and all is over for a time. Now if this is true of a sitting posture how much more so should it be when one is reclining at ease upon his side with clothing and muscles free. It should

triple the capacity, and then if one was wise and remained on his couch for half an hour or so after taking the last drink he undoubtedly would be able to arise and go to his home without trouble.

Acrobats, dancing girls, and conjurers, so-called *thaumaturgists*, were often hired to enliven the affair, and their feats differ but slightly from those enacted by the same class of people to-day. The girl who would perform the dangerous sword dance, turning a somersault among and into a number of sharp swords and then reversing the operation, was as much applauded as she is now. In fact what we have and enjoy to-day these people had more than two thousand years ago, and for aught we know their ancestors had them two thousand years before them, and truly there is nothing new under the sun. The idea of the symposium was levity and gaiety; the serious side of life had no place here. Anacreon says:

That man I hold not dear who, drinking his wine from a
full bowl,
Ever of conquest and war sings but the dolorous strain,
But who the glorious gifts of the muses and fair Aphro-
dite,
Mingling together, recalls feeling of joy and love.

That Greek life, art, and literature were influenced greatly and also beneficially by its Dionysian festivals, they who have studied deeply into the question admit. It was these four yearly festivals that brought out the best there was in the poet, the tragedian, and the writers of a more serious nature. The state recognised their worth and lent its approval in the most substantial way by defraying the expenses. The first of these

series of festivities occurred in February and was known as the country, and sometimes lesser, Dionysia. This festival was not held in any special place; it was observed throughout the cities and country at the same time. Naturally this was a vine festival, but that it was to celebrate the vintage, which seems to be a common opinion, there is some doubt, as that season had long passed away. Perhaps it was the first tasting of the new wine and in accordance the people gave thanks. In the *Archarnians* of Aristophanes there is an account of a peasant celebrating the festival alone with his family. It commences with prayer and a procession to the sacrifice, in which the daughter, as a bearer, carries the basket of offerings on her head. The slave with the phallus, the symbol of fertility and the never extinct producing power of the earth, follows; and the master of the house sings his merry phallic song, while from the roof of the dwelling his wife looks on the procession, which led to the various altars, where the goat was sacrificed and where the people stood around and praised the god in song and speech.

It was at these altars that the drama was born; the singing of the birth, suffering, and death of Dionysus and the answering refrains from a simple beginning gradually became more and more elaborate until at last the drama assumed shape and being. At this time strolling bands of actors, from the city, would perform before the country people old plays that they had presented in the towns. Many games were indulged in, but the most popular, among the young folks, was one called *askiolia*. Wine skins that had been thoroughly greased on the outside were inflated and laid about in a square. Upon these the contestant

was expected to hop, and at the same time retain his balance. Each had the privilege of pushing his or her competitor down. Those who succeeded in retaining their place received a prize. Many parties played *cottabos*, though this game properly speaking belonged to the symposium. There were numerous ways of playing this, but the two most popular were as follows: A small metallic target that would give out a sound was raised, and the player taking a small cup or goblet in his hand, between his fingers, in which were a few drops of wine, would hold it in front of him with his elbow pressed to his side and then, by the movement of his wrist only, would throw or shoot the wine at the target, which if hit fair and square would ring. A variation of this was to throw the wine into a scale-like balance, which if struck accurately and with sufficient force would descend and strike an object beneath. This would cause it to rebound and the other end would come in contact, thereby giving forth two sounds in quick succession. The second method was perhaps the most popular: a large bowl was filled with water and on the surface there were set floating a number of small empty bowls. The player would fill his mouth with wine and by squirting it at and into these tiny bowls would strive to sink them. It was not necessary that he should fill the bowls with wine. All he had to do was to send them to the bottom, and if he could strike them on the edge with sufficient force they would tip and thereby fill with water and of course sink.

While on this subject of games, it may not be amiss to say that the pastime known as *astragals*, and which was very popular in ancient Greece, is the same as that at which our children play but which they call jack-

stones. The children of Greece, more specially the girls, were very fond of this game and works of art are replete in picturing the graceful pose they assume while playing it.

The second of these festivals was known as the Lenaea, after the place where it was originally held, the Lenaeon, in the suburb Limnal. The name also implies a feast of wine-presses, but the festival takes place in the winter, and perhaps the place was first named from the fact of having many wine-presses there at some prior time and then, when the festival was held, the name being somewhat appropriate was retained, thereby causing much trouble and difficulty among the later-day students and scholars of Greek. Part of this festival bore the name Ambrosia, probably from the fact that they drank a great deal of the new wine to which they, in their appreciation, assigned this divine name. The state also furnished a great banquet at this festival and naturally the people, "from miles around," made it a point to attend. Another attraction was the fact that new pieces would be performed and the "first night" was as attractive then as now.

The third festival was the Anthesteria. This lasted three full days and was joyous indeed. The first day was a day of preparation and bore the name of "cask-opening." It belonged more to the family than the public, for, as its name implies, the wine that was to be drunk on the succeeding days had to be brought up out of the cellars or from the country, and naturally many a draught was drunk during the process of getting it ready. The slaves and servants too were allowed, on this day, to partake freely, all business ceased, and even the children were given a triple holiday. The

image of Dionysus, which was to precede the procession on the following day, was brought from its temple in the Namaeon to a chapel in the outer Kerameikos, and when this was done all was ready for the principal day, called "The feast of pitchers," which was to begin at sunset, for this was the time at which all festivals commenced. The leading feature of the preliminaries to the feast was the procession, which began to march a few minutes after darkness had fallen. Each participant was expected to be wreathed and to bear a lighted torch. Those who could afford it joined the procession in their carriages. Mothers with children more than three years of age marched in the line. Many of the population appeared in costume, as *horæ*, *bacchantes*, *nymphs*, etc.; these were to act as a sort of body-guard to the triumphant car on which the statue of Dionysus-Eleutheros, which had been taken from its temple the previous day, was conducted to the town. At a certain point the car halted and the *basilinna*, or in other words the wife of the *archon basileus*, was conducted to the seat beside the statue of Dionysus, for on this day she was the bride of the god, and thus, on her wedding-car, she entered the Lenaeon. Fourteen other ladies were also appointed to act as bridesmaids and ladies of honour, each of whom had to take a solemn oath to the queen, which was in accordance with a still more ancient custom. When the party had entered into the innermost part of the temple, accompanied by a few selected guests invited for the occasion, the sacrifice was offered and other secret ceremonies performed, followed by the symbolical marriage of the *basilinna* and Dionysus.

At dawn the populace again assembled and the

actual day of the pitcher feast was in full swing. The state had given each citizen enough money to defray his expenses in the way of food and the can of pure wine that he was expected to use at the contest. The *archon basileus* was superintendent and also judge. It is supposed that both the banquet and drinking contest were held in the theatre in the Lenaeon, where it was the duty of the chief priest of Dionysus to supply cushions, tables, and other conveniences. Naturally the most interest centred around the drinking contest, for any one could enter it who chose, and it was furthermore expected that all able-bodied men either young, middle-aged, or old should compete. The state had provided them with the means. A proclamation by the herald notified the people that the contest was to begin and when all were assembled and quiet the signal, a blast from a trumpet, was given, and all who took part set their pitchers to their mouths and he who first succeeded in emptying his won the prize, which generally consisted of a skin of wine but sometimes cakes or something of the kind were given instead. There were many winners, for each section had its judges, and the cost must have been enormous. Some there were who did not indulge in the public festival, holding themselves aloof and giving private parties at their own homes. All day long the people everywhere made merry, but at the approach of sunset each person took his pitcher and the wreath of flowers he had worn at the feast to the sanctuary of Dionysus-Eleutheros, that was divided off with a rope, and giving the flowers to the priestess he poured the remains of his wine out upon the ground as a libation to the god.

The next day of this festival bore the name "feast

of pots," from a sacrifice offered to Hermes Chthonios and the spirits of the dead. In a sense it was a sort of fast day, as no meat was eaten. The sacrifice consisted of pots containing a number of vegetable substances cooked together, while they also furnished the meals during the day. This third day of the "Anthesteria" was a great contrast to the second. None of the merriment of the previous days was to be seen, yet there was no lack of amusement for the people; sacred choruses were conducted by the poets and there is no doubt but that there were dramatic contests. The ladies of honour also offered sacrifices to the god Dionysus at sixteen altars especially erected for the purpose.

The greater, or city, Dionysia was held in Elaphebolion (March). How long it lasted the authorities do not state. We know that it took five days and there are allusions to its even lasting seven. Æsculapius was the first to be honoured on this occasion. A procession was also given, but the great attraction was the theatres, for it was at this time the authors received prizes. Everywhere throughout the city huge bowls, filled with gifts to the gods, were placed, from which all were invited to partake free of cost. At this festival it was the custom for the more wealthy people to defray the expense and furnish the multitude with means of refreshment, and right royally did they do it too, if the ancient chroniclers can be believed. Not only did they provide for their own townsmen but people from everywhere were welcome, and there can be no doubt but that hosts of visitors from afar made it a point to be in Attica at this time. Strangers and citizens paraded the streets with garlands on their

brows. Altars and hermæ were weathed with chaplets and it is unnecessary to add that all business ceased. The theatres were crowded from dawn to sunset. At first the contests were between the tragedians, then later the comedians took the stage. From time to time round upon round of cheers and applause would be heard and they upon the outside knew that some actor or writer had pleased the serried mass within. Again shrill whistles would sound upon the air carrying with them their displeasure either at some obnoxious passage or the bad performance of some actor, or perhaps meant for some personage among the audience. The aspect of the city had undergone a wonderful change. Here, there, everywhere were those people whom we to-day call fakirs. Booths large and small were erected and every feature that we can witness to-day at a country fair was to be seen. Punch and Judy shows, though at that time called puppet shows, were on every corner; the monkey man, the fire-eater, the sword-swallower and a hundred and one other schemes to gather in the money were in full swing, and the more there were the better pleased the people seemed to be.

Dionysia-time also offered the same opportunity for thieves and pickpockets—called then cut-purser—that affairs of like nature do at the present time, and that these rogues were just as active in plying their trade then as their successors are to-day, there can be no question.

While Dionysus was the great god of wine, the ancients also ascribed to him the knowledge of making other beverages that had a subtile power of cheering man. Eustathius gives two names, *brutos* and *pinos*, to drink made in some manner from barley and honey,

possibly being the forerunner of beer, and perhaps of mead also. Beer made from barley and called either *courmi* or *curmi* was early known in Greece, but the exceeding cheapness of wine in these days drove all other drinks from the field. Dioscorides also mentions a beverage prepared from the fruit of the service-tree which he called *corma* or *corme*. Judging from the manner in which he speaks of it, *corme* must have been very much like our cider of the present day. The name of *corme* was also given to a kind of beer, more particularly that which was made in Egypt, Spain, or England. Sometimes, but very rarely, a kind of syrup named *petmes* was prepared from wine by boiling it, and when wanted for use a little was dissolved in water either hot or cold to suit the individual. It was not much of a drink and seems to have been used principally for sickness.

In modern rural Greece all wine is called *recinato* from the fact that resin is used in its manufacture. Mr. Denton J. Snider in *A Walk in Hellas* gives a very pretty word picture on the subject as follows:

In passing, it may be remarked that there is a fixed price for many articles in Greece—one cent: you pay for a cup of coffee one cent—I could not judge of its quality, for I never drink coffee; you pay one cent for a glass of wine, often excellent, though it be *recinato*; one cent for a *glykisma* or sweetmeat, one cent for a *raki*, one cent for a *masticha*. These last two are distilled liquors of which the traveller will frequently be called upon to partake, as they belong to good cheer and hospitality. Of course they are like alcohol the world over when taken to excess: soul-corrupting, body-destroying. Cheap antediluvian prices still prevail in the rural districts. I recollect that a merchant of

Arochova sold me a cent's worth of thread, required on account of the secession of sundry refractory buttons; the generous shop-keeper then threw into the bargain a *glykisma* or fine *telbit*, and when I offered him an additional cent he claimed that his profits were sufficient without it. I must now make you more fully acquainted with a merry companion, who will accompany us throughout our Greek tour and furnish us many a happy moment; his name is *recinato*. Everywhere along the road he is to be met with; you will find him in the humblest hut of the peasant, where he takes his place at the hearth in the evening with the guests, lighting up the dark abode with unaccountable flashes. I confess that I was at first shocked by his peculiarities, but when I became used to them, I rather liked him the better for them. He is emphatically Greek, inspires the Greek mood, has within him the Greek exhilaration; Greek subtlety he possesses too, a sly way of creeping upon you with his flattering caresses ere you be fully aware of his presence. Hardly is he to be met with outside of Greece, but here he reigns without a rival in his particular sphere; indeed Greece would not be Greece without him. Strangers often complain of his bad taste; but why dispute about tastes? Faithful to the last degree, in an eternal flow of high spirits, always bubbling over with merriment—such is our jolly rustic Greek companion, *recinato*, that is, resinate or resined wine, whom we shall never fail to celebrate with many feelings of gratitude. Do not forget his name—he will be often alluded to. Dropping now his personality, I may state that this wine is prepared by adding a crude resinous substance to the juice of the grape at a certain stage of fermentation. Along the road the gum can be seen issuing from the pine-trees which have been chipped for this purpose. The taste of the wine becomes like the taste of pitch, or, as some say, of sealing-wax. At the first effort to drink this wine nature revolts, sometimes revolutionises; only after much preliminary training

and chastising does the rebellious palate suffer this fluid to pass its portal. As it is my rule to eat and drink, or learn to eat and drink, what the people of the countries I visited ate and drank, I began with *recinato* shortly after my arrival at Athens. In two or three weeks I no longer noticed the pitchy taste in the wine, except by special effort. Other kinds of wine are obtainable in the city, but in the country nothing else but *recinato* is to be found; hence the necessity of a previous training to this drink, if one wishes to travel in the provinces, for he cannot do it on water. The reasons given for treating wine in this way were two mainly: to preserve it from spoiling in the hot climate of Greece, and to make it more healthy. The ancients also had this method of treating wine, as appears from Pliny. Such is our friend *recinato*, merrily hailing us at every village, and sometimes along the road; such too is his abode, the wine-shop, called in the dialect of the people *magazi*—the most important house, after the church, in a Greek village.

The question of wine-using within the tropics cannot be considered from a temperance point of view. Mr. Snider does not hesitate to say that it is impossible for one to travel through Greece and subsist upon water, and he only expresses the experience and opinions of hundreds who have gone this way before. Even the excessive use of wine in these countries does not begin to be as dangerous as the use of water, which is, in almost every case, followed by fatal consequences, and more especially is this true during the summer season. Water, as is well known, is a very poor keeper; it cannot be stored away for any considerable length of time, for future use, for it becomes putrid and unfit. Again, water in the tropics is more often than otherwise derived from the surface, and the most inexperienced know that the use of such water is fraught with dangers

more numerous than it is our purpose to mention. Water is peculiarly absorbent and readily partakes of its environments, but it does not either consume or destroy. It only holds in suspension all matters that it comes in contact with and its field for injury in a warm or hot climate is unlimited. This is also true of the temperate zones, but the consequences are not often so severe. Therefore in order to maintain life in the tropics some other fluid than water must be depended upon, and nature in her kindness, at a very remote period, taught mankind how to preserve the juice of the grape from season to season in order that he might not die of thirst, and she did it for two reasons: First, of the fruits that grow none is more common or more prolific than the grape. Second, the preservation of the juice is within her hands and her children do not need any special training in order to do it. In fact it might be better to say the more simple and crude the method the greater is the assurance of success, for it is generally when we strive to maintain a certain standard that wine goes wrong. Further on in his book, Mr. Snider gives an eloquent defence for the use of wine. He says:

Still we continued to quaff in gentle measures the golden liquid, more wonderful than the touch of Midas, which could only turn material things into shining metal. At last the sun himself came out, golden too, and shone upon the table before us, promising a glorious morrow. And now about all this drinking—what does it mean in you? Thus I have been repeatedly asked, particularly by young ladies. Did you really drink all that you said you did? You who have more the appearance of an apostle of total abstinence than of a jovial Greek—did you drink all that wine? So

they ask me, getting a little solicitous about my personal habits while away from home and its good influences. But on the whole I have to answer: Yes, so it is and not otherwise. You see that Greece is not Greece without its wine, and I for one went to see Greece and even to be a Greek as far as I could while in that land. Nor would there be any complete Italy without its wine; it so partakes of the life and poetry of these classic lands, that it cannot be left away. If any one wishes to enter into the manners and realise the mode of living in Greece, he cannot omit the wine. The poorest peasant has two green spots which he carefully cultivates with his hands and cherishes in his heart. They are his vineyard and grain field. I have often seen him going to his work to remain the whole day; his dinner is a loaf or bread and a canteen of *recinato*. These two things, bread and wine, are the two elements of his existence, and the two objects for which the labour of his days is given. Thus they constitute quite the entire circle of his simple life; they maintain him, he maintains them. But to us they have come to stand in a new and peculiar relation. The two simple staples have been transmitted from the Orient to the Occident in the highest and most venerated of all its religious symbols, in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper. The Saviour took the two chief elements of the material existence before him, when he wished to typify the higher or spiritual existence. They were the symbols most manifest to the poor and unlettered peasant, as they were taken from his most intimate daily experience; they were also the two segments which made up for him the completed circle of life, thus representing the completeness of the higher sphere. But for us the strange fact appears that one of these elements is often considered to ally us not with the spiritual, but the bestial, and that many persons can, without any apparent inner dissonance, take it one moment as the symbol of God and the next moment repro-

bate it as the product of the devil. Such a discord would utterly destroy our Greek mood; we shall try to banish it now and forever. Also the mighty difference between the two articles should be observed by the thoughtful seeker of nourishment. Bread alone supplies the body, but even the peasant scorns such gross living and adds the wine. Bread furnishes bone and muscle, wine enters the blood and excites the soul, the inner genius and energy of the man.

The Greeks, and especially those residing in the rural districts, ascribe many virtues to wine. They claim it not only makes them strong but keeps them healthy and prolongs their lives to a ripe old age; and there must be some truth in these contentions, for the people are remarkable for their robustness and longevity. In their language a large vineyard is called *krasevrysi*, meaning, a fountain of wine. The quantity of fruit grown therein is not considered or is lost sight of in the fact that plenty of wine will be the result. A great many years ago, so says the story, the people did not know that if the grape-vine was cut back or pruned it would bear more and better fruit, and in consequence they allowed their vines to reach an immense size until eventually they bore nothing but leaves. Of course they were beautiful to behold and they made a most welcome shade, but these features were not what was required, and accordingly the people were greatly troubled.

They speculated and studied over the matter to no end, however. The vines kept growing bigger and bigger and the fruit smaller and scarcer. Now, among these poor unfortunate people was one who owned a very fine gentle ass, an animal of great utility and much endurance and one who cared not what he ate so long as he had something.

In this respect this particular ass did not differ from his brothers and he often suffered as they had suffered, from neglect. One night, or day, the story does not explicitly say, this ass became very hungry, and in order to appease his appetite he began in a systematic way to consume the leaves and tender branches of his master's grape-vines. He was hungry, so he went over the greater part of the vineyard, and had almost succeeded in taking off all the younger parts of every vine when he was discovered. What happened to the ass needs not be said, but he was used to blows and with a full stomach they did not hurt quite so much. Of course his master bewailed his loss and of a certainty he saw less wine in his cellars and rows upon rows of empty *amphoræ* would be the result of his ass's depredation. Time passed on and, much to his astonishment and also to the wonderment of his neighbours, the vines from which the ass had eaten the leaves and tender sprouts bore great clusters of beautiful grapes and, what was still more pleasing, bore much more than the owner could use. On the other hand the vines that the ass had not succeeded in eating parts of did not bear enough to pay for the ground they grew in and the owner pondered and reasoned. If the vines that the ass had eaten of bore good fruit while those of which he had not eaten bore little or none surely he would cut them down as much as the ass had done and see if now he did not understand how to make the vine bear plentifully. So he called his neighbours and after much talking and repeated visits to his *amphoræ*, which were full to repletion with excellent wine while theirs were almost empty, they decided to follow the lesson taught them by the ass; and that spring there was such a cutting away of the vines that every ass in the country had more of them than he could eat, and when it came time to gather the grapes they were so plentiful that they had to make and buy hundreds of new *amphoræ* to hold the wine; and this is the story that tells why in

ancient carvings an ass's head is often seen; for, while Dionysus showed them how to make wine it was an ass that taught them how to prune the vine.

After fighting for seventeen years, the Romans at last succeeded in conquering and gaining possession of Sardinia, but they found that while the island was fertile it was a most unhealthy place for man to live. The ancient writers were all in accord in condemning its climate. Cicero in a letter to Fabius Gallus, expressing his hatred of Tigellius, calls him "a man more pestilential than his country." Strabo says: "The excellence of the soil is counterbalanced by the misfortune that the island is unhealthy in summer, and most especially in those parts which are the most fertile." Silicus Italicus wrote a great deal in praise of the island, its wonderful crops and fine fishing; but he admitted that it was "wretched in climate and polluted by its marshes," and Martial uses the word Sardinia as a synonym for death. Claudian writes: "The sailor execrates the unhealthy mountains: thence the destruction of them and the cattle, thence the pestiferous atmosphere rages, and the south winds prevail, from the north winds being excluded."

These are only a few of the scores that could be furnished and they are sufficient to impart an idea in what estimation the island was held by its conquerors. To-day the same ideas prevail, and the truth is that, while there are some parts of the island that are healthy, it is, upon the whole, a most unsalubrious place. The scourge of the island is a disease which the people call *intemperie* and, while it resembles malaria with all its different relations, such as chills and fever and intermittent and bilious fevers, it does not seem to

be any of these but all of them, as one writer said, rolled into one and then greatly multiplied. Strange as it may seem, Sardinia has for hundreds of years been noted for its excellent wines, but the island is exceptionally fertile even now, and it should not be a matter of wonder to think that the grape should be excluded when other fruit and vegetables are grown in abundance. Early in the history of the island grapes were dried into a sort of raisin, and so excellent were they thought to be that none but the most influential could obtain them. By some they were called *zibibo*, others *uve passe*, and it is said that those produced in the province of Alghero were the best on the island, while those prepared at Oristano were much inferior. This, however, arises from the fact that the Algherese are more carefully attended and more trouble is taken in their preparation, for the fruit from Oristano is in no particular inferior to that produced in Alghero. The peculiar species of grape used for this purpose is called *galoppo* in the Oristano district, and *palop* at Alghero, where every proprietor allots a certain portion of his vineyard for their cultivation, and regards them as the choicest fruits of his estates.

As soon as the grapes are nearly ripe, all the leaves are cut off, in order to produce rapid maturity. When gathered they are exposed during the hottest hours, for several days, in baskets made of the fennel plant, from which they contract a peculiar flavour. The next process is that of immersion in the *liscina*, or lye, the preparation of which is known only to one privileged class of peasants in Alghero, who regard it as an hereditary and a family secret, and are especially employed for that purpose by the proprietors of the

vineyards. It is generally known, however, that a considerable quantity of ashes, as well as laurel leaves and other aromatic plants, are boiled in the liquid, which should be of a dark reddish colour. After standing two days it is again heated, and when boiling, the grapes are immersed for the space of ten or twelve seconds, care being taken not to let them come in contact with the sediment of ashes. They are then replaced in the fennel baskets, and dried in the sun for about ten days. As an article of food they are seldom to be purchased, being generally exchanged for other private produce, or sent as presents to the continent, or various parts of the island. A ship is annually despatched by the Algherese to their friends at Cagliari, laden with thousands of baskets of them containing from twenty to twenty-five pounds. All other merchandise being excluded, the vessel is termed "la barca delle uve passe."

In Alghero about twenty different kinds of grapes are grown or perhaps it could be said with more accuracy that twenty different kinds of grapes grow in this province, for scarcely any attention is given them. They are left to grow at will, except that occasionally they will receive a most indifferent pruning. Yet from these grapes most excellent wines are made. The kind known as *malvagia* commands the best price and is a superior article. The *torbato* is also a fine wine, while the *giro* is a very close rival of *malvagia*. The natives when drinking wine will invariably eat *margallion* the root of the young dwarf palm, as they think it greatly improves the flavour of the wine. To the visitor and traveller *margallion* is just the reverse of pleasant, tasting very much like green bananas. The wines of the

Ogliastra district are said by the Sardinian to be the best the island produces. About fifteen thousand acres are devoted to vineyards with an annual output, in average seasons, of nearly two millions of gallons, so it can be readily seen that wine-making on this island is of considerable importance. The leading brands produced here are, in red wines, *cannonas*, *giro*, *occhio de bue*, *merdolino*, and *nieddamanna*. In white, *vernacci*, *moscatellone*, *malvasia*, *arista*, *nuragus*, and *farnaccina* are considered as being among the finest. A great quantity of the wine grown here is turned into *sappa*, which is wine sweetened by boiling, and while some of it is drunk, the majority is used as a corrective to wines that have too much acidity.

Distillation is common in Sardinia and the manufacture of brandy is followed in almost every province. Oftentimes they make a most excellent article, but as a general rule the product is inferior, though despite this fact a very remunerative price is received from the continent of Europe. Sardinian wines have ever been a subject of adulteration, and it is seldom indeed that they can be procured in their purity outside their own place of making. Retail dealers, even on the island, do not hesitate to manipulate them in some manner, in order to increase their present profit. It is an easy matter, however, for the traveller or visitor to obtain them pure by simply going to the vineyards, where at any time it is generally possible to purchase the quantity desired, and he will be well repaid for his extra trouble, especially should he be a judge of good wine.

The people of Sardinia make use of wine in what, to the rest of the world, would seem a rather peculiar

performance. When a baby is born a sufficient quantity of wine is heated to the proper degree and its babyship receives its first washing in warm wine. Older people elsewhere will now and then take a wine bath and think they have done something unusual; but the Sardonese look upon it as a necessity, and perhaps it is, for kindly nature generally leads the way in such matters as these. Aside from its wines Sardinia has another plant that has extended the island's reputation over the world from the fact that it gave rise to a new word or phrase, namely the "sardonic grin," or "laugh" as some prefer to term it, which is caused by the eating of a certain plant that grows on the island. As early as the times of Homer this effect was noticed, and that great writer mentions the "sardonic grin" in his *Odyssey*. The botanical name of this plant is *ranunculus sceleratus*, while the vulgar name is celery-leaved crowfoot. The results of eating it are nausea, vomiting, and vertigo followed by a contraction, not only of the nerves of the face, but of the whole body. Dioscorides says that

when eaten, it makes the victim lose his senses, and produces a certain spasm, so that it appears really as if they who eat are continually laughing; that from thence is the proverb of Sardinian laugh. Honey and water and large quantities of milk are to be given to the patient to drink. Hot baths of oil and water, friction and anointing, and then other remedies, as in cases of spasms.

Another authority, Andres de Laguna, gives a remedy which in part reads as follows: "Drunkenness in this case is an excellent remedy: and therefore it is necessary to make the patients drunk, giving them a great quan-

tity of sweet wine, so that they may sleep for a long time." Pausanias has this to say:

The island is likewise free from all kinds of poisonous and deadly herbs, excepting one that resembles parsley, and which, they say, causes those who eat it to die laughing. From this circumstance Homer first, and others after him, call laughter which conceals some noxious design Sardonian. This herb is mostly produced about fountains, yet it does not communicate its poisonous quality to the water.

Almost every ancient writer of any note makes mention of this plant and its strange yet fatal effect. Modern writers too make mention of it, and the people are always careful to warn strangers of its baleful nature. In many ways the people are primitive and they still practise many ancient ceremonies and usages. The old Greek method of furnishing food and wine at their festivals for the use of strangers is still in vogue in Sardinia but with these people it is bread, honey, and wine which are placed in large quantities upon a public table and all who may desire to partake of them are welcome to do so, and in fact if they are not freely used the people think that the affair has been more or less a failure.

CHAPTER XX

DALMATIA, ROUMANIA, AND ARMENIA

ON the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea there is a strip of land called Dalmatia. It is one of the crown-lands of the Austrian Empire, but it cannot be said that the Dalmatian has much love for his rulers. Dalmatia though small in population and area has played quite an important rôle in history. Beginning as we might say in 180 B.C., when her people declared their independence of Gentius the king of Illyria, Dalmatia has been a constant scene of turbulence and trouble. The inhabitants are a liberty-loving people, but unfortunately there are not enough of them to make resistance against any large power effectual.

The Dalmatian climate while slightly warm is very healthy. It is a fine country for grapes and many other fruits and from these the greater portion of the people derive their livelihood. The one product that has made Dalmatia famous the world over is *maraschino*, that delicious beverage which is to be found on the tables of royalty as well as upon those of a more humble station. *Maraschino*, properly speaking, is a liqueur and there are many who claim it is the liqueur *par excellence*. The manufacture is more or less a secret, but it is known to be made from black cherries, grown

in and about Almissa and Macarska, which are brought to Zara, where they are converted into the liqueur. The peculiar and pleasant flavour, it is said, is derived from the stone or kernel of the cherries, in the shape of an essential oil, which is distilled at the same time with the juice, but whatever the method employed it must be admitted the result is a decided success. In another part of the country there grows a grape from which *maraschina* wine is made. This too is an excellent article, more resembling a liqueur than a wine, and in fact many mistakes have been made between the two, for it is only the final letters in the names that distinguish them and even in writing an "a" can often be mistaken for an "o" or *vice versa*.

A drink of which these people are fond is one which is called *meud*. It is made from honey and the comb infused in water and when properly prepared is quite pleasant to the taste, though decidedly intoxicating. Its manufacture is simple and easy, and as honey is plentiful in all parts of the land *meud* is a most common beverage. *Loto* is another favourite drink of a cordial-like nature, sweet and somewhat thick, with a delicious aromatic bouquet. Considerable *loto* is exported also, but much less than *maraschino*. From the damson plum the Dalmatian makes a delicious liqueur called *susina*, which also has a considerable reputation abroad, especially in Turkey and several parts of Asia Minor.

Although it is the general practice to ascribe to Italy the honour of first making *rossoli*, there are several authorities who contend it was first made in Dalmatia and from thence taken to Italy; but, be this as it may, Dalmatia has always had an excellent reputation for its *rossoli* and exports throughout the Orient immense

quantities. The principal kind is *portagallo*, made from cloves. England has always been a good market for Dalmatian liquid products, as there seems to be something about them that is very acceptable to the English palate. While Dalmatia is, according to our ideas of area, rather small she has considerably more than a hundred thousand acres of land devoted to vineyards, so her annual output is large. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F. R. S., in *Dalmatia and Montenegro* says:

Dalmatia produces many wines, which are strong and full-bodied; but most of them have the fault of being sweet, owing to the grapes remaining too long upon the vines, before they are gathered for pressing. It is from this that they have received the name *prosecco*. Neglect, too, in choosing the fruit is another fault of the Dalmatians, in their process of making wine; and there is no doubt that, if the grapes were properly selected, and pressed when less ripe, the wine would be much better and take its proper station among those of Europe. The *vugava*, a white wine of the isle of Brazza, is sweet, and bears some resemblance to *fontignac*; but the white *mulvasia*, which is also much esteemed, is dry, with an aromatic flavour, and not sweet. The *vin di rosa*, or rose wine of Almissa has a very delicious flavour, and is called *prosecco*, and *muscato*. There are also the *vino de spiaggia* from Lesina, of a sweet flavour and considered one of the best common wines of the country; the *marzemino* from Teodo, and *vino tartaro* from Sebenico which is thought to resemble madeira.

The Dalmatians are fond of wine and use it almost constantly. When drinking, if there is not more than one drinking-cup—and this is quite often the case—as it passes from hand to hand, the salutation “To your health” is always given; and when each guest is pro-

vided with a cup or glass he must touch that of his neighbours, and give the salute every time he drinks. This may be entertaining and amusing at first while it is a novelty, but when the party is prolonged becomes rather tedious and monotonous. In all their feasts and festivals wine plays an important part. At marriages one of the principal figures is a boy carrying a skin of wine in the procession. At deaths and births it is always served and much of their distinctive character would be lost if wine was to be taken out of these various ceremonies. In the early history of this country the Slavs from the north occupied it and the adjacent islands, and until about 640 A.D. they retained their idolatrous religion. Saxo Grammaticus gives the following description of one of the festivals:

In the midst of the town was a level place, on which stood the temple, beautifully constructed of wood. The exterior wall was of exquisite workmanship, and painted with figures of different things, executed in a rude and imperfect manner. It had only one entrance. The exterior consisted of a wall covered with a roof painted red; but the interior, supported by four posts, had, instead of walls, hangings of tapestry, the whole being comprehended under a common roof. The idol that stood in that edifice, much larger than the natural size of a man, had four heads and two bodies, of which one was turned to the right, and the other to the left. Its beards were carefully combed and the hair of its heads closely shorn. It held in its right hand a horn made of different metals, which was filled once a year with wine by the priest, who performed its worship. Its left arm was bent on its side, in the form of a bow . . . and not far from the idol were disposed the saddle, bridle, and other things belonging to the god; among which the most conspicuous was his sword, of a very large size, with

a silver hilt, and a scabbard of excellent workmanship. His festival took place once a year, after the harvest. On this occasion all the people assembled before the temple, and the priest, having brought out the horn from the hand of the idol, augured from its contents the prospects of the new year. If the quantity of the wine had decreased, a scarcity was prognosticated; but no diminution indicated abundance. It was then filled again for the ensuing year; and the rest of the day was spent in feasting; excess in eating and drinking being considered tokens of piety. Every man and woman paid annually a piece of money for the support of the temple and its idol. The third part of the spoils taken from the enemy was set apart for the god; and three hundred horsemen who were devoted to his service gave the whole of their booty to his priest. A white horse was consecrated to him which none but the priest could feed, or ride; and it was believed that the deity sometimes fought on this horse against their enemies.

One great drawback with the Dalmatians at the present day, in reference to their wines and liqueurs, is the want of proper cellars in which to store and care for their product. If this could be remedied, and the people also taught that cleanliness is an essential factor, there is no doubt but the wines would have as great a reputation as their delicious *maraschino*.

On the border-land, as it were, between the Christian and the Mohammedan there lies a little country called Roumania. During the times of the Romans, this land was known as the province of Dacia and owing to its position was always a bone of contention. It borders on the Black Sea and is almost equally distant from Constantinople and Russian territory. To-day, however, it is an independent government, making a

steady progress which if maintained will soon place it among the most prosperous of nations.

It may be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that there are only three or four countries in all of Europe that exceed this little state in the production of wine, and furthermore there are none where the government has given the industry more paternal and solicitous care. That dreadful pest *phylloxera* is as much at home here as it is wherever the grape grows, and its ravages are as severe. In fighting it the government has always been very energetic. The people at first did not understand or could not comprehend the necessity of the extirpation of the infested vines and brute force was often the resort of the authorities, in the destruction of thousands upon thousands of vines. On the other hand, in the restoration the government was no less active. Millions of American shoots were imported and given to the growers free of all charges, while schools of viniculture were established all over the country, especially where the industry was of most importance. These schools are maintained by the government and all instruction is free. Lately, in Bucharest, the "Vinicultural Society" has taken up the subject of cellar building and making, for it is in this feature only that the wines have been lacking. Having no suitable facilities for storage their vineyard product could not be properly aged and therefore had to be sold at an extremely low price.

The chief wine-growing districts are Putna, Rimnic-Sarar, Tecuciu, Doly, and Bacau, and the best vintages are *cotnar*, *nicoresci*, *odoleesci*, *dragasini*, *golul-drancei*, and *orevitza*. The white wines of this country always prove a revelation to the traveller and the visiting

expert. They are so clear and limpid they are often mistaken for water, and the grower frequently places a glass of water and one of wine side by side in order to test the eyesight of his guest or customer, and while the choice may be correctly named it is only a lucky guess, for they are so much alike in appearance there is no distinguishing one from the other. In taste, however, there is a most decided difference, and when the art of cellarage is better understood and practised the Roumanian white wines will command a very large clientele among judges of fine wines. Another wine of great promise is the golden *cotnar*, for when it has been kept a number of years it is among the leading wines of Europe. In some respects it resembles the finest *tokay*, in others it surpasses it, being more generous and drier; *nebuna*, a ruby red wine, is another excellent article having quite a market in Russia and Turkey.

One of the greatest drawbacks the government has to contend with is the superstition of the people most interested in having good wine in great abundance, or in other words the practices of the vineyardists are such that they are a menace to better conditions. From time immemorial a certain day has been fixed upon for the commencement of operations, and no matter what the state of the fruit it has to be gathered and pressed at this time, so the ripe, half-ripe, and fully green grapes are harvested and pressed together. The teaching of new ideas is comparatively easy, but when it comes to tearing away old and time-honoured customs the task becomes arduous and often leads to trouble, and opposition is developed, that is hard to overcome. Tradition with a people like the Rouma-

nians is much respected and an infraction is something that only the most brave and daring will undertake, for total ostracism is often the penalty. From the damson plum, a brandy called *tsuika*, is extracted, and, while by visitors it is not considered particularly fine as a beverage, these people, on the contrary, esteem it highly and it is to be found in every home and hamlet in the land. When new, and this is of necessity the prevailing fault, it is fiery and raw. In the course of time these qualities disappear, but old *tsuika* is rarely met with outside the cities, unless where some wealthy citizen may have stored it away for future use. In the interior it is always new and a most liberal dilution of water is necessary to render it drinkable to the visitor. The government, however, is in a slow, quiet manner, so as not to create any unnecessary trouble or opposition on the part of the people, remedying all these defects. It has invited outside capital and has given assurance of protection to all newly established industries, with the result that there are now many foreign concerns doing a profitable business in the distillation of grapes into brandy and also making of spirits from grain.

Several large breweries, owned and conducted mainly by Germans, are making beer, for which they find an ever increasing market, thereby gradually doing away with the tremendous consumption of *tsuika*. The Roumania spirits are fast superseding those made elsewhere and sold throughout the Levant, Turkey, and Russia, and the future prospect of this little far-away country has a very pleasant aspect indeed.

At one time, in early history, that part of the world which its people called Hayasdani or Haikh, and which

we know as Armenia, was an extensive country; but with the encroachment of Turkey, Russia, and Persia, Armenia has no longer a separate existence and from a brave and warlike people they have become distinguished for their peaceful character and their submissiveness to the governments of every country in which they live. Originally Armenia was a fertile country, and were it not for the peculiar state of affairs could be, to-day, a most prosperous land. Endowed with a fine climate, a naturally rich soil, and people celebrated the world over for their industrious habits, it does seem wrong that such a country and people should be harassed on every side and at every turn. Fruits of all kinds grow to perfection in this land and the grape reaches a stage of lusciousness seldom surpassed.

The Armenian is not hampered by religious dogma in the use of wine and ardent spirits, as is the case with two of his conquerors, and consequently he is at liberty to cultivate the grape and make as much wine as he deems fit. This freedom has had a most benign influence and there is very little about the art of vinification that he does not understand. From childhood, it can almost be said, he is reared in the vineyard, and the care of the grape and the making of wine become second nature to him. Throughout the Orient and in other parts of the world too his services are in great demand. In almost every case, in Turkey, either in Europe or Asia, the principal vineyards are under the control of an Armenian if not as owner then as chief supervisor. Naturally one would think that with all of these advantages there would be plenty of good wine to be had almost everywhere in Armenia, but this is

not the case by any means, for conditions are somewhat different there than with us. Here if a man has wealth he is at liberty to display it in any manner he may deem best, but in this country the Armenian more especially finds it better policy to hide his wealth and make a display of poverty. The powers that be, in this land of oppression, have many peculiar ideas, from our view-point, and they have made the subject of taxation an art, while on the other hand it must be admitted that the people are no less artful in dodging and evading the impost. So, between the two, there is a constant and continual strife with the chances of victory in favour of the powers. It is this feature that deters and retards all efforts towards progress and it is most plainly shown in the matter of wine, for as above stated good wine is seldom to be met with in public. In private, when the confidence of the host has been gained and he feels that his guest can be trusted, he will bring forth, from where it has been hidden in some secret recess, wine that is fit to grace the table of royalty; but of course he cannot have much of it, for wine is bulky and it is a difficult matter to conceal a large package.

Brandy, which of course is called arrack, is also made and sold by these people, and herein is a wonderful effect of climate. With plenty of *kene*-wine, arrack and other spirits it would be natural to suppose these people would have, as with us, many different punches, but such is the action of the atmosphere—at least, this is what they claim—that the combination will immediately make the drinker sick. When they want to play a joke upon a person they will often mix arrack and *kene* in his glass, and the result is invariably the

same—he becomes sick at the stomach, the combination acting as an emetic.

The Armenian is very fond of strong alcoholic beverages, and of every fruit that grows he manages to distil some fiery drink, except in the case of apples of which, though he has plenty, he does not even make cider. *Toot*, made of ripe mulberries, placed in jars or barrels and covered with water and stirred every day until they ferment, after which the whole mass is boiled and then distilled, is a drink one tablespoonful of which undiluted would strangle the average American or European instantly. When first made it will often exceed one hundred and sixty degrees proof, and as pure alcohol is only two hundred degrees and our commercial whiskies but from eighty-five to ninety degrees proof it can readily be imagined what the effect, nearly double this strength, would be.

Harpoos, made from the watermelon and treated very similarly to *toot*, is another beverage that it behooves the stranger in the land to look upon with suspicious eyes. We of America often say of certain kinds of whiskies that they “will kill at forty rods,” but with *toot* and *harpoos*, while the distance has not been accurately determined it cannot be much short of a mile. In some respects these beverages have a beneficial action upon the novitiate. It makes him take to water, gallons of it, and for a week he keeps trying to put out the fire that is burning within. They also produce a penitential mood; tears flow rapidly down his cheeks, and while for a moment he may be so overwhelmed that his voice fails, even the most indifferent cannot but see that he is honestly and truly sorry; and yet there are many who have travelled through this

land and have not tried *toot* and *harpoos*—of a surety they have missed much.

Duz arrack is a ladies' or children's drink, made of brandy about a hundred proof and flavoured with cinnamon during the distillation; it is considered weak and mildly intoxicating, and in truth it does not seem to affect the Armenians at all when used in reasonable quantities. But here again things are different. What we would consider reasonable they look upon as being almost nothing at all, in fact only an aggravation; yet withal, while these people are in nowise abstemious, neither are they drunkards; whether it is due to their climate or their early training is not known, but the truth is they can and do consume large quantities of liquor of a most ardent character without becoming intoxicated.

Fishena is another beverage of which they are quite fond. Dried cherries are soaked in sweetened water and then distilled. The drink is somewhat flat and insipid, but it has a power of its own and one, too, that calls for respect and caution on the part of the visitor. *Nar*, made from dried pomegranates, is what could be termed a double drink, that is, sometimes distilled and then again it is not. In its simple form it makes a very pleasant light drink, and when cooled by ice proves refreshing and satisfying.

They also make a kind of beer, called *beava*, which means beer, but this is not much thought of, though when properly made it is a nourishing drink. *Aloocha* arrack, made from ripe plums fermented, then distilled, is, when a year or two old, a most excellent beverage, but when new, though not quite as fiery as *toot*, owing to its sweetness, is very inebriating and

an over-indulgence in *aloocha* is something that the imbiber will not forget for many days. He becomes sick and his head feels as though it was splitting for three or four days; often he is unsteady on his feet and his hands tremble as with palsy; but when *aloocha* arrack has had time to ripen and lose its rawness a better brandy is hard to find except perhaps that it may be a little too sweet to suit some palates.

Koormak is made from dates and is a very cheap and common drink. It can be made either mild or strong, but the latter is the most acceptable. Its patrons are among the poorer classes and it is seldom to be had except in their quarter. *Tooz*, made from figs, is of like character and can scarcely be distinguished from *koormak*, especially by the novice, but neither one of them have any attractive qualities beyond their power to intoxicate, as they are sweet, flat, and decidedly lifeless in taste and flavour.

The Armenian is especially fond of mastic, not only in its natural state but in his drinks, but unlike his neighbours he does not make his *mastica* arrack from brandy or wine. His method is to steep a large quantity of raisins, and when they have fermented, he dissolves a proper amount of the gum, which is then thoroughly incorporated in the liquid by violent stirring, after which the whole is distilled, the resultant liquor being of fair quality, but not to be compared with that made on the island of Scio. A great quantity of *bekmax* is made during the vintage season every year by the Armenians. The freshly expressed juice of the grape is boiled thoroughly until it becomes of the consistency of a heavy syrup; it is then put in jars and laid aside until warm weather, when they begin to use it.

Three teaspoonfuls to a glass of iced water is the usual proportion and it does make a most acceptable potion when the day is warm and the traveller tired and wearied from his journey. From the root of a plant called *salep* another beverage is made—also called *salep*. This drink is one that could be truthfully termed a commercial beverage, for, while they who make it use a little, almost the whole product goes to their neighbours the Turks, who are willing to pay a remunerative price for it. The root is dried and then reduced to a fine powder by being worked in a crude mortar, after which, as occasion demands, it is put into boiling water to which sugar has been added and is then allowed to cool, when it is ready for use. The Turks claim for *salep* several virtues, it being not only a pleasant drink but also a corrective tonic, warding off such troubles as dysentery and allied afflictions to which at certain seasons of the year, owing to the climate, the Turks are peculiarly susceptible.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ANCIENT ROMANS

IN the category of nations either ancient or modern there are none of more interest than the ancient Romans. From obscurity to domination, then to oblivion, is their history, but what a story the three epochs make! The whole world stares and gasps at its magnitude. From abject poverty to the most regal reckless splendour the world has ever seen, or will ever witness again—regal in its magnificence and reckless in its extravagance, cost only being considered in proportion to its volume. Spendthrifts were in every family and ostentatious display was the order of the day. To surpass in prodigality was the object of every one, from the highest to the lowest, and if only a small portion of what has been written about these people is true, that little is enough to give us pause.

It was the Greeks who taught the Romans the use of wine, and it was from Greece that the first vines planted in Italy were procured, but though the Greeks were the teachers, it was not long before the pupils excelled their masters in every branch. The Romans soon began to realise there was a great difference in wine, and also that age was of vital importance if they really desired to have the best that the vine could produce. They found that it was time alone that could

impart to wine that delicious softened flavour, removing the harshness of newness and making it more delicious and palatable. They discovered, too, that age imparted to it a fuller and richer bouquet or aroma, thereby appealing to the sense of smell, which greatly added to its attraction. They soon became experts in these matters and the early poets and writers vied with one another in their praises of the different vintages, some extolling one kind while others, more generous, lauded several, for they had many to choose from.

Pliny the elder, who lived in the first century A.D., has this to say regarding wines in his day:

Who can entertain a doubt that some kinds of wine are more agreeable to the palate than others, or that even out of the same vat [*lacus*] there are occasionally produced wines that are by no means of equal goodness, the one being much superior to the other, whether it is that it is owing to the cask [the *testa* or *amphora*, made of earth], or to some other fortuitous circumstance? Let each person, therefore, constitute himself his own judge as to which kind it is that occupies pre-eminence. Livia Augusta, who lived to her eighty-second year, attributed her longevity to the wine of Pucinum, as she never drank any other. This wine is grown near a bay of the Adriatic, not far from Mount Timavus, upon a piece of rocky elevated ground, where the sea-breeze ripens a few grapes, the product of which supplies a few *amphoræ*. There is not a wine that is deemed superior to this for medicinal purposes. I am strongly of opinion that this is the same wine, the produce of the Adriatic Gulf, upon which the Greeks have bestowed such wonderful ecomiums, under the name of *prætetianum*.

The late Emperor Augustus preferred the *setinum* to all others, and nearly all the emperors that have succeeded him have followed his example, having learnt from actual

experience that there is no danger of indigestion and flatulence resulting from the use of this liquor. This wine is grown in the country (the hills of Setia, looking down on the Pomptine marshes) that lies just above Forum Appii. In former times the *cæcubum* enjoyed the reputation of being the most generous of all the wines; it was grown in some marshy swamps, planted with poplars, in the vicinity of the Gulf of Amyclæ. This vineyard has, however, now disappeared, the result of the carelessness of the cultivator, combined with its own limited extent, and the works on the canal which Nero commenced, in order to provide a navigation from Lake Avernus to Ostia.

The second rank belonged to the wine of the Falernian territory, of which the *faustianum* was the most choice variety—the result of the care and skill employed upon its cultivation. This, however, has also degenerated very considerably, in consequence of the growers being more solicitous about quantity than quality. The Falernian vineyards begin at the bridge of Campania, on the left hand as you journey towards the Urbana Colonia of Sylla, which was lately a township of the city Capua. (Of all the wines that were praised by the poets this, the Falernian, received the most and consequently was the most celebrated.) As to the Faustian vineyards, they extend about four miles from a village near Caediciæ, the same village being about six miles from Sinuessa.

There is now no wine that ranks higher than the *falernian*; it is the only one, too, among all the wines that takes fire on the application of flame. There are three varieties of it—the rough, the sweet, and the thin. Some persons make the following distinctions: the *caucimum*, they say, grows on the summit of this range of hills, the *faustianum* on the middle slopes, and the *falernum* at the foot. The fact, too, should not be omitted, that none of the grapes that produce these more famous wines have by any means an agreeable flavour. To the third rank belonged the

various wines of Alba, in the vicinity of the City, remarkable for their sweetness, and sometimes, though rarely, rough as well; the Surrentine wines (from Surrentum, the promontory forming the southern horn of the Bay of Naples), [Ovid and Martial speak in praise of these wines; they were destitute of richness and very dry; in consequence they required twenty-five years to ripen]; also the growth of only stayed vines, which are especially recommended to invalids for their thinness and their wholesomeness. Tiberius Cæsar used to say that the physicians had conspired thus to dignify Surrentinum, which was, in fact, only another name for generous vinegar; while Caius Cæsar, who succeeded him, gave it the name of "noble vappa," "dead vinegar." [*Vappa* was vinegar exposed to the air, and so destitute of its properties, and quite insipid.] Vying in reputation with these are the Massic wines from the spots which look from Mount Gaurus towards Puteoli and Baiæ.

As to the wines of Stata, in the vicinity of Falernum, there is no doubt that they formerly held the highest rank, a fact which proves very clearly that every district has its own peculiar epochs, just as all other things have their rise and their decadence. The Calenian wines [excellent wines are still produced in the vicinity of this place. *Massicum* was one of the perfumed wines. Gauries itself produced the *gauranum* in small quantity but of high quality, full-bodied and thick] too, from the same neighbourhood, used to be preferred to those last mentioned, as also the Fundanian, the produce of vines grown on stays, or else attached to shrubs. The wines, too, of Veliternum [now Castel del Volturno: although covered with vineyards, its wines are of no account. This wine always tasted as if mixed with some foreign substance] and Priverna, which were grown in the vicinity of the City, used to be highly esteemed. As to that produced at Signia, it is by far too rough to be used as a wine, but is very useful as an astrin-

gent, and is consequently reckoned among the medicines for that purpose.

The fourth rank, at the public banquets, was given by the late Emperor Julius—he was the first, in fact, that brought them into favour, as we find stated in his Letters—to the Mamertine wines, the produce of the country in the vicinity of Messina, in Sicily. The first of these was the *Potulanum* (being sound, light, and not without body), so called from its original cultivator and grown on the spots that lie nearest to the mainland of Italy. The *tauromenitanum*, also a wine of Sicily, enjoys a high repute, and flagons of it are occasionally passed off for *mamertinum*. Among the other wines, we find mentioned upon the Upper Sea those of Prætutia and Ancona, as also those known as the *palmensia*, not improbably because the cluster springs from a single shoot. [Notwithstanding this suggestion it is more generally supposed that they had their name from the place called Palma, near Marano, on the Adriatic. Its wines are still considered of agreeable flavour.]

In the interior we find the wines of Cæsena and that known as the *mæcenatian* (probably so called because it was brought into fashion by Mæcenæ), while in the territory of Verona there are the Rhætian wines, only inferior, in the estimation of Virgil, to the *falernian*. On the shores of the Lower Sea there are the Latiniensian wines, the Graviscan, and the Statonian. In Etruria, the wines of Luna bear away the palm, and those of Genua in Liguria. Masillia, which lies between the Pyrenees and the Alps, produces two varieties of wine, one of which is richer and thicker than the other, and is used for seasoning other wines, being generally known as “succosum” [or “juicy”]. The reputation of the wine of Beterræ does not extend beyond the Gallic territories; and as for the others that are produced in Gallia Narbonensis, nothing can be positively stated, for the growers of that country have absolutely established manufactories for the purposes of

adulteration, where they give a dark hue to their wines by the agency of smoke. I only wish I could say, too, that they do not employ various herbs and noxious drugs for the same purpose. Indeed these dealers are even known to use aloes for the purpose to heightening the flavour and improving the colour of their wines.

The regions of Italy that are at a greater distance from the Ausonian Sea are not without their wines of note, such as those of Tarentum, Servitia, and Cousentia, and those, again, of Tempesa, Babia and Lucania, among which the wines of Thurii hold the pre-eminence. But the most celebrated of all of them, owing to the fact that Messala [M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, the writer and partisan of Augustus] used to drink it, and was indebted to it for his excellent health, was the wine of Layara, which was grown not far from Gumentum. In Campania, more recently, new growths under new names have gained considerable credit, either owing to careful cultivation, or else to some other fortuitous circumstances. Thus, for instance, we find four miles from Neapolis the *pebellian*, near Capua the *cauline*, wine, and the wine of Tebula grown in the territory so called, though but of common sort.

Campania boasts of all these, as well as of her Trifaline wines. [The Trifoline territory was in the vicinity of Cumæ. It is possible that the wine may have had its name from taking three years to come to maturity; or possibly it was owing to some peculiarity in the vine.] As to the wines of Pompeii, they have arrived at their full perfection in ten years, after which they gain nothing by age. They are also found to be productive of headache, which often lasts as long as the sixth hour (noon) of the next day. These illustrations, if I am not greatly mistaken, will go far to prove that it is the land and the soil that is of primary importance, and not the grape, and that it is quite superfluous to attempt to enumerate all the varieties of every kind, seeing that the same vine, transplanted to

several places, is productive of features and characteristics of quite opposite natures. The vineyards of Laletanum in Spain are remarkable for the abundance of wine they produce, while those of Tarraco and of Lanron are esteemed for the choicest qualities of their wines; those, too, of the Balearic Isles are often put in competition with the very choicest growths of Italy.

I am by no means unaware that most of my readers will be of opinion that I have omitted a vast number of wines, seeing that every one has his own peculiar choice, so much so that, wherever we go, we hear the same story told, to the effect that one of the freedmen of the late Emperor Augustus, who was remarkable for his judgment and his refined taste in wines, while employed in tasting for his master's table, made this observation to the master of the house where the Emperor was staying, in reference to some wine, the growth of that particular country: "The taste of this wine," said he, "is new to me, and it is by no means of first-rate quality; the Emperor, however, you will see, will drink no other." Indeed I have no wish to deny that there may be other wines deserving of a very high reputation, but those which I have already enumerated are the varieties upon the excellence of which the world is at present agreed.

How very little has the world changed in the last two thousand years. Pliny's account is as contemporary as though written but a few years ago. Human nature still has its likes and dislikes, and the art of the adulterator was condemned as strongly then as now; but let us proceed to Pliny's remarks on foreign wines:

I will now [he says], in a similar manner give a description of the varieties found in the parts beyond sea. After the wines mentioned by Homer, and of which we have already spoken, those held in the highest esteem were the wines of Thasos and Chios, and of the latter more particu-

larly the sort known as *Arvisium*. By the side of these has been placed the wine of Lesbos, upon the authority of Erasistratus, a famous physician, who flourished about the year of the City of Rome 450. At the present day, the most esteemed of all is the wine of the Clazomenæ, since they have learned to season it more sparingly with sea-water. The wine of Lesbos has naturally a taste of sea-water. That from Mount Tmolus is not so much esteemed by itself for its qualities as wine as for its peculiar sweetness. It is on account of this that it is mixed with other wines, for the purpose of modifying their harsh flavour, by imparting to them a portion of its own sweetness; while at the same time it gives them age, for immediately after the mixture they appear to be much older than they really are.

Next in esteem after these are the wines of Sicyon, Cyprus, Telmessus, Tripolis, Berytus, Tyre, and Sebennys. This last is grown in Egypt, being the produce of three varieties of grapes of the very highest quality, known as the Thasian, the *æthalus* [the "smoky" grape], and the *peuce* [the "pitchy" grape]. Next in rank are the *hippodamantian* wine ["strong enough to subdue a horse"], the Mystic wine [from the small island of Mystus, near Cephalonia], the *cantharite*, the Petritan wine (made from juice that flowed spontaneously from the grape), and the Myconian. As to the Mesogitic it has been found to give headache, while that of Ephesus is far from wholesome, being seasoned with sea-water and *defutlum* [must or grape-juice boiled down one half]. It is said that the wine of Apamea is remarkably well adapted for making *mulsum* like that of Prætulia in Italy [*mulsum*, or honied wine, was of two kinds: honey mixed with wine, and honey mixed with must or grape-juice, and it is most probable that in *mulsum* we have the beginning or origin of all our various liqueurs and cordials], for this is a quality peculiar to only certain kinds of wines, the mixture of two sweet liquids being in general

not attended with good results. The *protagion* is quite gone out of date, a wine which the school of Asclepiades has reckoned as next in merit to those of Italy.

The physician Apollodorus, in the work which he wrote recommending to King Ptolemy what wines in particular to drink—for in his time the wines of Italy were not generally known—has spoken in high terms of that of Naspercene in Pontus, next to which he placed the Oretic and the Cœneatian, the Leucadian, the Ambraciotic, and the Peparethian (from the island of Peparethus, which from the abundance of vines was called *evenus*); to which last he gives the preference over all the rest, though he states that it enjoyed an inferior reputation, from the fact of its not being considered fit for drinking until it had been kept six years.

While the above lists enumerated nearly one hundred wines, we are led to believe that there were many more. From the invention of a slave, who in order to supply a deficiency caused by his thieving propensities poured in sea-water, a taste for salted wines was established, and eventually there were at least seven kinds made and used. When sea-water is mixed with white must it is called *leucocum*. Another kind was called *tethalassomenon* or “sea-water” wine. They also made a wine called *thalassities*—“sea-seasoned” wine, which was done by placing vessels full of must in the sea, a method which quickly imparts to the wine the qualities of old age.

Bion was another of these wines and was made in the following manner: The grapes were plucked before they were quite ripe, then dried in a hot sun; for three days they were turned three times a day and on the fourth day they were pressed, after which the juice was put into casks and left to acquire age in the heat

of the sun. This was more of a medicinal wine than otherwise, and it was held in the highest esteem both in Greece, where it originated, and in Rome.

At one time, about the year of the City of Rome 633, all wines were known as *opimian* wine owing to the fact, so it is thought, that Opimius was consul at this period and the wines derived from him, in a general way, their name. The time was too early for specific names for wines among the Romans, for Italy was just beginning to realise the possibilities of viniculture, and the bestowing of a reigning monarch's name upon a vintage was advantageous, for the appellation denoted its age and all trouble on that score was at an end. In the beginning wine was rather an expensive luxury, especially that which came from over the sea, and we have undoubted authority that during the reign of P. Licinius Crassus and L. Julius Cæsar, in the year from the building of the City 665, they issued an edict forbidding the sale of either Greek or Aminean wine at a higher price than eight *asses* the *quadrantal*—or *amphora*. Later on, when Cæsar was entering into his third consulship, he served at his banquet Falernian, Chian, Lesbian, and Mamertine, and this was such an innovation it was commented upon by the writers of the day as being the first time in the history of Rome that four different wines had been served at one meal. For a long time Greek wines were never handed around the table more than once, no matter how sumptuous the feast might have been. This we have on the authority of L. Lucullus, the same person who, on his return from Asia, distributed as a largess among the people more than a hundred thousand *congiaria*—about six pints each; and when Hortensius died he left to his heir ten

thousand casks. These casks, or cups, contained in the neighbourhood of thirty gallons, and a legacy of ten thousand filled with good wine meant many dollars. It also gives us an insight as to the vast wealth these people possessed.

The earliest Roman name for wine was *temetum*, and it was during the time this name was in vogue that they were so careful as to its use. Pliny says that the general L. Papirius, who on one occasion commanded against the Samnites, when about to engage, vowed an offering to Jupiter of a small cupful of wine, if he should gain the victory. In libations to the gods, at this period, wine was too valuable and milk was used instead. In the Posthumian Law, promulgated by King Numa, is an injunction as follows—"Sprinkle not the funeral pyre with wine"; sanctioned by him, no doubt, on the score of the scarcity of wine. Women for many years were not allowed to drink of *temetum*, and it was Egnatius Mecenius who killed his wife with a stick for drinking wine from a vat, and was absolved from the murder by no less a personage than Romulus. Cato also tells us that it was the custom of the male relatives to give the females a kiss in order to ascertain if they smelt of *temetum*, which speaks very little for the kiss, and a great deal for the man. Could it be possible that our Roman ancestors dispensed with this, the most delicious manifestation of love, or were they, too, afraid of microbes?

At one time, and for a considerable period, *myrrhina* was a much favoured beverage. It was made by putting myrrh into the must during the days of fermentation, which is said to have imparted a fine flavour to the wine. Calamus was sometimes added but not

generally, one aromatic being thought sufficient unless on some extraordinary occasion where it was deemed a mark of superiority to have a highly flavoured article. Pliny remarks that "all the luscious wines have but little aroma," and this is the reverse of the conditions as they exist to-day, for it is our sweet wines that have the finest bouquet. Pliny also classified the colours of wine as white (*albus*, or straw-coloured), brown (*fulvus* or amber-colour), blood-coloured, and black (*niger*).

Among the varieties of sweet wines that were in vogue in ancient Rome were two raisin-wines called *psythium* and *melampsythium*. The first is supposed to be a kind or species of Pramnian wine and was also used in the manufacture of *omphacium*, which was made from grapes when they were about the size of chick-peas, just before the rising of the Dog-star. The grape was gathered when the first bloom appeared upon it, and the verjuice extracted, after which the residue was left to dry in the sun, due precautions being taken against the dews of the night. The verjuice, after being collected, was put into earthen vessels, and after that stored in jars of Cyprian copper. The best kind was that which had a reddish colour, and was acrid, and dry to the taste. Another kind was one that went under three different names, *siræum*, *hepsema*, and *sapa*, and should not have been classed among the wines, for it was simply must boiled down one third, and only differed from *defultum* in the fact that the latter was boiled down one half. *Semper mustum* is another beverage that cannot properly be termed a wine, for as the name implies—always must—it had never reached the stage of fermentation and therefore was not a wine. Pliny says, "It is only made by using great precaution,

and taking care that the must does not ferment, such being the state of the must in its transformation into wine." To attain this object, the must is taken from the vat and put into casks, which are immediately plunged into water, and then left to remain until the the winter solstice is past, and frosty weather has made its appearance. The Greeks called this preparation *aigleucos*, but neither in Greece nor Rome was it much thought of except as a sort of medicinal tonic, and as a beverage for the younger members of the family. It was a most unsatisfactory thing to make, for there was no telling as to its keeping qualities. If the water in which it was submerged was a little too warm fermentation would ensue, and an explosion, bursting the cask, would result; and again if it was taken out of the water too soon, or when the days were warm, it would spoil in a few hours.

Dulce, on the other hand, was a natural *semper mustum* and was prepared by allowing the grapes to hang on the vines for a considerable time after they had ripened and then extracting what juice was left. One of the most delightful of the sweet wines was *diachyton*, which was made by drying grapes in the sun, and then placing them for seven days in a closed room upon hurdles some seven or eight feet from the ground, care being taken at night to protect them from the dews. On the eighth day they were trodden out. The formula for making *melitites* is as follows: To five *congi* of rough-flavoured must, put one *congius* of honey and one *cyathus* of salt, and bring all to a gentle boil over a slow fire. There is, so it is said, no accounting for tastes, but if salt, honey, and rough-flavoured must all boiled together can make a palatable

beverage, the palates of to-day must certainly need education.

In direct contradiction to *melitites* was *protropum*, which was a wine made from the must that runs spontaneously from the grapes, before they are trodden out. Directly it flows, it is put into flagons and allowed to ferment, after which it is left to ripen for forty days. From the residue, or lees, the Romans made *lora*, just as the Greeks manufactured *deuteria*. After the must is drawn off, one tenth of its amount in water is added to the husks, which are then left to soak a day and a night and are then subjected to pressure. A second kind is prepared by adding one third of the quantity of must that has been drawn off, and after submitting the pulp to pressure, the result is reduced by boiling to one third of its original quantity. A third kind is pressed out from the wine-lees. Cato gives it the name of *fæcatum*—or “wine-lee drink.” In his chapter on artificial wines Pliny says:

The first of the artificial wines has wine for its basis; it is called *adynamon* (from the Greek, meaning without strength), and is made in the following manner: Twenty *sextarii* of white must are boiled down with half that quantity of water, until the amount of water is lost by evaporation. Some persons mix with the water ten *sextarii* of sea-water and an equal quantity of rain-water and leave the whole to evaporate in the sun for forty days. This beverage is given to invalids to whom it is apprehended that wine may prove injurious.

The next kind of artificial wine is that made of the grain of millet; a pound and a quarter of it is steeped in two *congi* of must, and the mixture is poured off at the end of six months. From fruit, too, the following wines are made.

To the list we shall only add some necessary explanations: First of all we find the fruit of the palm employed for this purpose [this is not the palm wine from the sap], by Parthians as well as Indians, and indeed throughout all the countries of the East. A *modius* of the kind of ripe date called *chydææ* is added to three *congi* of water, and after being steeped for some time they are subjected to pressure. *Sycites* is a preparation similarly made from figs: some persons call it *palmi prinum*, others again *catorchites*. If sweetness is not the maker's object, instead of water there is added the same quantity of husk-juice [*tortivum*, probably: the second squeezing] of the grape.

A wine is made, too, of the pods of the Syrian carob, of pears, and all kinds of apples. That known as *shoites* is made from pomegranates, and other varieties are prepared from cornels, medlars, sorb-apples, dried mulberries, and pine-nuts. (Dioscorides calls this preparation *strobilites*.) These last are left to steep in must, and are then pressed. The others produce a sweet liquor of themselves.

We shall have occasion before long to show how Cato has pointed out the making of *myrtites*, myrtle wine. The Greeks, however, adopt a different method in making it. They first boil tender sprigs of myrtle with the leaves on, in white must, and after pounding them, boil down one pound of the mixture in three *congi* of must, until it is reduced to a couple of *congi*. The beverage that is prepared in this manner with the berries of the wild myrtle is known as *myrtidanum*. It will stain the hands. Cato's method was as follows: black myrtle was thoroughly dried in the shade and then put into must. "Since his time a method has been discovered of making a pale wine from the white variety. Two *sextarii* of pounded myrtle are steeped in three *senii-sextarii* of wine, and the mixture is then subjected to pressure."

Among the garden plants we find wines made of the following kinds: the radish, asparagus, *cunila*, *origanum*,

parsley seed, *abrotonum*, wild mint, rue, catmint, wild thyme, and horehound. A couple of handfuls of these ingredients are put into a *cadus* of must, and also one *sextarius* of *sapa*, and half a *sextarius* of sea-water. A wine is made of the naphew turnip by adding two drachms of naphew to two *sextarii* of must. Another wine is also made from the roots of squills. Among the flowers, that of the rose furnishes a wine. The leaves are put in a linen cloth and then pounded, after which they are thrown into must with a small weight attached to make them sink to the bottom, the proportion being forty drachms of leaves to twenty *sextarii* of must; the vessel in which it is kept must not be opened before the end of three months. A wine, too, is made of Gallic nard, and another kind of the wild variety of that plant. I find also that various kinds of aromatics are prepared, differing but very little in their mode of composition from that of the unguents, being made in the first instance, as I have already stated, of myrrh, and then at a later period of Celtic nard, calamus, and aspalathus, of which cakes are made and are then thrown into either must or sweet wine. Others again make these wines of calamus, scented rush, costus, Syrian nard, amomum, cassia, cinnamon, saffron, palm-dates, and foal-foot, all of which are made into cakes in a similar manner. Other persons, again, put half a pound of nard and malobathrum to two *congi* of must, and it is in this manner that at the present day, with the addition of pepper and honey, the wines are made by some known as confection (*condita*) wines, and by others as peppered (*piperata*) wines. We find mention made of *nectarites* also, a beverage extracted from an herb known to some as *helenion*, to others as *medica*, and to others, again, as *symphyton*, *Idaea*, *orestion*, or *nectaria*, the root of which is added in the proportion of forty drachms to six *sextarii* of must, being first similarly placed in a linen cloth. As to other kinds of herbs, we find wormwood wine (*ansinthites*; made of the *artemisia*

pontica of Linnæus, the original most likely of the present day absinthe of France) made of Pontic wormwood in the proportion of one pound to forty *sextarii* of must, which is then boiled down until it is reduced to one third, or else of slips of wormwood put in wine. In a similar manner, hyssop wine (*hyssopites*) is made of Cilician hyssop, by adding three ounces of it to two *congi* of must, or else by pounding three ounces of hyssop, and adding them to one *congius* of must. Both of these wines may be made also in another method, by sowing these plants around the roots of vines. It is in this manner, too, that Cato tells us how to make hellebore wine (*helleborites*) from black hellebore; and a similar method is used for making *scammorny* (*scammorties*) wine.

The vine has a remarkable propensity of contracting the flavour of any plant that may happen to be growing near it, and hence it is that in the marshy lands of Pata-vium the grape has the peculiar flavour of the willow. So, in like manner we find at Thasos hellebore planted among the vines, or else wild cucumber, or scammony; the wine that is produced from these vines is known by the name of *pythoriune*, it being productive of abortion. Wines are made, too, of other herbs, the nature of which will be mentioned in their respective places, the *stoechas*, for instance, the root of gentian, *tragoranium*, *dittany*, *foal-foot*, *daucus*, *elelisphacus*, *panax*, *acorus*, *conyza*, *thyme*, *mandragore*, and sweet rush. We find the names mentioned also of *scyzinum*, *itaeomelis*, and *lectis phagites*, compounds of which the receipts are now lost.

The wines that are made from the shrubs are mostly extracted from the two kinds of cedars, the cypress, the laurel, the juniper [this may have been the crude form of our present gin], the *terebinth*, and in Gaul the *lentisk*. To make these wines they boil either the berries or the new wood of the shrub in must. They employ also the wood of the dwarf olive, the ground pine, and the ger-

mander for a similar purpose, adding at the same time ten drachms of the flower to a *congius* of must.

If there was anything that grew which the Romans did not turn into wine it was owing to some reason much stronger than poison, for the above list contains several plants that are decidedly toxic. Wine, however, was not the only substance with which they experimented. Honey to them was very attractive and it was not long before they realised the fact that several palatable beverages, more or less inebriating, could be made from it. *Hydromeli*, or *melicraton*, was a popular drink and our authority has this to say of it:

There is a wine also made solely of honey and water [our present-day mead or *metheglin*]. For this purpose it is recommended that rain-water should be kept for a period of five years. Those who show greater skill, content themselves with taking the water just after it has fallen, and boiling it down one third, to which they then add one third in quantity of old honey, and keep the mixture exposed to the rays of a hot sun for forty days after the rising of the Dog-star; others, however, rack it off in the course of ten days, and tightly cork the vessels in which it is kept. This beverage is known as *hydromeli* and with age acquires the flavour of wine. It is nowhere more highly esteemed than in Phrygia. Vinegar even has been mixed with honey; nothing, in fact, has been left untried by man. To this mixture the name of *oxymeli* has been given. It is compounded of ten pounds of honey, five *semi-sextarii* of old vinegar, one pound of sea-water, and five *sextarii* of rain-water. [In our modern *oxymel* we have dispensed with the use of salt.] This is boiled gently till the mixture has bubbled in the pot some ten minutes, after which it is drawn off and kept till it is old; all these wines, however,

are condemned by Themison, an author of high authority, and really, by Hercules! the use of them does appear somewhat forced, unless, indeed, we are ready to maintain that these aromatic wines are so many compounds taught us by Nature, as well as those that are manufactured of perfumes, or that shrubs and plants have been generated only for the purpose of being swallowed in drink. However, all these particulars, when known, are curious and interesting, and show how successfully the human intellect has pried into every secret.

None of these wines, however, will keep beyond a year, with the sole exception of those which we have spoken of as requiring age. Many of these, there can be no doubt, do not improve after being kept so little as thirty days.

Hydromelum has a very respectable sound and one would naturally think he was to enjoy something delicious on being asked if he would partake of a glass, and he may not be disappointed, though it is only our plain old-fashioned every day apple-cider. *Dodra* is another specimen of these fearful compounds, made of nine different ingredients, water, wine, broth, oil, salt, bread, herbs, honey, and pepper. *Beer—zythum-ceriacelia-cerisvinum-curmi-cervisia*—was known to the ancient Romans, but there is little to show that they made much use of it. *Merum* was the name given to a neat wine of full strength, which at one period was never drunk except by persons of a poor reputation.

Distilled liquors were, of course, unknown; but then, on the contrary, when they could make a wine so strong in alcohol that it would ignite if put to the flame, the need of making anything stronger would have been superfluous. When wine was heated it was called *calda*. This was accomplished by the addition of hot

water and oftentimes spices. It was, of course, drunk during the winter, but the seasons did not seem to affect it greatly, for we have accounts of it having been served during mid-summer. Naturally, as the use of wine increased, the desire for display also grew stronger and in the different vessels, such as the cups and goblets, used for drinking was found a most ready medium; and, perhaps, in no other country on the face of the earth has such deep thought and so much money been expended upon these articles. As with the blending of the wines, so with the cups and goblets that were to contain them, every substance that could be moulded, turned, or carved was introduced into their manufacture, and consequently their variety and extent was beyond computation. An accurate list would be an impossibility, for many hundreds have been lost of which we have no record; however, enough have been preserved in the various museums to give us a fair idea of this industry as then conducted.

The *anancæum* was used by both the Greeks and Romans; of what it was made is uncertain and its size and shape are also in doubt, but it is thought to have been of goodly dimensions as it was used in the drinking bouts. The *batiola* is in the same category except for the knowledge that it was made of some costly material. The *calix* was a shallow circular wine-goblet of Greek invention with a low stem and two small handles, generally made of terra-cotta. It was sometimes decorated with drawings, but frequently merely covered with a coat of lustrous black varnish. The *cantharus* also had two handles, but was not as shallow as the *calix*. Macrobius says it was particularly sacred to Bacchus. The *capis* was an earthenware wine-jug

with only one handle and was among the earliest made. The *carchesium* was a drinking-cup of Greek origin, having a tall figure, slightly contracted at its sides, with slender handles which reached from the rim to the bottom. Of what it was constructed I cannot ascertain. The *ciborium* was made in imitation of the seed-pod of the Egyptian bean (*colocasia*). The *cissybium* was of Greek invention, being a drinking-bowl with a handle, made at first of ivy wood but subsequently of any suitable material, though always distinguished by a wreath of ivy leaves and berries carved in relief.

Cornu, *cornus*, or *cornum* was a drinking-horn, originally made from a simple horn but later of different metals modelled into that form. When drinking, it was held above the head, and the liquor permitted to flow into the mouth through a small orifice at the sharp end. The *cymbium* was a drinking-bowl with two handles; made in gold, silver, copper, bronze, and also earthenware. Cups and goblets made of *murrhine*, to-day an unknown material, were the most valued and their cost ran into the thousands of dollars. Several wonderful virtues were ascribed to these cups, among which was the detection of poison. The *obba* was a particular kind of drinking-cup, made of earthenware and sometimes of wood. It had two handles, but its bottom came to a sharp point, making it impossible to set it down without spilling its contents. The *patera* was a shallow circular vessel, like our saucer. The common varieties were made of earthenware, the more costly of bronze, silver, and also gold, highly and elaborately ornamented; sometimes with a handle but usually plain. The *simpulum* was more of a ladle

than a cup, though some of the ancient writers say that it was occasionally used as such. It had a very long handle and its cup part was exceedingly small. It was used for taking out the wine in the libations at the sacrifices. The *tina* was a vessel in which wine was brought into the eating-room in very ancient times. Nothing is known respecting its peculiar properties; but we may infer that it was of considerable size, since Varro speaks of it as a substitute for the skin (*uter*) and Nouius associates it with the cask (*cupa*).

The *trulla*, like the *obba*, was a ladle, but was made in two parts, the upper containing a strainer. *Uter*, or *uter vini*, was the wine-skin mostly employed in taking wine from place to place. In the very early times the *uter* was brought into the eating-room and the wine poured directly from it into the cups or goblets. The most interesting of these drinking-vessels were the *chalices*. They varied in shape as well as in material. Some were made with two handles, though the vast majority had none. The making of the *chalice* afforded a scope for the ingenuity of every kind of craftsman: the woodworker and the lapidary, the potter and the metal-worker could all exert their skill. They could be made cheaply or as expensively as the patron felt willing to afford. On occasion no limit was placed upon their costliness. And, however we may view their ideas to-day, critically or judicially, we are compelled to admit that these ancient people had a fine conception and sense of the beautiful, and their very existence was united with grace and art in the highest form. Of course, there were many of the cups inscribed and engraved with subjects that, even then, caused them to be thought unsuitable for general

usage, but these exceptions do not affect the whole and should not be considered in the multitude of other subjects.

In the matter of tables and table furniture the display of lavishness was fully as great. The *quadra* with the company reclining about it afforded opportunities for embellishments and decorations, as its size would warrant a much more gorgeous ornamentation than could be possible on our own modern table with its many chairs around it. There was also the *cilibantum*, a circular table with three legs, used solely for the purpose of holding the different wine-cups. These tables were often handsome and correspondingly costly, being made of fine woods and inlaid with shells, etc. After a time the *orbes citrei*—round tables—came into fashion, and if the accounts of the old writers can be believed fortunes were sometimes expended upon them. As a general rule they would accommodate six or seven people, but never more than nine. They were much lower than the tables of the present day, but this can be accounted for by the fact that a tall tray was frequently placed upon them.

The couches (*sigma*, and *lectus tricliniaris*) where the diners reclined rather than sat, also demanded larger table surface, and furthermore they precluded all possibilities of crowding. Only three sides of the table could be used, as one side had to be left open for the slaves to approach and serve the different viands. These couches it can be imagined were things of beauty and their gorgeous coverlets were often worth a king's ransom. The different vessels, too, that were from time to time placed upon the tables, all indicated wealth as well as an inclination to part with it.

The table utensils, and more especially those used for wine, always included the *capedo*, an earthenware wine-jug with one handle. It was of very early origin and was first used at the sacrifices. The *colum nivarium*, a wine-strainer made of metal, was used for cooling, diluting, and mixing the wine with snow at the table. The method of use was as follows: The strainer was placed over the wine-cup or goblet, then a lump or handful of snow, with which it readily mixed and the whole gradually filtered into the cup through the small perforations in the strainer, free from any sediment or impurities. The *diatretta*, a double vase, was also sometimes used as a cup. This was a most beautiful and costly article made either of cut glass or precious stones, ground by the wheel in such a manner that patterns upon them not only stood out in relief but were bored completely through so as to form a piece of open tracery-like network. The inner vessel, made of the same material and fitting exactly, had generally an inscription of some kind near its upper rim.

The *incitega* was a kind of case for holding the bottles and decanters. The more common sorts were made of earthenware, while others were of bronze, gold, and silver. Sometimes when the company was numerous, or composed of great drinkers, the *lagena*, a great round, full-bodied and swelling vessel made of earthenware, would be placed upon the table and the wine served from it direct, but except in these cases it was seldom used, being too large for one slave to handle. These slaves were known as *pincernæ* and also *pocillatores*—or cup-bearers—whose duty it was to mix the wine, fill the cups, and hand them round to the guests at the table.

They were in general young persons selected for the comeliness of their appearance, who wore their hair flowing on their shoulders, and a short tunic, and had particular attention bestowed upon their person and attire.

Wine-drinking, it may be remarked, was not only a source of conviviality with the ancient Romans, but carried with it a fastidious sense of appropriateness and nicety that no other nation has ever equalled, which was extended even to the minor details that to-day are seldom observed. Every feature of the entertainment was made to harmonise and while later on during the course of the banquet there might be an excess of drinking, the recumbent attitude assumed by the diners concealed the fact that they were overcome and the necessity for "sliding under the table" was done away with. In later years the *capedo* was superseded by the *tulla*. It was furnished with an inner case, perforated as a strainer, and fitting into the hollow bowl of the cup, so that when joined together the two would form one body, which might be conveniently dipped into the larger vessel, and filled; then, upon removing the perforated case, any sediment or impurity deposited by the snow would be extracted from the pure liquid left in the bowl. They were made of metal and also of earthenware and porcelain. The large vessel in which the wine was brought to the table, and in which it was also prepared, was generally called the *mistaries*, but sometimes *mistarium*. It differed from the Greek *crater* in being somewhat taller, and was of lesser circumference. Then there were the *sinus*, the *lepesta*, and *galeola*, more paunchy in shape, yet holding several gallons. These were all made of different materials,

some costing but a small amount, while others, made of gold and silver, were so heavy that it took two or three slaves to place them upon the table. Again, some of these were studded with precious stones and were of value beyond anything of the kind made to-day.

Another form of extravagance in which these people indulged was the presentation of solid silver and gold cups or goblets to their guests. Cups that must have cost several thousand dollars in workmanship and material were given, as we would say nowadays, as souvenirs of the occasion, and it was not only one or two, but often a score or more, that were disposed of in this manner. Were we privileged to write a dissertation upon these times and these people we fear greatly that in the conclusion we would have to say that our people of the present day have not as yet entered into the primary class of entertaining. We are still sadly deficient in this art, as compared to these old Romans, and perhaps it is better that we so remain. But it was not in wine alone that such extravagance was deemed commendable. Food, too, entered into the category and the prices that were paid for some single dish of rare fowl, the brains and tongues of small birds, were enormous. Every known country was searched in order to find something new and costly, either as a *gustatio* to stimulate the appetite, or for the more important part (*fercula*) of the dinner or the last—*mensæ secundæ*. Unfortunately, we now have no authority by which we can arrive at anything approaching an accurate figure as to the cost of these banquets, but that they exceeded in every respect any like affairs held to-day there is no doubt.

The people soon became epicures and connoisseurs

of no mean order, and under their espionage the art of cooking made wonderful strides. It affected, too, all classes, and any one who could concoct a new dish was assured of an enviable prestige until something else arose to rob him of his fame.

Horace in his *Satires* II, 4, claims to have been the first who served up a sauce consisting of wine-lees, herring-brine, and white pepper finely mixed with black salt. There were other sauces, likewise, which have come down in history, among the most noted of which were the *garum*, the *muria*, and the *alec* or *alex*. Wine was often used in the preparation of different dishes, as for instance the dish called *tyrotarichus*, which was composed of salted fish, cheese, and hard eggs, seasoned with pepper and spices and stewed in wine and oil. This must have been a favourite dish, for it is mentioned by several writers of the times and on every occasion very favourably. One who writes about it was Apicius, of whom later it was said that, having spent one hundred million *sesterces* (about \$3,600,000) in procuring and inventing rare dishes, he balanced his accounts and found that he had only ten million *sesterces* (\$360,000) left. Unwilling to starve on such a pittance, he destroyed himself.

The *mustaceum* was the wedding-cake distributed to the friends of the bride and bridegroom when they left the marriage feast. It was made of flour, kneaded with new wine, or must, cheese, and anise-seed and baked upon bay-leaves. It is not known when this wedding-cake was first made, but Cato speaks of it (R. R. 121) and he, according to the best authorities, lived in the last part of the second century B.C., so we see that the

custom of making, and giving pieces of the wedding-cake is old indeed.

What we are pleased to term hotels were something entirely unknown to the ancient Romans. There was no necessity for them, as travelling at that time was rarely indulged in, and when people did travel they usually had friends or had introductions, to relieve them of the necessity of worrying about accommodations, and it was this feature that made the hotel unnecessary. On the other hand they had the *caupona*, the *popina*, and the *taberna* which was also sometimes referred to as *taberna deversoria*. Outside of the larger towns and cities the *caupona* resembled in many ways our old-fashioned country inns or roadside houses. They were for the convenience of the poorer and trading classes and those who travelled upon business, not for pleasure. They were wretched places and were never patronised except through necessity. In the large towns, the *caupona* was a place where wine and other refreshments, but wine more especially, was sold and drunk on the premises. Our modern cafés, it will readily be seen, have their origin in the *caupona* and differ but little from the original. Then again our saloons known as dives and speakeasies were derived from the *cauponula*,—a low, poor, and common wine shop. The *popina* was more like our modern restaurants where wine is served at meals, and were distinguished from others by having placed in the windows large round glass bottles in which some choice viand had been placed and the bottle filled with water. The effect was to magnify the object and thereby attract the passer-by. The *taberna* or *taberna deversoria* and also *meritoria* was simply a wine-shop by the roadside.

The Roman landlords whose estates abutted on any of the public roads were in the habit of erecting buildings of this kind, in which they retailed the products of their estates. A similar practice obtains at the present day amongst the Tuscan nobility of Florence, where a small window is frequently seen by the side of the principal entrance to many of the great palaces, from which the steward retails to the townspeople the produce of his master's vineyards. The whole class of innkeepers—if such we may call them—were despised in Rome, and the reason is apparent. They were notorious for dishonesty, for cheating, adulterating, and the perpetration of frauds of every description. Horace in his Satires II, 29, calls them *perifidi* and *maligni* and other writers of the period were just as severe. They were under the constant surveillance of the *ædiles* and judging from history it must have been a necessary precaution. But it was a long time before respectable people would frequent houses of this nature. This espionage eventually caused improvement and in consequence they came to be fairly well patronised, especially where meals were served and other forms of entertainments offered.

While the Greeks had their *symposia* the Romans in like manner had their *comissatio*, which was also a *convivium*. These *comissationes* began late and were frequently kept up far into the night, and often attended with considerable noise and riot. They were not in good odour with the more respectable classes and the name was more frequently connected with the idea of debauchery than otherwise. It was at these affairs that chaplets, called *corona convivalis*, were worn, for it was thought, or at least pretended,

by the ancients that certain leaves and flowers, worn about the head, exercised a beneficial influence against the intoxicating power of wine. At first, in the earlier days, a simple fillet of leaves—generally of the ivy—constituted a chaplet of sufficient power; but later on, when luxury began to reign, rare flowers, preferably roses forced to bloom out of season and therefore costly, came into vogue. Of course these adornments were for the privacy of the *triclinium*, and while they were harmless in themselves they were considered incompatible with sobriety of character, and he who appeared in public so adorned was liable to punishment. At Rome, however, the dietetic signification of the chaplet was ignored and it was only regarded as a cheerful ornament and symbol of festivity, giving occasion to many a joke and game.

By a throw of the dice the *magister* or *rex convivii*, *arbiter bibendi*, was elected to office for the night, and it was he who determined the strength of the wine and the number of *cyathi* each person was to drink. It was at these *comissationes* that the fashion of drinking a *cyathus* to each letter in a person's name was introduced. As the letters were called a slave poured a *cyathus* full of wine into a goblet and handed to it the guests, when the name had been wholly spelled out.

They had no fixed standards as to the amount of water that was to be mixed with the wine, but generally, and especially at the beginning of a *comissatio*, the proportions were three parts of water to two of wine; but this was not insisted upon and often guests were allowed to mix their wine to suit their individual taste, and sometimes, as the poet Martial says, what

was in the goblet was water merely coloured. It is only certain that a *homo frugi* drank the wine diluted, that *meracuis bibere* was considered not praiseworthy, and *merum bibere* as the mark of a drunkard. On all occasions, when drinking, etiquette demanded that the goblet whether large or small should be drained to the last drop. This was the fashion of the day and to do otherwise was a breach of conventionalities that was almost unpardonable. When drinking to the health of any one, either present or absent, the words *bene te* or *bene tibi* were always used. They had another practice, which was, however, condemned as being dangerous and immoral. This custom was that one person pledged the cup to another, thereby challenging him to empty it, at the same time uttering the name to whom the cup was given. This naturally led to immoderate indulgence; for, not satisfied in being forced to drink freely on account of the mutual challenges, they mixed very little water, and, like the Greeks, exchanged the smaller for larger *pocula* (a general term for any description of vessel employed as a drinking-cup).

In the matter of large consumption the Romans were noted for their ability and endurance and a number of individuals were famous in this line. In Rome, it was said that one Caius Piso owed his advancements at the court of Tiberius to his extraordinary power in this respect, for it was claimed that he would sit for two days and two nights drinking without intermission, or even stirring from the table. Novellius Torquatus had bestowed upon him the title of Tricongius, or three-gallon knight, for drinking at one draught three *congi* of wine, equal to about

ten quarts, without taking breath. Tergilla, who challenged Marcus Cicero, son of the famous orator, to a drinking bout, boasted that he generally drank two gallons at a draught; and it was the Emperor Maximin who asserted that he could easily drink six gallons of wine without getting drunk, and furthermore it is said that his usual amount of flesh per day was seldom less than forty pounds. There were others too who have come down in history as being large users of wine, but these will suffice to give the reader a fair idea of what the people in those days considered as being something beyond the usual.

The day after a wedding an entertainment was given by the bridegroom which was known as a *repotia*, when they drank and ate whatever remained of the previous day's entertainment, but it generally resulted in a carousal or drinking bout. Horace, the poet, in his Satires II, 2, gives us a view of another kind. He says:

In the judgment of Ofellus, a sordid way of living will differ widely from frugal simplicity. For it is to no purpose for you to shun that vice [of luxury] if you perversely fly to the contrary extreme. Avidienus, to whom the nickname of Dog is applied with propriety, eats olives of five years old, and wild cornels, and cannot bear to rack off his wine unless it be turned sour, and the smell of his oil you cannot endure, which (though clothed in white he celebrates the wedding festival [*repotia*], his birthday, or any other festal days) he pours out himself by little and little from a horn cruet, that holds two pounds, upon his cabbage, (but at the same time) is lavish of his old vinegar.

White, it will be remembered, was usually the colour

of the robes worn at funeral feasts, and Avidienus, afraid that his servants would be too lavish with the oil, poured it out himself and made it appear that his two-pound bottle was his whole store, though he was noted for his immense wealth. Aside from the *gustatio* of which we have spoken these ancient people had other means of exciting their thirst for wine, one of which was by taking a dose of hemlock before they began to drink. Hemlock was, and is, a slow-acting poison, and in those days the wines they had were an antidote if they were drunk in sufficient quantity, and that sufficient of course meant a large amount. It seems strange to us that men would so readily jeopardise their lives just for the pastime and pleasure of drinking a large quantity of wine, yet of the authenticity of these reports there can be no doubt, and they withal survived the ordeal only to repeat the performance when another opportunity was offered. Powdered pumice was another ingredient that was used to create an artificial thirst, while an excessive amount of salt was a most common excitant of thirst. Another artifice to which they resorted was the straining of the wine through layers of coarse linen. This had a tendency, so they claimed, of diminishing its strength and therefore a larger quantity of it could be drunk without producing intoxication. On the other hand wine thus strained was not held in much esteem, as the process robbed it of its flavour and bouquet.

While the wealthy class had no trouble in procuring and storing away their wines the poorer portion of the population were denied this privilege, owing principally to the fact that their abodes or houses

were much too small to enable them to store anything but the most necessary articles of everyday life. The government recognised this condition of affairs, and to mitigate against it as much as possible it established a number of large repositories in different parts of the cities wherein wine in great quantities could be deposited. The powers also fixed the price at which it was to be sold, and they made it so small that even the poorest could have wine, and pure wine too. These buildings were also used as storehouses for those who could afford to buy wine in large quantities though having no other suitable place in which to keep it, and altogether it was a solution, of a most troublesome problem, that was entirely commendable. It could not be expected that the masses, in this primitive form of government, would complacently witness such a display of wealth and prodigality without protesting at the seeming unfairness, and therefore to avoid any such possibilities of trouble these repositories were established, and with most gratifying results both to the people and the government. In a short time they became self-sustaining, for while the wine was sold at a low figure it was nevertheless disposed of at a profit and the surplus was expended in other forms of amusements for the people of the city.

The varieties of grapes grown at that period were even then becoming so numerous that to compile a list was almost impossible. Pliny says:

Democritus, who has declared that he was acquainted with every kind of grape known in Greece, is the only person who has been of opinion that every kind could be

enumerated; but, on the other hand, the rest of the authors have stated that they are quite innumerable and of infinite extent, an assertion the truth of which will be more evident if we only consider the vast number of wines. [Many years ago there were in the gardens of Luxembourg one thousand four hundred varieties of the French grape, and even then there were many not to be found there, while at the same time it was considered that the French kinds did not form more than one twentieth part of the species known in Europe.] I shall not attempt, then, to speak of every kind of vine, but only those that are the most remarkable, seeing that the varieties are very nearly as numberless as the districts in which they grow. It will suffice then to point out those which are the most remarkable among the vines, or else are peculiar for some wonderful property. The very highest rank is given to the Aminean grape, on account of the body and durability of its wine, which improves with old age. (This vine is said to be of Grecian origin, and to have been conveyed by a Thessalian tribe to Italy.) There are five varieties of the Aminean grape; of these, the smaller *germana*, or "sister" grape, has a smaller berry than the rest, and flowers more strongly, being able to bear up against rain and tempestuous weather; a thing that is not the case with the larger *germana*, though it is less exposed to danger when attached to a tree than when supported only by a trellis.

Another kind, again, has obtained the name of the *gemella* or "twin" grape because the clusters always grow in couples: the flavour of the wine is extremely rough but it is remarkable for its strength. Of the several varieties the smaller one suffers from the south wind, but receives nutriment from all the others, upon Mount Vesuvius, for instance, and the hills of the Surrentum: in the other parts of Italy it is never grown except attached to trees. The fifth kind is that known as the *lanate* or "woolly" grape; so that we need not be surprised at the wool-bearing

trees of the Seres or the Indians, for this grape is covered with a woolly down of remarkable thickness. It is the first of the Aminean vines that ripens, but the grape decays with remarkable rapidity. The second rank belongs to the vines of Nomentum, the wood of which is red, from which circumstance the vines have received from some the name of *rubellæ*. The grapes of this vine produce less wine than usual, in consequence of the extraordinary quality of husks and lees they throw off; but the vine is remarkably strong, is well able to stand the frost, and is more apt to receive detriment from drought than from rain, from heat than from cold; hence it is those that are looked upon as the best that are grown in cold and moist localities. That variety which has the smaller grape is considered the most fruitful; the one which has a jagged leaf is less productive.

The vine known as the *apiana* has received that name from the bee, an insect which is remarkably fond of it: [Perhaps this is the muscatel grape, which is said to have had its name from *musca*, a fly, an insect which is greatly attracted by its sweetness.] There are two varieties of this vine. This grape, too, is covered, in its young state, with a kind of down; the main difference between the two varieties is that the one ripens more rapidly than the other, though this last ripens with considerable quickness. A cold locality is not at all hurtful to them, although there is no grape that ripens sooner; these grapes, however, very soon rot in the rain. The wines produced by this grape are sweet at first, but contract a rough flavour in the course of years. This vine is cultivated more than any other in Etruria.

Thus far we have made mention of the more celebrated vines among those which are peculiar and indigenous to Italy; the rest have been introduced from Chios or Thasos. The small Greek grape is not inferior to the Aminean for the excellence of its quality: the berry is remarkably thin-

skinned, and the clusters so extremely small that it is not worth while cultivating it, except on a soil of remarkable richness. The *eugenia*, so called from its high qualities, has been introduced in the Alban territory from the hills of Tauromenium. [These grapes are still grown in Taormina, Sicily, and are held in high esteem.] It is found, however, to thrive only there, for if transplanted elsewhere it degenerates immediately: in fact, there is in some vines so strong an attachment to their native soil that they leave behind them all their high repute, and are never transplanted in their full entirety.

This is the case, too, with the Rhætian and the Allobrogian grapes which we have mentioned above as the pitch-flavoured grapes; these are justly deemed excellent in their own country, while elsewhere they are held in no esteem at all. Still, however, in consequence of their remarkable fertility, they make up for quality by abundance. The *eugenia* thrives in spots which are scorching hot, the Rhætian vine in places of a more moderate temperature, and the Allobrogian in cold, exposed situations, the fruit being of a black colour, and ripened by the agency of frost. The wines produced from the vines of which we have hitherto made mention, even though the grapes are black, become, all of them, when old, of a white complexion. The other vines are of no note in particular, though sometimes, thanks to some peculiarity either of the climate or the soil, the wines produced from them attain a mature old age; such, for instance, as the Fecenian vine, and the Beturigian, which blossoms at the same time with it, but has not so many grapes. The blossoms of these last-mentioned vines are not liable to receive injury, both because they are naturally but transitory and have the power of resisting the action of both wind and storm; still, however, those that grow in cold spots are considered superior to those produced in a warm site, and those found

in moist places superior to those grown in dry, thirsty localities.

The vine known as the *visula* is of two kinds, large and small, and each bears an abundance of fruit, but they are unable to endure the extreme variations of the atmosphere, though it is very well able to stand a continuation of either heat or cold. Of this last kind the smaller one is the best, but difficult to please in its choice; in a rich earth it is apt to rot, while in a thin soil it will come to nothing at all. In its fastidiousness it requires a soil of middling quality, and hence it is that it is so commonly found on the hills of the Sabine territory. Its grape is unsightly in appearance, but has a very pleasant flavour: if it is not gathered at the very moment that it is ripe, it will fall, even before it decays. The extreme size of its leaves, and its natural hardness, are its great protection against the disastrous effects of hail. The grapes known as *helvolæ* are remarkable for the peculiarity of their colour, which is a sort of midway between purple and black, but varies so frequently that it has made some persons give them the name of *varianæ*. Of the two sorts of *helvolæ*, the black is the one generally preferred. They both of them produce every other year, but the wine is best when the vintage has been less abundant. The vine that is known as the *precia* is also divided into two varieties, distinguished by the size of the grape. The vines produce a vast quantity of wood, and the grape is very good for preserving in jars [made of earthenware and called *olla*; the grapes when thus preserved were called *ollares uvæ*]; the leaves are similar in appearance to that of parsley.

The people of Dyrrhachium hold in high esteem the vine known as the *basilica*, the same which in Spain is called the *cocolobis*. The grapes of this vine grow in thin clusters, and it can stand great heat and the south winds. The wine produced from it is apt to fly to the head. [Dalechamps says that a similar wine was made at Montpellier,

and that it was called *piquardant*.] The produce of this vine is very large. The people in Spain distinguish two kinds of this vine, the one with the oblong the other with the round grape. They gather this fruit the very last of all. The sweeter the *cocolobis* is, the more it is valued; but even if it has a rough taste, the wine will become sweet by keeping, while, on the other hand, that which was sweet at first will acquire a certain roughness; it is in this last state that the wine is thought to rival that of Alba. It is said that the juice of this grape is remarkably efficacious when drunk as a specific for diseases of the bladder.

The *albuelis* produces most of its fruit at the top of the tree, the *visula* at the bottom; hence, when planted around the same tree, in consequence of these peculiarities in their nature, they bear between them a twofold crop. One of the black grape vines has been called the *inerticula* though it might with more propriety have been styled the *sobria* [or sober vine]; the wine from it is remarkably good, and more particularly when old; but, though strong, it is productive of no ill effects, and, indeed, is the only wine that will not cause intoxication. (The Greeks called this wine *amethyston*, from its comparatively harmless qualities.) The abundance of their produce again recommends other vines to us, and, in the first place, that known as the *helvonnaca*. Of this vine there are two kinds: the larger, which is by some called the "long" *helvannaca*, and the smaller kind which is known as the *emarcum*, not so prolific as the first, but producing a wine of more agreeable flavour. It is distinguished by its rounded leaf, but they are both of them of slender make. It is requisite to place forks beneath vines for the support of their branches, as otherwise it would be quite impossible for them to support the weight of their produce: they receive nutriment from the breezes that blow from the sea, and foggy weather is injurious to them. There is not one among the vines that manifests a greater aversion to Italy, for there it becomes

comparatively leafless and stunted, and soon decays, while the wine which it produces there will not keep beyond the summer; no vine, however, thrives better in a poor soil.

Græcinus, who has copied from the works of Cornelius Celsus, gives it as his opinion that it is not the native of this vine that is repugnant to the climate of Italy, but that it is the mode of cultivating it that is wrong, and the anxiety to force it to put forth its shoots; a mode of treatment, he thinks, which absorbs all its fertility, unless the soil in which it is planted happens to be remarkably rich, and by its support prevents it from being exhausted. It is said this vine is never carbuncled, a remarkable quality, if, indeed, it really is the fact that there is any vine in existence that is exempt from the natural influences of the climate.

The *spionia*, by some called the *spinea*, is able to bear heat very well, and thrives in the autumn and rainy weather: indeed, it is the only one among all the vines that does well amid fogs, for which reason it is peculiar to the territory of Ravenna. The *venicula* is one of those that blossom the strongest, and its grapes are particularly well adapted for preserving in jars. The Campanians, however, prefer to give it the name of *scircula*, while others, again, call it *stacula*. Tarracina has a vine known as the *numissana*. It has no qualities of its own, but has characteristics just according to the nature of the soil in which it is planted; the wine, however, if kept in the earthen casks of Sunereturum, is remarkable for its goodness, that is to say, as far south as Vesuvius. [This may be the ancient name of the *marze mina* of the Venetians.] On arriving in that district, we find the *murgentina*, the very best among all those that come from Sicily. Some, indeed, call the vine *pompeiana* and it is more particularly fruitful when grown in Latium, just as the *horconia* is productive nowhere but in Campania. Of a contrary nature is the vine known as *argeica*, and by Virgil called *argitis*; it makes

the ground all the more productive, and is remarkably stout in its resistance to rain and the effects of old age, though it will hardly produce wine every year; it is remarkable for the abundant crops which it bears, though the grapes are held but in small esteem for eating.

The vine known as the *metica* lasts well for years, and offers a successful resistance to all change of weather; the grape is black, and the wine assumes a tawny hue when old. The varieties that have been mentioned thus far are those that are generally known; the others belong to peculiar countries or individual localities, or else are of a mixed nature, the produce of grafting. Thus the vine known as the *tuderna* is peculiar to the districts of Etruria, and so too is the vine that bears the name of *florentia*. At Arretium the *talpona*, the *etesiaca*, and the *consemina* are particularly excellent. The *talpona*, which is a black grape, produces a pale, straw-coloured must; the *etesiaca* is apt to deceive; the more wine it produces the better the quality, but it is a remarkable fact that just as it has reached that point its fecundity ceases altogether.

The *consemina* bears a black grape, but its wine will not keep, though the grape itself is a most excellent keeper; it is gathered fifteen days later than any other kind of grape; this vine is very fruitful, but its grape is only good for eating. The leaves of this tree, like those of the wild vine, turn the colour of blood just before the fall; the same is the case also with some other varieties, but it is a proof that they are of very inferior quality. The *irtiola* is a vine peculiar to Umbria and the territories of Mevania and Picenum, while the *pumula* belongs to Amiternum. In the same districts we find the vine called *bannarrica*, which is very deceptive though the people are remarkably fond of its fruit. The municipal town of Pompeii has given its name to the Pompeia, although it is to be found in greater abundance in the territory of Clusium. The Tiburina, also, is called from the municipal town of Tibur,

although it is in this district that they have lately discovered the grape known as the *oleaginea* from its strong resemblance to an olive: this being the very last kind of grape that has been introduced. The Sabines and the Laurentes are the only people acquainted with the *vinacola*. [The *vinacola* made a wine that was noted for its thinness, being very much like water.] As to the vines of Mount Gaurus I am aware that as they have been transplanted from the Falernian territory, they bear the name "Falernian"; but it is a fact that the Falernian vine when transplanted rapidly degenerates. Some persons, too, have made out a Tarentine variety with a grape of remarkable sweetness: the grapes of the *capnios* (so called from the smoky or intermediate colour of the grape), the *bucconiates*, and the *tarrupia* grow on the hills of Thurii and are never gathered till after the frost commences. Pisal enjoys the Parian vine and Mutina the *prusinian* with a black grape, the wine of which turns pale within four years. It is a very remarkable thing, but there is a grape here that goes round with the sun, in its diurnal motion, a circumstance from which it has received the name of *streptas* [or the "turning" grape]. In Italy the Gallic vine is a great favourite, while beyond the Alps that of Picenum is preferred. Virgil has made mention of the Thasian vine, the Mareotis, the Lagea, and several other foreign varieties, which are not to be found in Italy. There are some vines again that are remarkable not for their wine but for their grapes, such, for instance, as the *ambrosia*, one of the *duracinus* kind [or "hard-berried"—perhaps this was the *maroquin* or Morocco grape called the *pied de poule*, fowl's foot, at Montpellier], a grape which requires no potting, but will keep perfectly well if left on the vine, so remarkable is the strength with which it is endowed for withstanding the effects of cold, heat, and stormy weather.

The *orthampelos* [or "upright" vine], too, is a vine that requires neither tree nor stays, as it is well able to sustain

its own weight. This, however, is not the case with the *dactylis* ["finger-like" vine] the stem of which is no thicker than the finger. The *columbinea* [the "pigeon" vine] is one of those with the finest clusters, and still more so is the purple *bimammia*; it does not bear in clusters but only secondary bunches. There is the *tripedana*, too, a name [the "three-foot" vine] which it owes to the length of its clusters, and the *scirpula* with its shrivelled berry; the *rahætica*, too, so called in the Maritime Alps, though very different from the grape of that name which is so highly esteemed, and of which we have previously spoken; for in this variety the clusters are small, the grapes lie closely packed, and it produces but a poor wine. It has, however, the thinnest skin of all the grapes, and a single stone, of very diminutive size, which is known as the *chian*; one or two of the grapes on the cluster are remarkably large. There is also the black Aminean, to which the name of Syriaca is given; the Spanish vine, too, the very best of all those of inferior quality. The grapes that are known as *escariæ* [for the table] are grown on trellises. Of the *duracinus* kind [hard-berry] there are those known as the white and black varieties; the *bumastus*, too, is similarly distinguished in colour. Among the vines, too, that have not as yet been mentioned, there are the Ægian and the Rhodian kinds, as also the *uncialis*, so called, it would seem, from its grape being an ounce in weight.

There is the *picina* [or pitch-grape], too, the blackest grape known, and the *stephanitis*, the clusters of which Nature in a sportive mood has arranged in the form of a garland, the leaves being interspersed among the grapes; there are grapes, too, known as the *forneses* [market-grapes] and which quickly come to maturity, recommend themselves to the buyer by their good looks, and are easily carried from place to place. On the other hand, those known as *cinerea* [ash-coloured] are condemned by their very looks, and so are the *rabuscula* [russet-coloured],

and the *asinusca* [probably on account of its grey colour, like the ass]; the produce of the *alopecia* [fox-vine], which resembles in colour a fox's tail, is held in less disesteem. The *Alexandrina* (so called from Alexandria in Troas, not in Egypt) is the name of a vine that grows in the vicinity of Phalacra: it is of stunted growth, and has branches a cubit in length; the grape is black, about the size of a bean, with a berry that is soft, and remarkably small: the clusters hang in a slanting direction, and are remarkably sweet; the leaves are small and round without any division. Within the last seven years there has been introduced at Alba Helvia, in the province of Gallia Narbonensis, a vine which blossoms but a single day, and is consequently proof against all accidents; the name given to it is *narbonica*, and it is now planted throughout the whole of that province.

The lot of the vineyardist has never been an easy one, being always fraught with uncertainty and hampered on every side. The vine, while a rapid grower, is very susceptible to the ravages of insects, and the vicissitudes of the weather and climate often destroy a whole season's labour. That it is also undergoing a gradual weakening there can be but little doubt. We have it on unimpeachable authority that in the early days of wine-making the must was so strong in alcohol that to drink it undiluted was to invite almost immediate intoxication, but this is not the case to-day and has not been so for many decades. Some of our wines are heavy and heady, but not to the extent the ancient wines were, and in the matter of making, the principle remains the same. Our presses have been improved, but the improvement is only in the line of easiness and power. Our method

of fermentation is the same, and while we may and undoubtedly do have superior means of cellaring and caring (to use a technical phrase), this should have, if anything, the effect of making the wine stronger; yet there is not a wine made to-day that would ignite if a flame were put to it as we are assured, by several good authorities, the Falernian wine did, and it is this assertion more than any other that gives us an inkling into the quantity of alcohol the wines must have contained. Perhaps in the course of another two thousand years our wines will be so light in alcohol that to age them naturally will be an impossibility, but this is a long time to look forward, and it is only mere speculation.

Vinegar, *vappa*, was a very important article with these old people. Mixed with water it made *posca*, and with the addition of an egg stirred into it was the principal drink of the poorer classes, the universal drink of the soldiers, and therefore it was necessary to have great quantities always on hand. Whether the ancients understood its value as an antiseptic we can not say, but that they recognised its value we are certain, and if *posca* was more universally used, especially in the summer-time, the ill effects of drinking water would be considerably diminished.

The primitive Roman method of making wine was first to tread the grapes in a *torculum*, or vat. Quite often this was repeated the second time; the product in either case was known as *vinum* or *mustum calcatum*. The next operation was to place the trodden grapes in the press—*torcular* and *torcularum*—and thus obtain the wine called *pressum*. The *torcular* was at first a very simple instrument, and consisted only

of two large stones and a beam of wood. The beam was inserted between the stones—the larger one being on top—and while the upper one was raised the grapes were put in between. The beam was then withdrawn, with the consequence that the whole weight of the upper stone was on the grapes. To increase the pressure more stones were piled on and if necessary the men themselves would stand upon the upper one. The second pressing, with the addition of water, made *lora*.

The next improvement in the press is described by Cato (R. R. 18) in detail. The machine was operated by the pressure of a beam, drawn down upon the object to be squeezed by means of ropes attached to one end of the beam and worked by a capstan. Later on another kind of press was made of two large uprights with a correspondingly strong cross-piece at the top and another at the bottom which served as an area upon which the fruit was placed. Upon the fruit boards were placed, and the pressure was obtained by driving immense wedges in between the board and top piece. In Pliny's time the screw-press came into vogue; it was much smaller than the others, but it had the advantage of being more powerful and was also easier to manipulate.

The must after having passed through a *colum* or strainer made of basket-work was put into immense earthen vessels called *dolium*. These were very large, some of them containing as many as twenty-five *amphoræ* of wine, in which it underwent the process of fermentation. It was in one of these vessels that Diogenes lived. Their sides were often three inches in thickness and they must have been very cumbersome

and difficult to handle. After the *must* had fermented, it was taken from the *vinarium* (wine- or press-room) and put into *amphoræ* and placed in the *cella uinaria* (wine-cellar). Later on it was again removed and put into the *apotheca* at the top of the house, where it was left to ripen. In most of the houses, at that time, there was a room in the upper part which was called the *fumarium*. This room was so situated that it received the heat and smoke from the kitchen fires or from the furnaces of the bath-rooms. These rooms were used for the purpose of ripening wine and also for drying wood in order to make it fit for fuel.

Of the *amphoræ* there were two kinds, one with a flat bottom, the other with a pointed end; the first or flat one was the kind used when the wine was to be placed in the *fumarium*, while the pointed one was stuck into earth, sometimes almost to its neck. The use of pitch and various scented waxes to line the inner sides of these vessels was common indeed, for in fact in most cases it was necessary, in order to fill the pores and make them tight to prevent leaking. Of course the use of scented wax was for the purpose of imparting an agreeable flavour to the wine as well as to stop leakage, and so strong were some of the perfumes used that after repeated fillings the odour would still be perceptible. On the *amphoræ* of earthenware the name of the wine and of the reigning consul were written on the vessel itself, to mark the date, but labels (*notæ, tituli tesserae, pittacia*) with the name were hung on those made of glass. When new-made wine was to be boiled down it was taken into another cellar, which by the way should not be confounded

with our cellar of the present day. They were more like low-roofed sheds with numbers of windows, and earth only dug away to the depth of a few feet, called *cortinale*. Here the wine was poured into the *cortina*, a large, deep, circular vessel or caldron. The ancients were very fond of wine so prepared and the operation was one of the most prominent features of the vintage.

Another interesting spectacle was the transportation of wine. The common method was by the *culeus*, or *culleus*, which was a large sack made of pig-skin or leather and placed on a light carriage or waggon. This skin had in front a wide opening through which the wine was poured. At the back it ended in a smaller sack, *lura* or mouth, from which the wine was emptied into *amphoræ* or other vessels. The *culeus* had another use which was not quite as pleasant. Parricides were executed by being sewn in these skins, then dropped into the sea. The smaller skins, used for this purpose of transporting wine, were called *uter*, vine, but they were soon superseded by the *amphoræ* and *lagenæ* which would contain more and, being swung on a long pole, two men could easily carry them. Pliny says:

The various methods of keeping and storing wines in the cellar are very different. In the Alps, they put their wines in wooden vessels hooped around. During their cold winters, they even keep lighted fires, to protect the wine from the effect of cold. It is a singular thing to mention, but still it has been occasionally seen, that these vessels have burst asunder, and there has stood the wine in frozen masses; a miracle almost, as it is not ordinarily the nature of wine to freeze [another evidence as to the amount of alcohol] cold having only the effect of benumbing it. In more temperate climates, they place their

wines in *dolia*, which they bury in the earth, either covering them entirely or in part, according to the temperature. Sometimes, again, they expose their wines in the open air, while at others they are placed beneath sheds for protection from the atmosphere.

The following are among the rules given for the proper management of wines:—One side of the wine-cellar, or, at all events, the windows ought to face the north-east, or at least due east. All dunghills and roots of trees, and every thing of a repulsive smell, ought to be kept at as great a distance as possible, wine being very apt to contract an odour. Fig-trees, too, either wild or cultivated ought not to be planted in the vicinity. Intervals should also be left between the vessels, in order to prevent infection, in case of any of them turning bad, wine being remarkably apt to become tainted. The shape, too, of the vessels is of considerable importance. Those that are broad and bellying are not so good. We find it recommended, too, to pitch them immediately after the rising of the Dog-star, and then to wash them with either sea or salt water, after which they should be sprinkled with the ashes of tree-shoots or else with potter's earth. They ought to be cleaned out and perfumed with myrrh, a thing which ought to be frequently done to the wine-cellars as well. Weak, thin wines should be kept in *dolia* sunk in the ground (during fermentation and before racking off), while those in which the stronger kinds are kept should be more exposed to the air. The vessels ought on no account to be entirely filled, room being left for seasoning, by mixing either raisin wine or else *defultum* flavoured with saffron; old pitch and *sapa* are sometimes used for the same purpose. The lids, too, of the *dolia* ought to be seasoned in a similar manner, with the addition of mastich and Bruttian pitch. It is strongly recommended never to open the vessels except in fine weather; nor yet while a south wind is blowing or at full moon. The flower of

wine [*flos vini*, a mould or pellicule which forms on the surface, and afterwards falls and is held in suspension] when white is looked upon as a good sign; but when it is red, it is bad, unless that should happen to be the colour of the wine. The vessels, too, should not be hot to the touch, nor should the covers throw out a sort of sweat. When wine very soon flowers on the surface and emits an odour, it is a sign that it will not keep. As to *defultum* and *sapa*, it is recommended to commence boiling them when there is no moon to be seen, or, in other words, at the conjunction of that planet and at no other time. Leaden vessels should be used for this purpose and not copper ones, and walnuts are generally thrown into them, from a notion that they absorb the smoke. In Campania they expose the very finest wines in casks in the open air, it being the opinion that it tends to improve the wine if it is exposed to the action of the moon and sun, the rains and winds.

Concerning the application of pitch as a seasoning, it was the general practice to sprinkle it in the wine during the period of fermentation, the pitch having been pounded and reduced to a fine powder. Pitched or resined wines, however, were not as much liked by the Romans as by the Greeks, for the former believed they were more apt to give the drinker a headache, and in fact the name of a certain pitch was *crapula*, which means headache. The ancients had several kinds of resin or pitch as some prefer to call it, and each kind had its advocates. The best variety was called *crapula*, then came Bruttian, then the terebinth, the *zopissa*, the mastich and a number of others of more or less value.

Long before the time of Pliny the practice of growing grapes upon trees had reached the argumentative stage. By some, and perhaps the majority, it was

defended, but there were many who condemned the method and among these were the experts and also the writers of the period. The question had even entered into sacrifices. King Numa had pronounced it illegal to make a libation to the gods of wine that was the produce of an unpruned vine, his object being to compel the vineyardists to prune their vines, a duty which they showed themselves reluctant to perform, in consequence of the danger which attended climbing the trees. This proclamation the King thought would in a manner stop the practice of using trees as supports, but it did not, and whether it succeeded in making them even prune the vines history does not tell us. Pliny on the other hand must have advocated the use of trees, for he says:

The experience of ages, however, has sufficiently proved that the wines of the highest quality are only grown upon vines attached to trees, and that even then the choicest wines are produced by the upper part of the tree, the produce of the lower part being more abundant; such being the beneficial results of elevating the vine. It is with a view to this that the trees employed for this purpose are selected. In the first rank of all stands the elm, with the exception of the Atinian variety, which is covered with too many leaves; and next comes the black poplar, which is valued for a similar reason, being not so densely covered with leaves. Most people, too, by no means hold the ash and the fig in disesteem, as also the olive, if it is not overshadowed with branches. They must not be touched with the knife before the end of three years; and then the branches are preserved on each side in its turn, the pruning being done in alternate years. In the sixth year the vine is united to the tree. In Italy beyond the Padus, in addition to the trees already mentioned,

they plant for their vines the cornel, the opulus, the linden, the maple, the ash, the yoke-elm, and the quercus, while in Venetia they grow willows for the purpose, on account of the humidity of the soil. The top of the elm is lopped away, and the branches of the middle are regularly arranged in stages; no tree in general being allowed to exceed twenty feet in height. The stories begin to spread out in the tree at eight feet from the ground in the hilly districts and upon dry soils, and at twelve in champaign and moist localities. The hands of the trunk ought to have a southern aspect, and the branches that project from them should be stiff and rigid like so many fingers; at the same time due care should be taken to lop off the beard-like twigs, in order to check the growth of all shade. The interval best suited for the trees, if it is the grower's intention to keep the soil turned with the plough, is forty feet back and front, and twenty at the sides; if it is not to be turned up, then twenty feet every way will do. A single tree is often made to support as many as ten vines, and the grower is greatly censured who attaches less than three. It is worse than useless to attach the vine before the tree has gained its full strength, as in such case the rapidity of growth would tend to kill the tree. It is necessary to plant the vine in a trench three feet in depth, leaving an interval of one foot between it and the tree. In this case there is no necessity for using mallet shoots, or going to any expense in spading or digging; for this method of training on trees has this advantage in particular, that it is beneficial to the vine that corn should be sown in the same soil; in addition to which, from its height, it is quite able to protect itself, and does not call for the necessity, as in the case of an ordinary vineyard, of inclosing it with walls and hedges or ditches, made at considerable expense, to protect it from injury by animals.

Wine-making in those days had to be conducted on

a most rigid scale of economy. Every expense that could be eliminated, even for a season, had to be considered, if the grower desired a profit, for new wine was cheap indeed and it was an easy matter to allow the cost of cultivation, gathering, and pressing to exceed the returns; and it was on this account, as much as any other, that the vineyardists made a practice of pruning their vines every other year. In the matter of pruning the vines that grew on trees, we are told it was the custom in those days, especially in and around Campania, for the vintager when hired to stipulate for his funeral pile and a grave at the owner's expense. It was only necessary to have two or three accidents of this nature to render the vineyard both unpopular and unprofitable.

Wine among the ancient Romans was considered to be almost invaluable as a remedy in cases of sickness and every writer of that era refers to it in this respect and extols its efficacy. The following, taken from Pliny, sounds very much like a modern advertisement of wine that one would naturally expect to find in the pages of some medical journal:

Persons [he says] whose wish it is to make flesh, or to keep the bowels relaxed, will do well to drink while taking their food. [Although this was written two thousand years ago it is as true to-day as it was then.] Those, on the other hand, who wish to reduce themselves, or prevent the bowels from being relaxed, should abstain from drinking while taking their meals, and drink but a very little only when they have done eating. To drink wine fasting is a fashion of recent introduction only, and an extremely bad one for persons engaged in matters of importance, and requiring a continued application of the mental faculties. Wine, no doubt, was taken fasting in the ancient

times, but then it was a preparative for sleep and repose from worldly cares; and it is for this reason that, in Homer, we find Helen presenting it to the guests before the repast. It is upon this fact too that the common proverb is founded which says that "wisdom is obscured by wine." It is to wine that we men are indebted for being the only animated beings that drink without being thirsty. When drinking wine it is a very good plan to take a draught of water every now and then; and to take one long draught of it at the last, cold water taken internally having the effect of instantaneously dispelling inebriation. It is strongly recommended by Hesiod to drink undiluted wine for twenty days before the rising of the Dog-star, and as many after. Pure wine, too, acts as an antidote to hemlock, coriander, henbane, mistletoe, opium, and mercury, as also to stings inflicted by bees, wasps, hornets, the phalangium, serpents and scorpions; all kinds of poison in fact, which are of cold nature, the venom of the hæmorrhoids and the prester in particular, and the noxious effect of fungi. Undiluted wine is good, too, in cases of flatulency, growing pains in the thoracic organs, excessive vomiting at the stomach, fluxes of the bowels and intestines, dysentery, excessive perspirations after prolonged fits of coughing, and defluxions of various kinds. In the cardiac disease it is a good plan to apply a sponge soaked in neat wine to the left breast; in all these cases, however, old white wine is the best.

Further he adds:

The best kind of wine is that which is the most pleasant to him who drinks it, provided that he is in robust health. For persons of all ranks, however, the most serviceable wine is that the strength of which has been reduced by the strainer; for we must bear in mind that wine is nothing else but juice of grapes that has acquired strength by the process of fermentation. A mixture of numerous kinds

of wine is universally bad, and the most wholesome of all is that to which no ingredient has been added when in a state of must; indeed, it is still better if the vessels even in which it is kept have never been pitched. As to wines that have been treated with marble, gypsum, or lime, where is the man, however robust he may be, that has not stood in dread of them?

Again, speaking of artificial wines, he says:

And then, besides, the conceits of the medical men in relation to these wines have really passed all bounds; they pretend, for instance, that a wine extracted from turnips is good for recruiting the exhausted strength, after exercises in arms or on horseback; and, not to speak of other preparations, they attribute a similar effect to wine of juniper? Who is there, too, that would think of looking upon wormwood wine as superior in its effects to wormwood itself? I shall pass in silence the rest of these preparations, and among them palm wine, which is injurious to the head, and is beneficial only as a laxative to the bowels, and as a cure for the spitting of blood. We cannot, however, look upon the liquor which we have spoken of under the name of *bion* as being an artificial wine; for the whole art of making it consists merely in the employment of grapes before they have arrived at maturity. This preparation is extremely good for a deranged stomach or an imperfect digestion, as also for fainting fits, paralysis, fits of trembling, vertigo, gripings of the bowels, and sciatica. It is said, too, that in times of pestilence, and for persons on a long journey, this liquid forms a beverage of remarkable efficacy.

A few years ago there arose a faction in the Prohibition party that advocated the use of unfermented grape-juice in the churches, and to strengthen their contention they quoted Pliny as being greatly in

favour of drinking must, and in fact, they went so far as to say that he recommended its use in preference to wine; but in contradiction to their assertion we quote book xxiii., chapter xxii., and let it speak for him. It reads:

As to the other wines, they may be spoken of in general terms. By the use of wine, the human vigour, blood, and complexion are improved. It is wine that makes up for all the difference between the middle or temperate zone and those which lie on either side of it, the juice of the vine conferring as much vigour and robustness upon the inhabitants of our part of the earth as the rigour of the climate does upon the people there. Milk used as a beverage strengthens the bones, liquids extracted from cereals nourish the sinews, and water imparts nutriment to the flesh; hence it is that persons who confine themselves to these several liquids are of less ruddy complexion than the wine-drinker, less robust, and less able to endure fatigue. By the use of wine in moderation the sinews are strengthened, but taken in excess it proves injurious to them; the same, too, with the eyes. Wine refreshes the stomach, sharpens the appetite, takes off the keen edge of sorrows and anxieties, warms the body, acts beneficially as a diuretic, and invites sleep. In addition to these properties, it arrests vomiting, and we find that pledgets of wool, soaked in wine and applied to abscesses, are extremely beneficial. According to Asclepiades the virtues possessed by wine are hardly equalled by the majestic attributes of the gods themselves. Old wine bears admixture with a larger quantity of water, and acts more powerfully as a diuretic, though at the same time it is less effectual for quenching thirst. Sweet wine, again, is less inebriating, but stays longer on the stomach, while rough wine is more easy of digestion. The wine

that becomes mellow with the greatest rapidity is the lightest, and that which becomes sweeter the older it is, is not so injurious to the nerves. Wines that are rich and black are not so beneficial to the stomach; but, at the same time, they are more feeding to the body. Thin-bodied rough wines are not so feeding but are more wholesome and pass off more speedily, though they are all the more liable to fly to the head; a remark which will apply, once for all, to liquids of every kind. Wine that has been mellowed by the agency of smoke is extremely unwholesome—a fraudulent method of preparation that has been invented in the wine-lofts of the retail dealers. At the present day, however, this plan is adopted in private families even, when it is wished to give the appearance of maturity to wines that have become carious. Indeed, this term *carious* has been used very appositely by the ancients with reference to wines; for we find that in case of wood, even, smoke exercises a caustic effect upon the carious parts, and eats them away; and yet we, on the other hand, persuade ourselves that an adventitious age may be imparted to wine by the bitter twang derived from smoke. Those wines that are extremely pale become more wholesome the older they are. The more generous a wine is, the thicker it becomes with age, while, at the same time, it contracts a bitter flavour, which is far from exercising a beneficial effect upon the health. To season another wine not so old, with this, is nothing less than to make an unwholesome preparation. The more of its own natural flavour a wine possesses, the more wholesome it is; and the best age for a wine is that which naturally belongs to it, a medium age being the one that is most generally esteemed.

Thus endeth the chapter, and if any one has been in doubt as to the position of the venerable doctor on the wine question let him now forever hold his peace. The doctor not only understood wine but he had a

knowledge of its effects that few physicians of the present age can claim. He must have been a connoisseur of no mean ability, and that he was indefatigable in his researches we have abundance of evidence in his many works. He was a practical man, too, and could give as good account of the propagation and cultivation of the vine as he could of its products. Aside from and in addition to the use of wine as a beverage there were more than one hundred ways of using it as a medicine. There was scarcely an ailment to which the ancients were subjected but what wine in some manner was used; the vine itself and its roots, leaves, stems, and tendrils all had their places in the pharmacy of the times.

A glance at the different uses to which these ancient people put the vine and its many products is something astonishing, and whether we are better off for relegating their use to the rear is a question. Longevity was as great, if not greater, then as now; and while the remedies were simple and inexpensive we must admit that they were, to a considerable degree, effective, and what more can we say of the present-day methods? One peculiar use to which wine was put was in combination with saffron to perfume the theatres. After the saffron had been gathered and dried, it was ground to a very fine powder and sifted so as to exclude all large particles. It was then mixed with wine and by a series of pipes with minute holes bored in them it was sprayed throughout the edifice and upon the audience. The bore of these holes was so small that when the mixture fell it was in the form of the finest dust and therefore did not injure the clothing of the people. The Romans were excessively fond

of perfumery and they seldom lost an opportunity to indulge their liking, with the result that it was often on many occasions carried to excess.

From the first the Romans had the same god of wine, Dionysus, as the Greeks, but they also gave him the name of Bacchus and many of their festivals, especially during the vintage season, were dedicated to him. In the beginning these affairs were of a nature to commend them to all, but later they acquired a character of degeneracy that called forth prompt and vigorous action from the Senate and consuls in order to suppress them. Men and women participating were imprisoned, the men being executed, while the women were given over to their husbands, if married, and to their families if single, so that their punishment could be inflicted in private. And, to prevent a possible repetition of these Bacchic orgies, the celebrated decree of the Senate (*Senatus auctoritas de Bacchanalibus*) was issued, commanding that no Bacchanalia should be held either in Rome or Italy; that if any one should think such ceremonies necessary, or if he could not neglect them without scruples or making atonements, he should apply to the *prætor urbanus*, who might then consult the Senate. If the permission should be granted to him in an assembly of the Senate, consisting of not less than one hundred members, he might solemnise the Bacchic *sacra*. But no more than five persons were to be present at the celebration. There should be no common fund, and no master of the *sacra* or priest. While this action was in full accord with the requirements and nothing less severe would have been effective, it nevertheless gives us a good insight into the character and quality of the

men who were senators and consuls of Rome at the time.

The Bacchanalia was a secret order and its ramifications extended everywhere. There was not a man composing these two bodies who did not know but that he might be condemning some of his own family or friends to an ignoble death, but such were their integrity and fidelity that to them even to hesitate would have been an unpardonable weakness. On promulgation of the decree Rome was almost deserted, for the innocent as well as the guilty had reason to fear. Measures had been taken to prevent any person from leaving Italy, and the number of people arrested in the first twenty-four hours after the issue of the edict was so great that it took thirty days to try them.

It is not to be supposed that all the festivals were of the nature of the Bacchanalia. Far from it, there were many that were dedicated to the god and, while they were full of mirth and jollity and sometimes their jokes were rough and uncouth and the horse-play was somewhat severe, on the whole they were innocent and morally harmless. The chief one of these was the *Liberalia* or *Ludi Liberales*, which was held every year on the 16th of March. Priests and aged priestesses, adorned with garlands of ivy, carried through the streets of the city wine, honey, cakes, and sweetmeats, together with an altar having a handle, in the middle of which there was a small fire-pan, where from time to time, sacrifices were burned. On this day Roman youths who had attained their sixteenth year received the *toga virilis*.

CHAPTER XXII

ITALY, SICILY, AND CORSICA

ITALY has always maintained a certain position in the production of wine and, while she is by no means the leading wine country of Europe, produces far more than her people can use. Owing to the size and shape of the country the manner of raising grapes is very different according to locality. Those of northern Italy, especially the Trentino, grow in arcades, the vines twining together by the tendrils above and the grapes hanging freely underneath; but care has to be taken that the leaves do not keep the light too much from the ripening fruit, and the foliage must be therefore assiduously thinned by cutting or picking.

In Campania the grapes are grown between poplars and mulberry trees, the stem of the vine being supported by the tree and the branches spreading out on both sides in the spaces between, and are so bound together with light reeds as to form a green wall, to which the grapes hang freely so that the sunlight can reach them. It is a beautiful sight to see them growing thus, the different coloured clusters hanging in relief from the ever-changing background of leaves, which wafted by the breeze turn first their dark green front to the sun; then, twisting, their silvery back reflects the light, holding the eyes spellbound in ad-

miration. Reeds and poles are sometimes used, being stacked as the soldiers stack their muskets but binding the tops together so as to afford a strong and safe support for the tendrils.

In the south the vintage season is one of jollity and pleasure, but in the north among the mountains the vintage is most prosaic and arduous. The grapes have to be brought home in tubs hanging on the two sides of a donkey, if the grower is rich enough to possess one, or otherwise they must be carried on the head; and after a journey of this kind the condition of the grapes when they reach their destination can readily be imagined. In some parts of the mountains, when the grapes are about to ripen special watchmen are installed, who patrol the vineyards night and day in order that the proprietors may not be robbed, for if this precaution were neglected every grape would be taken in a night. Again, on the other hand, there are vineyards where the grapes are so plentiful that any who choose may enter and help themselves. Vines grow everywhere, except on the barren heights, and wine is the commonest drink.

While in many cases the vineyardists are using modern machinery and improved methods, it is not at all difficult to find the old lever arm press on which a number of men hang together to squeeze the juice from the grapes; and in the Apennines, especially among the small proprietors, the practice of treading out the juice is still in vogue, and it is considered as a special recommendation of the purity and goodness of the wine to say that it has been trodden out with the feet. Skins, too, of the pig and goat may still be found hanging filled with wine on the walls of the

living-rooms of the peasants; but the larger skins, of horses and oxen, are not to be seen, for casks (*barile*) have taken their place.

Of the method of transportation and selling of wine, Rene Bazin in his *The Italians of To-day* (translated by William Marchant, published in 1897 by Henry Holt & Company, New York) tells the following:

In my earliest walks [in Rome], without getting far away from the city, I found two other things worthy of attention: the new fortifications, and the carts which bring in wine from the vineyards of the Castelli Romani. The carters are a noblesse, for their arms were designed by Rafaele, I mean their cart and their *soffietto*. The cart is long and narrow, well shaped. This is bought, ready-made. But the *soffietto* must be found. Every self-respecting carter must go into the woods, often into the thickets of San Spirito, which seems to be in a sense common property—being the desert itself, and a perfect specimen of neglect—and there search high and low until he finds a tree of hard wood, having five or six branches starting from the same point, a tree shaped like a hand. When this excellent piece of timber is discovered, the carter cuts it down; the next thing is to hew the lower end into a point; after which he sticks it firmly into the left side of his cart, in front of the wheel. Then there must be the aid of a specialist, who stretches over the five extended fingers a hood of white material on movable hoops, adorned with festoons of wool, blue, red, green, yellow, according to the taste, and multicoloured tufts and fringes. Thus the driver is sheltered, both from noonday sun and from the heavy dews of morning. But the equipage is not yet complete; oh, no! there are yet two things of great importance. What would the Roman carter be, I ask you, without his twenty-four little bells, selected one by one, combined to give fine

fourths and thirds, and hung in a semicircle around the *soffietto*? How could he sleep, or how traverse the road, without music? Would the Roman people recognise their friend and servant, him whom the centuries have accustomed to identify his occupation with the sound of bells? Twenty-four bells, then, there must be, not one less. And the last thing is to hang, under the bar of the axle-trees, a small empty cask, the *bigoncio*, whose swaying back and forth will be in harmony with the music overhead. The cask is needed in case one of the barrels, lying in a line along the cart, should leak on the way. But generally it hangs useless, knocking from side to side with a dull sound, adding its share to the bass. Nor is the cask chosen by accident; these artistic carters know well the trouble it is to get a cask *ben accordato*: pure poetry, you see. Could there be a city official who would persecute it? Such, alas! there has been. The carters have an enemy, or, rather, their chime of bells has one. His name might perhaps be found, if careful search were made, on the lists of the Senate. This man, hostile to old customs, was, some years ago, a police deputy. Did he live in a street traversed by the wine-carriers? He absolutely prohibited the *campanelle*, under the pretext that they made a noise! You may imagine the excitement in the corporation. It was equal to breaking it up. The carriers held a meeting. They brought all their resources to bear. Some men of high position and courage undertook the defence of the *soffietto*, and brought the matter before the municipal council of Rome. First, the cruel deputy would hear nothing. Then accepting good advice, he granted eighteen little bells. This was very little. It was, in fact, too little. Accordingly the carters, diplomatic after their fashion, in the Roman way, which is made of patience and a feeling of the fragility of things, added, from time to time, one illegal bell to their chimes. Some have nineteen; some have twenty. Do not speak of it, I beg you, to your

Italian friends, but I think that, in one case, I counted twenty-four.

Wine growing and making is a very important industry in the vicinity of Rome and in August the whole plain of Campania resembles a huge vineyard, and on the hills towards Bracciano as well as on the Alban Mountains vineyards dot the landscape everywhere. The wines—some red, some white, and some neither red nor white—are all called *vini dei Castelli Romani*, and as Rome is their principal market few, if any, are exported especially under their proper names. Some of these *vini dei Castelli Romani* are of excellent quality but are never on the market for any prolonged period, as the more wealthy class of the people purchase them at once and store them in their own private cellars until they have matured and are ready for use. It was of the wines of Tuscany that one of the poets wrote “d’ogni vino il re” (“the king of all wines”). This wine was better known, however, as *montepulciano* wine, and was at the time the poet wrote of it a most excellent article. Tuscan viticulture has, however, since then received several reverses through blight, oidium, and other diseases to which the vine is most liable. In fact, at one time, this part of Italy was noted for its fine wines, among which were the *aleatico*, the *columbano*, the *rebbiano*, the *vernaccia*, and the *chianti*. The grape was a source of great profit to the peasantry and it aided materially in the maintenance of prosperity; but when the different maladies made their appearance, Tuscany, or better perhaps to say its people, lost all heart, and for years they suffered severely.

Mabel Sherman Crawford, writing of the period in her *Life in Tuscany*, says:

Not merely, however, does the peasant mourn the loss of a pleasant beverage, in the destruction of his grape crop. This privation forms but one of others still more grievous, arising from that source. In former years, when the vine yielded an abundant and delicious fruit, the peasant could calculate, after deducting the landlord's share, on the possession of many more barrels of wine than what would be required for his own and family's use. This surplus (being always the best) afforded the means of purchasing, besides many little comforts, articles of prime necessity, such as clothes. "Our wine was food, and drink, and covering to us," said a peasant, talking on the subject to me; "it quenched our thirst, and refreshed us in the summer's heat, it warmed us in winter's cold, it gave us strength to work, it enabled us to do with far less food than we eat now. It brought us clothing for ourselves and children. With these old worn-out garments that you see, we must content ourselves, until the Almighty is pleased in His good providence to give us back our wine again."

Could the most gifted advocate state the case more eloquently and forcibly? Could he convey to his audience a stronger picture of distress and suffering than that which this simple peasant in his own innocent way drew as a result of the privation which not only he but his family, his friends, his neighbours, and the whole people had to endure? Could he have spoken with more fervour of the use of wine and their great dependence upon it; how "it quenched our thirst and refreshed us in the summer's heat" and how "it warmed us in the winter's cold," and the reverent

acknowledgment as to its origin and source and submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty? The plaintive strain runs all through his little story, and yet not a word of complaint is to be heard, only a humble yielding which, in its simple faith, is almost sublime. This is the attitude of the man who sees year by year what little he has going from him and his suffering increasing. Here is a man who makes wine, a man who drinks wine, and a man who would give it to his family without harm; and yet there are those who would, so they proclaim, be glad to see all wine removed from the world, though perhaps they would change their minds were they fully acquainted with the subject in all its details. Happily conditions have changed in Tuscany since then and that condition of affairs which the peasant most desired has come to pass, and his *vino di chianti* in the long-necked bottles of thin glass (*fiasco*) covered with straw and daintily tied with ribbon is to be found in almost every quarter of the globe. The genuine *chianti* is seldom if ever corked except by a film of oil poured on the wine when the *fiasco* is filled. In shipping, in order to prevent the bottles from being turned over, the cases in which they are placed have a triangular cross-section so as to stand on the base. The proper way to remove the oil is to insert a pledget of cotton wool and then to pour the topmost drops of wine away. If the oil is good, however, a little will do no harm.

Among the best-known wines of northern Italy is the *valtellina*, a light red wine of pleasant taste and of which the people of Switzerland are very fond, for they take the most of it, and which comes from the

Adda Valley and vicinity. The *trentino*, made in Tyrol, is somewhat similar. *Terlan*, of Bozen, is a white wine, light, yet of great bouquet and taste. At Montferrat, near Asti, they grow a white grape from which is made a sparkling wine called *asti spumante*, which has quite a reputation. The *lambrusco* comes from the district of Modena and Bologna. From Verona come *barbera*, *valpolicella*, and *nebiolo*. Another wine that is slightly effervescent is the *asprigno*. This comes from the neighbourhood of Vesuvius and has a local reputation. It is a well-known fact that to procure the genuine *lacrimæ Christi* wine in hotels and inns is almost an impossibility, and the same is true of *vesuvio*, *Capri bianco* and *rosso*. *Lacrimæ Christi*, owing to its great reputation, perhaps suffers the most, being in better demand. The commonest substitute, offered, of course, as the genuine article, is white wine treated liberally with sugar and spirits, and so crude and recent is the blending that often the sugar will hardly be dissolved before the spurious article is placed before the innocent guest. There is a special wine grown on the plateau of Ravello in Campania, which for excellence, when it has reached maturity, is difficult to excel. It is called by the people, and also by the maker, *episcopio*. The quantity made is by no means excessive and as a general rule is sold direct to the consumer at the vineyards. It is largely imitated, as in fact is the case with every celebrated wine in this beautiful land.

People who have never visited Italy, and especially the more southern and eastern parts, cannot conceive to what extent grapes are grown and the quantity of wine that is made. In some places, in what may be

termed the Apulia mountain districts, the streets of the town are actually red from the grapes that have been dropped and the skins or husks that are thrown away by the eaters of the fruit, and it is no exaggeration to state that the scent of the wine made in the town can be perceptibly discerned a mile away. It is only within the last few years that this region has become known as a wine district, owing, mainly, to the lack of transportation facilities, but since the building of a railroad through the territory it is rapidly developing. At Turin, or, as the Italians prefer to call it, Torino, is made the celebrated *vermouth di Torino*. Its manufacture is a most rigid trade secret, and while the chief ingredients are white wine and wormwood there enter into the genuine article other herbs of which outsiders know little, or knowing do not understand the proportions or stage of use. A few years ago one of our journals published a list of the herbs which it said, on good authority, were used. It consisted of over thirty different kinds, many of them being entire strangers to any other land but Italy. Whether the list was accurate no one but the manufacturers knew and they of course did neither affirm nor deny. *Vermouth* is very popular in Italy as well as abroad and the amount made is enormous, and so great is the demand that it has become a matter of difficulty to maintain the supply. In Italy and elsewhere abroad *vermouth* is drunk the same as wine—at the meals, a glassful at a time.

When wine becomes limited in quantity and consequently more costly the Italians resort to a liquor which they at one time called *sciampagnin*—a little champagne. The most that can be said regarding it

is that to the average traveller or visitor in Italy *sciampagnin* was almost deadly in its effect and action. It was, as its name implies, a brandy, but of such a poor and vicious quality that none but those most indifferent to consequences would drink it and even they were compelled to use discretion. Later on, when coal-oil had come into common use throughout the greater part of Italy, *sciampagnin* was rechristened and was henceforth known as *petrolio*, a name very suitable; but, as one traveller remarked after tasting, it was a great libel and slander on coal-oil, which was, in comparison with the liquor, almost milk and water.

In Siena the inhabitants formerly had a kind of bacchanalian performance in which they frequently indulged. The gathering only comprised a few people and to them was quite a jolly affair. In the centre of the kitchen floor a flask of wine was placed and the men and women, joining hands, would form a circle and dance around it. The trick was, that while dancing one of the men should seize the flask and return to the circle without losing step; then, still dancing, he was to partake of its contents and pass it to his partner on the right, who also partook and passed it along. This was continued until the flask was empty, which after a brief period of rest was refilled and the performance repeated until the revellers were exhausted or overcome by the wine.

One of the greatest inventions for easy drinking of wine was the stoneware jugs of chalice shape, with a spout and two lips at the sides of the upper rim which is widened out so that two or three people can drink from the jug as it stands between them, each drinking at his own place. These jugs are greatly in

demand among the people who frequent inns and such places for the playing of cards and dice. They are generally preferred by small parties, as they do away with the use of glasses and also prevent the spilling of the wine. In Tuscany during the Christmas festivities, and especially on Christmas day, the aristocratic families give to every one who calls a flask of *mezzo-vino* and a pound of meat, and although a large amount of wine is consumed on this day by every one it is rare indeed to meet with a person who has drunk too much.

The manufacture of *aquarzente* (brandy) is of course conducted on a very large scale in many parts of Italy. Any one who can afford to have the necessary machinery is at liberty to make as much *aquarzente* as he likes, but the government must be notified and an agent or inspector is sent to see that the proper duty is paid on every gallon made. *Aquarzente* is, as a general rule, a very inferior substance, though occasionally one will find some that is fairly good. The Italians much prefer wine to brandy at almost any time and next to wine come their various *rossolio*, sometimes written *rossolis* and *rossli*, of which it is said, in explanation, that it is derived from the words *ros*, meaning dew, and *solis*, sun—dew of the sun. The Italians are great compounders, and why should they not be?—for, as we have already shown, in the earliest history of wine in Italy their ancestors began to change the complexion of their wine and from it devise various drinks of more or less palatable qualities, and it would be remarkable if no trace of this hereditary tendency could be found in evidence to-day; but it does exist. Seldom can a plant escape lending its aid to the *ros-*

solio, for every place, town, or hamlet has some inhabitant who knows how to make a different beverage, and consequently to attempt a list of the varied and numerous kinds made in this "Sunny land of Italy" would be a task of great labour and of little general interest.

Rossolio's history is told in the word evolution, being evolved from wine, and through the gradual changes of the times and with the discovery of distillation, which greatly simplified the various operations, the growth to the present stage is easily traceable. The components are alcohol, in the form of brandy, sugar, and the juice of sweet fruits. Sometimes, in order to give a different flavour, the brandy—*aquarzente*—is burnt; while fruits, herbs, and even vegetables are the chief articles of flavour used in these various decoctions.

Contemporary with the discovery (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say with the introduction) of distillation in Europe, there arose a great belief in the efficacy of numerous mineral and metallic substances. Rare stones, including diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and so on through the list, were sacrificed not on the altar but on the anvil. The lapidary who in his efforts to trace the story of a historical gem, and has wondered at its disappearance, need never to have searched beyond this period. The vanishing from the world was the result of a sledge and anvil between which the gem was placed; a few blows of the sledge and that which was a thing of beauty beyond the power of pen to tell, and of value beyond the greed of avarice, was converted into a shapeless, worthless dust and in this form was put

into a combination of brandy and herbs, making what they believed would prove a miraculous draught, imparting to the drinker almost perpetual youth, if not perpetual life, and at the same time restoring the vigour of youthful days.

The Italians were not alone in their search for this great, all-powerful, and life-restoring elixir. Not a country in Europe but was searching for it, or for that matter not a place in Asia. The reward was so great, and the belief so universal that it could be found if the search were more diligently conducted, that it becomes a matter of wonder there were not more who undertook the search. Time and money were deemed as nothing in comparison, and a long voyage to some country but little known had no terror to the savant. Juan Ponce de Leon was led to prolong his journey, or voyage of discovery by the remarkable tales he heard from the natives of what are now known as the islands of the West Indies, regarding a place called Bimini in which there was a fountain of Eternal Youth. We know now that he was unsuccessful in his search, but it shows how universal the idea was; for here in America among savages who had never seen a white man the same thought was in existence, filling the minds of all with a longing for an everlasting existence on earth. Was it a wave of psychology or was it telepathy carrying from one mind to another this great idea?

While precious stones and gems were ground into dust the valuable metals also found their way into concoctions. Gold especially was a most favoured substance and many thousand dollars were destroyed in this manner. The people of the Middle Ages held

in high estimation the value of this metal beyond its purchasing power; and, while in the main it has been proven to have little value as a curative substance, there are many to-day who have a lingering belief in its efficacy in certain respects, as witness the "gold cure." It was Arnold of Villanova who in the thirteenth century promulgated the idea of the *magnum opus*, which became afterwards a dogma for all his monastic successors, as follows: "This is the secret, viz., to find substances so homogeneous to our nature that they can increase it without inflaming it, continue it without diminishing it, . . . as our life continually loses somewhat until at last all is lost."

His surmise was correct, but the problem still remains unsolved. In a medical treatise written in Latin, entitled *On the Preservation of Youth and the Retardation of Age*, this authority has the following remarks about golden water:

I have not read the properties of this water in books of distinguished authority, but it is to be presumed that, if it exists, it is so sublime a work that they have concealed the method of its preparation, and have even refused to mention its name. Of gold, however, they have spoken and set it among cordial medicines. They have praised it for the comforting of the heart and for the palliation of leprosy. It is possible that since we every day find things diversified by alteration of substance, acquiring the operations of those other things into which they have been transformed, so out of wine may be made a water of life very different from wine both in colour and substance, in effect and in operation. And the doubt here is, not about the fact, but how it is brought about. That the bodies of all metals may be reduced into water by the

ingenuity of mankind, experience allows us not to question; but the operation and nature of those things by which this end is obtained it is no easy matter to discover.

Although, as we know now, the search for the *magnum opus* was futile, it, nevertheless, was not without results. Many discoveries were made by these votaries in their hidden laboratories, while, in pursuit of this quintessence, that have proven of untold benefit to mankind ever since. In fact it is claimed by many that it was this same doctor—Arnold of Villanova or, as the French write it, Arnauld de Villeneuve—who discovered nitric, sulphuric, and hydrochloric acids. There are others who, however, say that these acids were known before this time; but, be that as it may, it is safe to surmise their discovery was brought about while in search of the elixir of long life, for the great idea was to find something that would dissolve the precious metal in order that it might the more readily be assimilated by the human system. A view of the pharmacopœia of the time shows it was used in baths, in pills, in victuals, and the elixirs of gold were so numerous that no complete list has ever been compiled. Tinctures of gold were plentiful, and drops of gold had great reputations among those who were fortunate enough to possess a sufficient amount of money to purchase them.

As a successor of these golden liquors we have to-day a class of liqueurs to which we have applied the appellation *dantzig*, into which exceedingly small pieces of gold-leaf are put. The list is quite an extensive one, so only the names of the most celebrated are appended. *Eau miraculeuse*, which is made as follows: orange peel, lemon peel, one pound each; cinnamon,

ginger, six ounces each; rosemary leaves, two ounces; *galanga* (a dried rhizome brought from China), mace, cloves, one ounce each; orris root, one and a half ounces; spirits of wine, sixty degrees over proof, nineteen quarts; capillaire, eight quarts; water, fourteen quarts; colour red. The next in popularity is *eau aérienne*; then follow *eau forcifere*, *eau carminative*, *de Musettier*, *Christophelet*, *de Girofle*, *Persicot*, *eau de Lisette*, and so on through an almost inexhaustible list. There is one of these liqueurs that is deserving of more than passing mention. It is called by the awe-inspiring name *krambambuli* and it is claimed that none but a true-blooded Italian has ever succeeded in making this beverage correctly. Of course, its ingredients are, as one authority puts it, a "dark secret," yet it is known that it is composed of tea, wine, and milk, but in what proportions and at what stage these ingredients are added no one but the Italian manufacturer knows, and he won't tell.

The general rule followed in making these liqueurs is, first to grind all the dry substances, such as cloves and cinnamon; the cutting into the smallest pieces of leaves, flowers, peels, and the reducing to a paste, by means of a marble mortar, of almonds and fruit kernels with a small quantity of spirits to keep them from oiling. These ingredients should be allowed to soak in the spirits for a month with daily shaking, and should be kept in a warm place. Then the spirit must be poured off and the water added according to the amount called for in the receipt. After standing a few days, pour off and press out all the liquid, mix with the spirit, add sugar and colouring matter, and filter through a flannel bag. In the matter of gold

and silver leaf, an attempt to break it when dry would reduce one half to dust, and so spoil the appearance of the liqueur. It must be spread on a plate which contains thin syrup. The leaf must also be covered with the syrup, and then torn by means of two forks into small pieces about the size of a canary seed; and it should not be added until the liqueur has been bottled and is ready for corking; when the bottle should be given two or three quick jerks in order to properly mix the pieces of leaf with the contents. The reader will readily see that the making of these drinks requires an enormous amount of labour and constant surveillance is the secret of success. In former times the capillaire which was used in these drinks was made from the maidenhair fern and took its name from its Latin appellation, *adiantum capillaire*, but at the present is made from any simple clarified syrup, flavoured generally with orange-flower water.

Another popular beverage to be met with in Italy in the olden times was *populo*. It was also a compounded mixture but there was only one way to make it, and every one who felt so disposed could do it, as its contents were well known. Spirits of wine, water, sugar, musk, amber, essence of anise, and essence of cinnamon were the ingredients, and the combination, it is claimed, made a very pleasant and palatable drink. *Ratafias*, or as the French used to call them *liqueurs de conversation*, are another kind of liqueurs that are plentifully made in Italy. In most cases a *ratafia* is a harmless, non-intoxicating beverage containing very little if any spirit, and resembles more the pure juice of the fruit than it does a liqueur as we commonly accept the word. Any fruit will answer

the purpose, but the most popular is that made from cherries; next in order come strawberries, apricots, peaches, etc. The appellation *liqueur de conversation* was bestowed upon it because while talking after meals one could drink a very large amount without any fear of inconvenience. Aside from the fruit juice, cinnamon and mace in small quantities were used. There is another kind of *ratafia* that is made from a spirit distilled from molasses and flavoured with fruit and different spices. This, of course, is more ardent and cannot be used with the same freedom as the former. These different drinks have spread all over Europe and to-day there is scarcely a country in that part of the world but that makes them, and some of them have far excelled the original, for their product has better fame and reputation than that made in Italy itself.

A wedding among the Italians was always considered a most opportune time for jollity and feasting, and as a sample of what was consumed during the festivities we give the following:

Nicola Guiccardini was married in May, 1507, and this is what was used at the wedding celebration: Eleven calves, two sheep, thirty-one couples of fowls and turkeys, sixty-three cheeses, one hundred and thirteen pairs of pigeons, and one hundred and eighty pairs of ortolans, and eighty-one couples of poultry, ninety-four brace of quails, and seven peacocks, besides seventy-eight barrels of ordinary wine and one hundred and forty flasks of *trebiano*.

A few years ago there was in Punta Di Corroglio a tavern, which had on its walls the following inscription: "Friends, eat and drink joyously, as long as

there is oil in the lamps: who knows if we shall meet in the other world? who knows if in the other world there is a tavern?" While there is no claim that the vine was originally indigenous to Sicily there does exist a contention that it was the first place in Europe where it was cultivated. Homer's words, as translated by Pope, give a credence to this theory that is rather difficult to contradict. He says:

The soil untilled a ready harvest yields;
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields;
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.

The island is naturally adapted to the grape and the excellence of the wine which can be made there is only limited by industry. Except in rare cases, the natives have little inclination for labour, and seldom do they give a thought for the morrow, and perhaps they are right. Their philosophy of life is most certainly different from ours, but when all is told, have we more enjoyment, more pleasure, and have we been more contented than they who see in labour and forethought only a condition that may be brushed aside at any moment, not realising if these conditions are consummated they mean a continuance of care? They, on the other hand, requiring little, perhaps unconsciously guard against any increase of their desires and are happy.

For centuries the wines of Sicily have been famous. It was from the neighbourhood of Syracuse that the celebrated Calabresian wine came, and it was in this vicinity, so it is said, that Polis tyrant of Syracuse, transplanted from Italy the grape which produced

the *vinum pollium*, so highly esteemed by the ancients. Their older coins, like those belonging to several other of the islands in the Mediterranean Sea, had on the obverse the head of Bacchus and on the reverse a bunch of grapes, an interesting witness of the importance of the grape to these people. At the present time there are found growing on the island more than twenty different varieties of grapes and the list of wines made there is continually increasing. The most celebrated of the Sicilian wines is the *marsala*, of light amber colour and in flavour greatly resembling madeira. The strongest, or most alcoholic, wine made on the island is the *faro*, being dark red in colour and closely allied to port, for which at times, when it is aged, it often successfully masquerades. The Sicilians also make a number of wines that have naturally an entirely different flavour from what one would expect to find. The *amareno* is one of this kind and is most delicious, having a decided flavour of fine ripe sweet cherries. Another of this sort is an Augustian wine with both the bouquet and flavour of the violet and it is a most popular beverage; the islanders and also many of the visitors terming it the finest and most agreeable wine produced in Sicily. The *del bosco* and the *borgetto*, from Catania, have also good local reputations.

At Palermo, *vin de succo*, a most pleasant dry wine, is made which travellers and visitors all admit is most excellent. *Corvo* wine is also a fine article which has gained, of late years, quite a reputation in Europe. The wine of Taormina is the only one made on the island that has the pitchy taste which by some authorities is nowadays called "classic taste," though for what reason they best can tell. Brandy is also made

on the island and is used extensively in the fortifying of their different wines, though on the whole Sicilian brandy is very inferior, simply because of the want of proper attention and application.

North of Sicily and nearer to the European mainland is another island which has played its part in history. Little is known of the early days of Corsica. The Phocæans of Ionia were the first civilised people who established settlements in Corsica. This invasion occurred about 560 B.C., but the natives were too powerful and numerous, and after a short period the Phocæans were compelled to abandon their possessions. In later years, during the time of the emperors, Corsica was used as a place of banishment for political offenders. One of the most distinguished of these sufferers was the younger Seneca, who spent in exile here the eight years ending 49 A.D.

To-day Corsica belongs to France, that country having obtained it from the Genoese government in 1768. To the general reader, perhaps, Corsica is better known as being the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte and Pascal Paoli. Corsica is by no means as large as Sicily, neither has it the fertile soil or glorious climate of its southern neighbour. The people of Corsica can be best described by their sayings “ *A poco, a poco, piano, piano*”—“Take your time and don’t hurry,” “Don’t kill yourself with needless exertions,” “Never do to-day what can be done to-morrow”; and, above all, “Avoid perspiration.”

The wines of the island are plentiful and varied and the brandy that is made there is of fine quality and commands a ready sale in European markets. The principal grapes are the *passole* and *passolina*, the

latter being the most prolific for wine-making. In the vicinity of Calvi there is a swamp that bears the name of *La vigna del vescovo*—the vineyard of the bishop—the origin of which is accounted for in one of those expressive popular traditions which frequently amuse the traveller in Corsica. The bishop of Sagona had removed from that place to Calvi, and had there made himself a vineyard, but in one night it was turned into a swamp, hence the name.

Away from the towns and among the mountains the people are very poor indeed in this world's goods. Usually they are shepherds and it is among these people that one is sure to get that rare delicacy *broccio*, in all its purity and freshness. *Broccio* is composed of coagulated goat's milk, rum, and sugar, and when one has tasted of it he at once becomes an enthusiastic disciple. By many it is said to be the finest product of the island and is eagerly sought for by visitors and natives. An immense amount of honey is raised there, but owing to its bitter taste few people except those accustomed to it like it.

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